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PENTECOSTAL HYMNS

No. 1

A WINNOWED COLLECTION

FOR

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

AND

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

SELECTED BY

HENRY DATE

MUSIC EDITORS

E. A. HOFFMAN W. A. OGDEN J. H. TENNEY

PUBLISHED BY

THE HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY

228 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

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PREFATORY.

Pentecost was the peep of day.

Each dawn wakens melody; music dwells in light.

Nature hails every rising sun with a matin of praise.

There is a hallelujah chorus in every sunbeam, and an oratorio in every drop of dew the sun kisses.

Every heart from sin set free is a whispering gallery, wherein Purity walks and Hope sings.

Christianity will never fail while men and women pray, praise and practice.

Outbursts of song follow in the wake of showers of blessing.

Satan trembles whenever he visits a church where everybody sings.

The heart that cannot sing needs Christ.

A dumb pew makes a numb pulpit.

Let it not be forgotten that sin is a discordant note whose measure is eternity.

Holiness is a unison tone, whose time-beat is forever.

Years come and go, but "Peace on earth, good-will to men" is the song of ages.

Moses would have reached Canaan, had Miriam kept Israel singing.

No forward movement is possible where doubt stifles joy, and murmurings drown the voice of praise.

Salvation is not a dirge, but a resurrection doxology.

Henry Date.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

P38
2198
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18242

Pentecostal Hymns, No. 1.

1 More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in his Word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on his throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all his own;

More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing his voice in ev-'ry line, Making each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

Refrain.

More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;

More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.

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Throw Out the Life-Line.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To
lin - ger, so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast - en to - day—And
you've nev-er been: Winds of tempt-a - tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But

Chorus.

throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line, and save them to - day.
} Throw out the Life-Line!

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

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More than Conquerors.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. A. Ogden.

1. Thro' the cleansing blood of the dy-ing Lamb, Thro' the pow'r of grace
2. Who shall sev-er us from the Sav-ior's love, Or shall blot our names
3. More than con-quer-ors! There our Captain stands, While our names are grav-

and the precious name, Thro' the light that beams from the Morning Star,
from Life's book a-bove? Neither pres-ent things, nor the things to come,
en up-on His hands; Tho' the pow'rs of dark-ness a-gainst us frown,

Rit. Refrain.

More than con-querors, con-quer-ors we are.
Shall de-feat our souls of the heav'nly home.
We shall win the fight, and shall wear the crown.
} More than conquerors, more than

con-quer-ors, Thro' the cleans-ing blood of the dy-ing Lamb, More than

Rit.

conquerors! More than conquerors, Thro' the pow'r of grace and the precious name.

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I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress he kind - ly will help me; He ev-er
passionate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me O - ver the

Chorus.

loves and cares for his own.
troub-les quick-ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell

Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell

Rit.

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

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The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. Geo. D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing, "make me your choice;" And I en-tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em - brace, And faith tak-ing hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an-chored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the OLD STO-RY so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so- ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like John the be - lov-ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, he pa - tient - ly waits To save by his pow-er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

:S:

D. S.—The tem-pest may sweep o'er the wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

FINE.

CHORUS. D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the "Haven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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Whiter than Snow.

E. R. Latta.

Moderato.

H. S. Perkins.

1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin - ners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod - y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from thee, Oft - en has my heart gone a-stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On-ly by his stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sorrows he bore, But he suffered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can-not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Je - sus, to that Fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

Chorus.

Whit - - - - er than the snow, ... Whit - - - - er

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

USED BY PER. OLIVER DITSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

Whiter than Snow.

than the snow, ... Wash me in the Blood of the

whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the

Lamb, ... And I shall be whit - er than snow. . . . .

rit.

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow.

snow. . . .

7 Jesus Will Let You In.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER.

1. { Come to the Fa - ther's house, Come ere the day be gone;
Tem-pests are gath - 'ring fast, Dark - ness is com - ing on. }

2. { Look at the wea - ry way, Look where thy feet have trod,
Find - ing no rest nor peace, Wan-d'ring a - way from God. }

3. { Haste from the fields of sin, Fly for thy life to - day;
Come to our Fa - ther's house; En - ter the nar - row way. }

CHORUS.

Fly, for the tem-pest is com-ing, Sweeping the fields of sin;

Knock at the por - tals of mer - cy, Je - sus will let you in.

BY PERMISSION.

Loyalty to Christ.

The tune on opposite page can be used if it is preferred.

LOU. P. BARRETT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Our hearts have felt the rap-ture of the pres-ence of our God, We're
2. We've heard the call of Je-sus as it ech-oes thro' the soul, Louder
3. We've hosts of sin to con-quer in the name of Christ our King, We've
4. In "Loy-al-ty to Je-sus" we will ev-er do his will, The

press-ing on to vic-t'ry in the paths too long untrod, The cross of Christ our
than the call of trumpet or the solemn drum-beat's roll, The God who calls to
souls to win for Jesus till with joy the heav'ns shall ring, And Gospel words to
God that leads our forc-es will direct and bless us still; His ev-er-last-ing

sym-bol and sal-va-tion thro' his blood, Our hosts are marching on.
du-ty, of heart-serv-ice asks the whole, As he is marching on.
car-ry till the distant isles shall sing—That God is marching on.
prom-is-es he will in us ful-fill, As he is marching on.

CHORUS. *m* *f*

Loy-al-ty to Christ as-sures us Vic-to-ry so grand and glo-rious;

ff *Ritard.*

All our foes shall fall be-fore us, Our God is march-ing on.
march-ing on.

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9 Our Youth are Marching On.

The tune on opposite page can be used if it is preferred.

Rev. Levi Gilbert, D. D. Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic.

1. Mine eyes have seen the to - kens of an - oth - er Pen - te - cost,
2. There's a fire of con - se - cra - tion that is kin-dling in our youth,
3. There's a fer - vor of re - vi - val burning bright in ma - ny hearts,
4. They un - furl Im-man-uel's ban-ner, and, be - hold, the thou-sands rise!

Mine ears have heard the gath-'ring of a ded - i - ca - ted host,
They are vow - ing heart - y serv - ice to the Mas - ter and his truth,
There's a glow of gen-'rous loy - al - ty their no - ble pur-pose starts,
They are look - ing up in pray'r to him enthroned be - yond the skies,

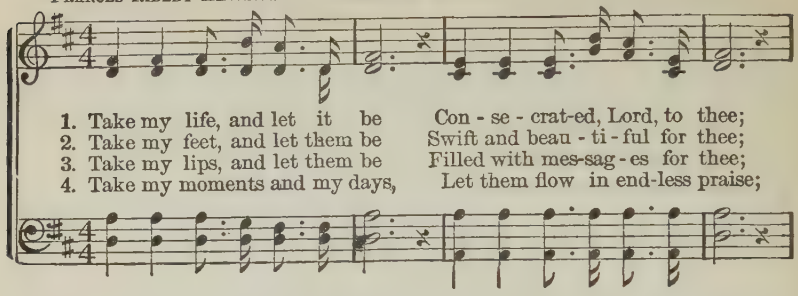
My soul has felt the pres-ence of the promised Ho - ly Ghost, Our
Their faith is pure and ar - dent, and their works are gos-pel proof, Our
'Tis the spir - it of the fa - thers and the zeal that Christ im-parts, Our
They are lift - ing up their brother from the ru - in where he lies, Our

Chorus.

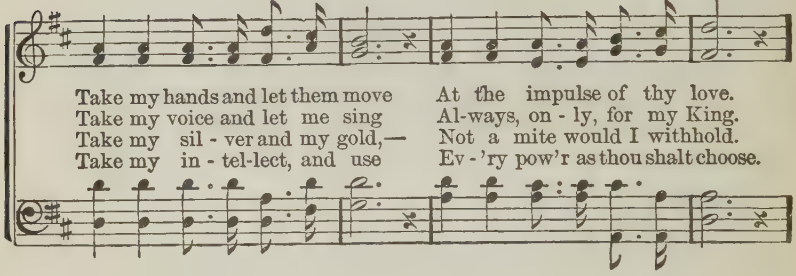
youth are marching on. Look up, lift up, night is flee-ing! Look up, lift up,
day is breaking! Look up, lift up, vict'ry cometh! Our youth are marching on.

Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. CHORUS BY W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

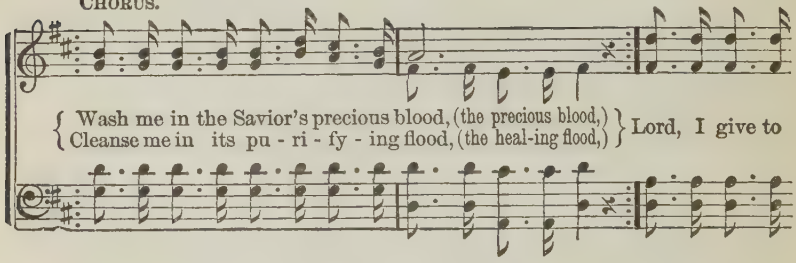


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sag - es for thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;

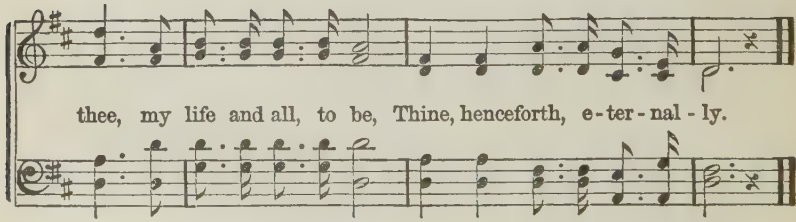


Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my in - tel-lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Savior's precious blood, (the precious blood,) / Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, (the heal-ing flood,) } Lord, I give to



thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

BY PERMISSION.

11 All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.

1. { All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs:
   All my tho'ts, and words, and do - ings, All my days, and all my hours.
2. { Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
   Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise.

All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hours; hours.
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings. :‖

12 I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

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The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

DUET. Sop. (or Ten.) & Alto.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and com-fort to my
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill - y waves of
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have

p

on you roll; He will heal the wound - ed heart, He will
soul he brings; Lean-ing on his might - y arm, I will
Jor - dan roll, Nev - er need I shrink or fear, For my
gone be - fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Praising

strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
fear no ill or harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Sav - ior is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
him for ev - er-more; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

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The Best Friend Is Jesus.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

The best friend to have is Je - - - - sus, The best friend to have is Je-sus ev-'ry day,

Je - - - - - sus, He will help you when you fall, He will Je - sus all the way;

hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

14 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D.C. Chart and compass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.C. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
D.C. May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

D. C.

Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o-bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while leaning on thy breast,

The Very Same Jesus.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, sin- ners to the Liv - ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
2. Come, feast up - on the "liv-ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus
3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus
4. Come un - to him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus

As when he raised the wid - ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when the mul - ti - tudes he fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.

CHORUS.

The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work-ing Je - sus;

Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when he hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

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I Am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the Cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;

Cho.—I am trust- ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y thine to be,—Whol-ly thine for ev - er - more.

Humbly at thy Cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

BY PERMISSION.

17 He is Calling.

F. W. Faber. Arr. by S. J. Vail.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than [*Omit.*] lib-er - ty.
2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;
There is mer-cy with the Savior, There is heal-ing [*Omit.*] in his blood.

Chorus.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I glad - ly haste to thee.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Light is Shining.

I. N. McH. I. N. McHose.

1. Are you liv - ing in the darkness? Light is shin-ing on be - fore;
2. Are there doubts and fears within you, Clouds of darkness hov-'ring o'er?
3. Are the shades of death ap-pear-ing? Do not fear the Jor-dan's roar;
4. Walk no long - er in the dark-ness; Give your fears and doubtings o'er;

Christ, the Sun, in all his brightness, Glows with beauty more and more.
Look to Christ, and find in look-ing, Light is shin-ing more and more.
Christ and home and friends are nearing In the light from Heaven's shore.
Trust in God, and go right onward Where the light shines more and more.

Chorus.

Light is shin-ing more and more, Shining clearer on be-fore, Clear and clearer, bright and brighter on be-fore, Shining clearer on before, Shining brighter on before, Light is shining, light is shin-ing more and more.

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Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is-es, Kind is the word, Dear-er far than
2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je-sus hath shown, Sweeter far than
3. List to his lov-ing words, "Come un-to me," Wea-ry, heav-y

an-y mes-sage man ev-er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an-y love that mortals have known; Kind to the err-ing one,
lad-en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in his prom-is-es,

Sin-less I see; He the great ex-am-ple is, and pattern for me.
Faith-ful is he; He the great ex-am-ple is, and pattern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up-on the Sav-ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Where . . . . . he leads I'll fol - - - - low,
Where he leads I'll fol-low, Where he leads I'll fol-low,

1 2

Fol - - - - low all the way, Follow Jesus ev'ry day.
Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.

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Love Found Me.

H. L. GILMOUR. Arr. by H. L. G.

1. When out in sin and dark-ness lost, Love found me, My
2. The Spir - it roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Con-
3. I'll praise him while he gives me breath, Love found me, For
4. And when I reach the gold-paved street, Love found me, I'll

faint - ing soul was tem - pest tossed, Love found me; I
vic - tion seized me strong and deep, Love found me; Al-
sav - ing from an end - less death, Love found me; Christ
sit a - dor - ing at his feet, Love found me, And

heard the Savior's words so blest, Love found me, "Come, wea - ry, heav - y-
though I long withstood his grace, Love found me, He wooed me to his
is my ad - vo - cate a - bove, Love found me, I'm yoked to him in
sing ho - san-nas round the throne, Love found me, Where I shall know as

CHORUS.

la - den, rest," Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, love,
kind em - brace, Love found me.
per - fect love, Love found me.
I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won-drous love,

Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

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Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.

C. C. L. *May be sung as a Solo or Duet with Chorus.* C. C. Luther.

1. Beck - on - ing hands at the gate - way to - night, Fa - ces a-
2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth - er whose love Sac - ri - ficed
3. Beck - on - ing hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice
4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus - band, a wife, Watch - ing and
5. Bright-est and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of

shin - ing with ra - di - ant light; Eyes look-ing down from yon
life its de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to
call - ing, O moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy-cheek'd dar - ling, the
wait - ing the loved one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a
all and the theme of their song, Je - sus our Sav - ior, the

heav - en - ly home, Beau - ti - ful hands, they are beck - on - ing "come."
mem - o - ry dear, Beck - on up high - er the wait - ing ones here.
light of the home, Ta - ken so ear - ly, is beck - on - ing "come."
sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gate-way to-night they ex - tend.
pierc-ed One stands, Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck - on - ing hands.

Refrain.

Beau - ti-ful hands, beckoning hands, Call-ing the dear ones to heaven-ly lands;

Beau - ti-ful hands, beckoning hands, Beau-tiful, beau - tiful, beckon-ing hands.

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Wandering Away.

E. R. LATTA. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Wan-der - er a-way from Je-sus, In the wind-ing ways of sin,
2. Wan-der - er a-way from Je-sus, In the road to end-less woe,
3. Wan-der - er a-way from Je-sus, Wouldst thou not a crown ob - tain?

Turn and seek the world's Redeemer, And his serv-ice now be - gin.
If thou wilt not turn to Je - sus, Whither, whith-er wilt thou go?
Why then wilt thou slight his goodness? Fear-est not the woe and pain?

On Mount Cal-va - ry he suffered, On the cru - el cross he died;
Broad the road where thou art go- ing, Ma - ny with thee downward move;
Can you bar - ter life e - ter-nal, For the pleasure sin can give?

See his hands and feet so wounded, And be-hold his pierc-ed side.
Turn and seek the nar-row pathway, That will lead to bliss a - bove.
Turn, oh, turn you to the Sav-ior, And a fade-less crown re - ceive.

CHORUS.

Wandering a-way, wandering a-way, Wandering a-way from Je-sus;

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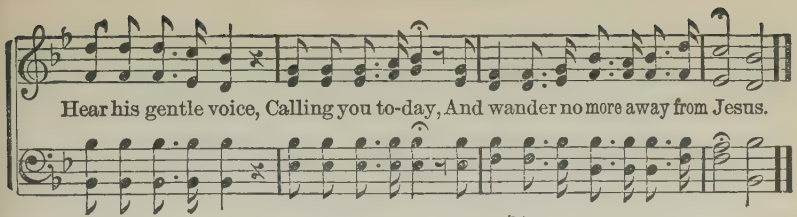
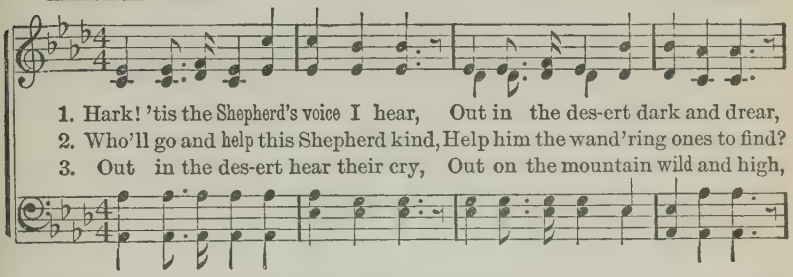
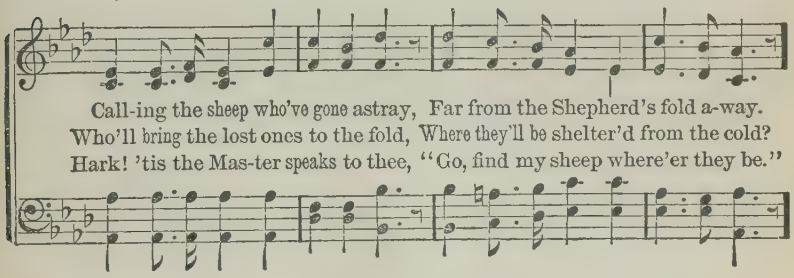


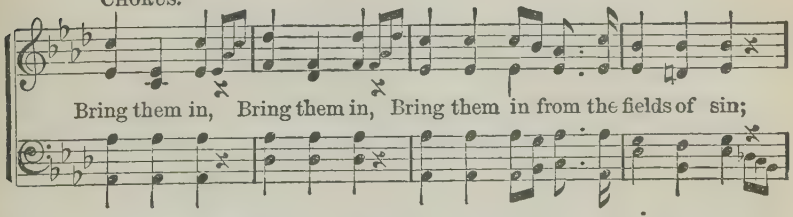
23 Bring Them In.

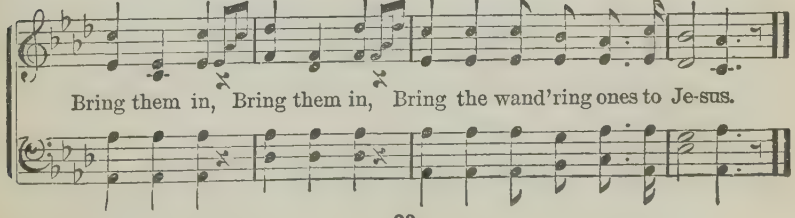
ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.





CHORUS.





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Pass It On.

Rev. Henry Burton, A. M. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Have you had a kind-ness shown? Pass it on, Pass it on! 'Twas not
2. Did you hear the lov - ing word! Pass it on, Pass it on! Like the
3. Have you found the heav'n-ly light? Pass it on, Pass it on! Souls are

given for thee a-lone, Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav - el down the
sing - ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu - sic live and
grop - ing in the night, Day- light gone, day-light gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

:S:

years, Let it wipe an - oth-er's tears; Till in heav'n the deed ap-pears,
grow, Let it cheer an - oth-er's woe; You have reaped what others sow,
high, Be a star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die,

D. S. Christ, you live a - gain, Live for him, with him you reign,

Fine. Chorus.

Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, (pass it on,) pass it on! (pass it on!) Cheerful

D. S.

word or loving deed, Pass it on, (pass it on,) Live for self, you live in vain; Live for

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The Fullness of Blessing.

Chorus by E. A. H. Arranged.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with me, Make me ho - ly, like to thee;
2. Lov - ing Spir - it, come to me, Make me lov - ing, like to thee;
3. Might-y Spir - it, live in me, I would heav'nly-mind-ed be;
4. Glorious Spir - it, fill thou me! This poor heart I yield to thee;

Bring thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har - mo - ny with thine;
To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Mas-ter's likeness there;
Let my heart its Sovereign own, Christ its cen-ter—Christ a - lone;
Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let thy life per-vade the whole;

Bring thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har - mo - ny with thine.
To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Mas-ter's likeness there.
Let my heart its Sovereign own, Christ its cen-ter—Christ a - lone.
Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let thy life per-vade the whole.

CHORUS.

Fill thou me! fill thou me! All my heart I yield to thee!

With thy ho - li - ness di - vine Fill this long-ing heart of mine!

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Never to Say Farewell.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Ira Orwig Hoffman.

*Unison.**

1. { We journey to the home a-bove, Never to say farewell,
   { To yon fair pal-a-ces of love, ... Nev-er to say fare-
2. { We'll meet our sainted parents there, Never to say farewell,
   { And heav'n with sisters, brothers, share, ... Nev-er to say fare-

Harmony.

Unison. *Rit.*

well; Within that glorious summer land The many jewel'd mansions stand, And
well; Upon the plains of perfect light, Upon the pavements golden bright, We'll

Harmony. Chorus.

there we'll meet, at God's right hand, Never to say farewell. Never to say farewell,
walk with them, enrob'd in white, Never to say farewell.

Never to say farewell, O we shall meet at God's right hand, Never to say farewell.

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3 We'll meet beyond life's swelling flood,
Never to say farewell,
Redeemed and washed in Jesus' blood,
Never to say farewell;
Earth's long, long night will pass away,
Dissolving into heavenly day,
And we shall with our loved ones stay,
Never to say farewell.

4 O what a blessed hope is this,
Never to say farewell!
What pure and perfect happiness,
Never to say farewell!
Delivered from all sin and pain,
To reach yon fair, celestial plain,
And meet the loved and lost again,
Never to say farewell.

*Very effective if unison parts are sung as a solo.

Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can not fail, When the howl-ing
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e-
5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can not fall, List'ning ev-'ry

a-ges let his prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the living Word of God I shall pre-vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, Overcoming dai-ly with the Spirit's sword,
moment to the Spir-it's call, Resting in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

Chorus.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, Stand - ing,
Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

Stand - - ing,

Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Standing on the promise,

Stand - - - ing,

Stand-ing on the promise, I'm stand-ing on the promis-es of God.

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Who'll be the Next?

ELLA LAUDER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus, Tread - ing the bright and heav'n - ly way Lead - ing from earth to realms of glo - ry,
2. Who'll be the next to bow be - fore him? Who'll be the next his praise to sing, And with the host of saints a - dore him,
3. Who'll be the next to reach the kingdom, Leav - ing be - hind, the path of sin, Look - ing to Je - sus for sal - va - tion,
4. Who'll be the next to heed the summons, "Come un - to me, Oh, wea - ry one?" Do not neg - lect the in - vi - ta - tion,

CHORUS.

Lead - ing from night to end - less day? Who'll be the next,
Reign - ing a - bove, our Lord and King?
Bear - ing the cross the crown to win?
You may not see to - mor - row's sun. Oh,

Who'll be the next, Who'll be the next the yoke to wear? Who'll be the
Oh,

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next, Who'll be the next, Who'll be the next the cross to bear?
Oh, Oh,

29 I'll Work for Thee.

Rev. William Fawcett, D. D. W. S. Nickle.

1. Je-sus, and may I work for thee, A mor-tal man from sin set free,
2. To work for thee, the Morning Star, That saw me lost, and from a-far
3. To work for thee, my dear-est Friend, On whom my ev-'ry hope de-pends;
4. I'll work for thee, thou blessed One, E-ter-nal God, e-ter-nal Son,

A mor-tal man with short'ning days, Per-mit-ted thus to work and praise?
Shed o'er my soul a light di-vine, And comfort-ed this heart of mine.
Who washed a-way my earth-ly shame, And gave to me a new, best name.
And boast, but nev-er boast in vain, I'll work for him who once was slain.

Chorus.

I'll work for thee, I'll work for thee, Yes, dear-est Lord, I'll work for thee.

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O Light of Light, Shine In.

HORATIUS BONAR. Alt. W. A. OGDEN.

1. O Light of light, shine in, shine in; Cast out this night of gloom and sin;
2. O Joy of joys, come in, come in, And end this night of grief and sin;
3. O Life of life, come in, come in, Ex - pel this night of death and sin;

Cre - ate true day my soul with - in, O Light of light, shine in.
Cre - ate true peace my soul with - in, O Joy of joys, come in.
A - wake true life my soul with - in, O Life of life, come in.

REFRAIN.

Shine in,..... shine in,..... O Light di-vine, shine in;
Come in,..... come in,..... O Joy of joys, come in;
Come in,..... come in,..... O Life of life, come in;
O Light shine in, shine in,
O Joy of joys, come in,
O Life of life, come in,

Cre - ate true day my soul with - in, O Light of light, shine in.
Cre - ate true peace my soul with - in, O Joy of joys, come in.
A - wake true life my soul with - in, O Life of life, come in.

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Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an - y earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

Refrain.

Oh, there's sun - - - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - - shine,
sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul,

While the peace - ful, hap - py mo-ments roll; When
hap - py moments roll;

Je - sus shows his smil-ing face, There is sunshine in the soul.

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The World Must be Taken.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. The world must be tak - en for the Lord; Onward, sol - diers, and
2. The world must be tak - en for the Lord; And if faith - ful we
3. The world must be tak - en for the Lord; Fi - nal vic - t'ry is
4. The world must be tak - en for the Lord; Ev - 'ry na - tion and

arm ye for the fight; "In His name" now watch and fight and pray, Till all
know that we shall win. Each day there's a shout a-long the line As we
near - er ev - 'ry day. The past holds no rec-ord of a time When so
land shall yet be won. His ban-ner shall wave o'er all the world, For our

CHORUS.

foes fear and trem-ble at the sight. Ev - er on - - - ward,
cap-ture some cit - a - del of sin.
ma - ny as now the Lord o - bey.
God with his ar - my marches on. Ev - er onward, ev-er onward,

Chris-tian sol - - - dier, The world must be tak-en for the
Chris-tian sol-dier, Christian sol-dier, The world must be tak-en for the

Lord, Ev - er on - - - ward be your
Lord, for the Lord, Ev - er on - ward, ev - er on-ward be your

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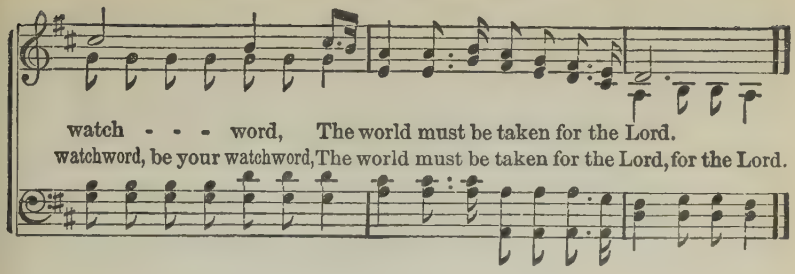
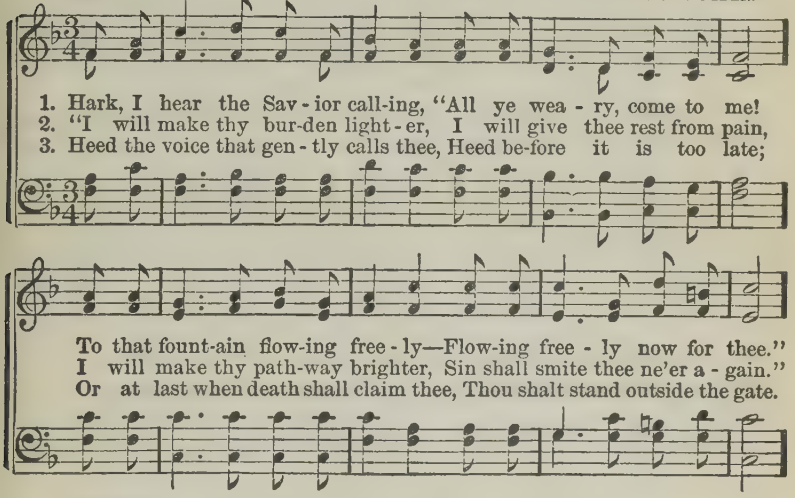
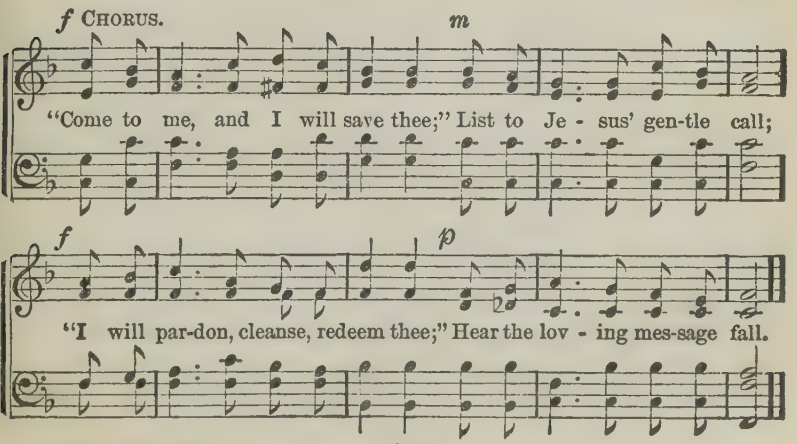
The World Must be Taken.



33 He Calleth Thee.

JESSIE L. SPORE. W. A. OGDEN.





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Wondrously Redeemed.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I have pre - cious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has
2. It was Christ's re - demp-tion - blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re-
3. I have found a pre - cious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose

come with me to dwell, halle - lu-jah! By his grace and pow'r di-vine, He has
stored my soul to God, halle - lu-jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
help I can depend, halle - lu-jah! Since he took my sins a - way, He has

D. S. joic - ing night and day, As I

FINE.

changed this heart of mine, And he whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
from his wounded side; I am saved and jus - ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
taught me how to pray, And to do his will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!

walk the nar-row way, For he washed my sins a - way, hal-le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - - - - jah! I'm re-deemed! Oh, so

Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! Oh, so

won - - - - - drous-ly re - deemed! D. S.

won-drous-ly redeemed, yes, oh, so won-drous-ly redeemed! I'm re-

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35 Where the Shepherd Leads.

A. P. Cobb. J. H. Fillmore.

1. Thro' the meadows green, in-vit - ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go,
2. See the gen- tle Shep-herd lead-ing! Where the Shepherd leads I'll go;
3. Tho' my feet be worn and wea- ry, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go;

Thro' the shad-ows dark, ex - cit - ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.
Hark, his voice in mer - cy plead-ing! Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.
Tho' the mountain-side be drear - y, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

Chorus.

Hark! his voice is gen - tly call - ing, On my ear its

strains are fall - ing; Though the gloom may be [ap - pall - ing,

Where the Shepherd leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

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Onward, Christian Workers.

Rev. ZEVI GILBERT, D. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. For-ward, Christian workers, Quit yourselves like men, Wielding gos-pel
2. Might-y re-in-force-ments Thrill the church with cheer; Freshly press the
3. Trust-ing in his prowess, Home and na-tion rest; Fu-ture a-ges
4. Rout and pan-ic seize them, All the hosts of wrong; Soon for you the

weapons, Force the fight a-gain; Yours are strength and dar-ing,
vet-'rans, Not a sign of fear; Thinned by age and death-stroke,
sig-nal Each to do his best; Hast-en earth's re-demp-tion,
conquest, Soon the vic-tor's song; What are toils or dan-gers,

Con-fi-dent and free; Rouse to splendid ac-tion, Fer-vid loy-al-ty!
Ranks fill up with youth; Sons in fathers' plac-es, Stand defending truth!
Bring the per-fect law; Speed millennial glo-ries, Visions prophets saw.
Marches, wounds or pain? Christ is near his triumph, You with him shall reign.

CHORUS.

On-ward, Chris-tian work-ers, Raise your bat-tle cry;

Look-ing up to Je-sus, Lift your stand-ard high.

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We'll Endeavor.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. By the help of God, we'll en-deav - or To gath - er the lost ones in, Who have strayed a - way on the mount - ains, Who dwell in the haunts of sin.
2. By the help of God, we'll en-deav - or To spread the glad news a - broad, Of the Christ who saves and re - deems men, Who calls wand'rers home to God.
3. By the help of God, we'll en-deav - or In Christ's work to nev - er pause, Give our means and time with our tal - ents, To help on our Mas - ter's cause.

CHORUS.

We'll en - deav - or, we'll en - deav - or, By the help of God we'll en - deav - or; To the fold of Christ from the haunts of sin, We will gath-er the lost ones in.

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Walk in the Light.

Words arranged. Arr. by F. A. Scott.

1. 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give, In the light, in the light,
2. 'Tis Christ Je - sus must sup - ply, In the light, in the light,
3. Aft - er death our joys will be, In the light, in the light,
4. Be the liv - ing God my Friend, In the light, in the light,

Sweet-est pleas - ure while we live, In the light of God.
Sol - id com - fort when we die, In the light of God.
Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty, In the light of God.
Then my bliss shall nev - er end, In the light of God.

Chorus.

Let us walk in the light, In the light.....in the light, Let us walk in the
Let us walk in the light, Let us walk in the light of God; Let us walk
light, In the light,..... the light of God.
in the light, Let us walk in the light of God.

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Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a stran-ger at the door, Let him in,
2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice, Let him in,
4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest, Let him in,

Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in,

He has been there oft be-fore, Let him in;
If you wait he will de-part, Let him in;
Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let him in;

Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in,

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho-ly One,
Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re-store,
He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven,

Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
And his name you will a-dore, Let him in.
He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.

Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in.

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40 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

Refrain.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-lasting arms.
Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

BY PERMISSION.

41 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a -
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

:S:

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his
bides within; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to his
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to his

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his

Fine. Chorus. D.S.

name. Glo-ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

BY PERMISSION.

42 Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. English Melody.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-ior and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }

:S: Fine. D.S.

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev'ry day. }

2 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possessed.

4 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

43 The Bird with a Broken Wing.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. J. H. TENNEY.

mp Effective as a Solo.

1. I walked in the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing,
2. I found a young life bro-ken By sin's se-duc-tive art,
3. But the bird with a bro-ken pin-ion, Kept an-oth-er from the snare,

And found on a bed of moss-es, A bird with a bro-ken wing.
And touched with a Christ-like pit-y, I took him to my heart;
And the life that sin had stricken, Raised an-oth-er from de-spair;

I healed its wing, and each morning It sang its old sweet strain,
He lived with a no-bler pur-pose, And struggled not in vain,
Each loss has its own com-pen-sa-tion, There's healing for each pain,

But the bird with the bro-ken pin-ion, Nev-er soared as high a-gain;
But the life that sin had strick-en, Nev-er soared as high a-gain;
But the bird with the bro-ken pin-ion, Nev-er soared as high a-gain;

m *pp*

But the bird with the bro-ken pin-ion, Nev-er soared as high a-gain.
But the life that sin had strick-en, Nev-er soared as high a-gain.
But the bird with the bro-ken pin-ion, Nev-er soared as high a-gain.

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What A Wonderful Savior!

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!
2. I praise him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!
4. He walks be-side me in the way, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!

We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
That rec - on-ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
And now he reigns and rules therein, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
And keeps me faith - ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!

CHORUS.

What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Lord!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Savior!
And triumph in each conflict hour,
What a wonderful Savior!

6 To him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Savior!
The world shall never share a part,
What a wonderful Savior!

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45 Abundantly Able to Save.

E. A. HOFFMAN. P. P. BLISS.

1. Who-ev-er re-ceiv-eth the Cru-ci-fied One, Who-ev-er be-
2. Who-ev-er re-ceiv-eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
3. Who-ev-er re-pents and for-sakes ev-'ry sin, And o-pens his

liev-eth on God's on-ly Son, A free and a per-fect
pow'r of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e-ter-nal
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per-fect

sal-va-tion shall have, For he is a-bund-ant-ly a-ble to save.
re-demption shall have, For he is both a-ble and willing to save.
sal-va-tion shall have, For Jesus is read-y this moment to save.

CHORUS.

My brother! the Mas-ter is call-ing for thee; . . . . His grace and his
Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee,

mer-cy are wondrously free; . . . . His blood as a ran-som
Brother, his grace and his mercy are wondrously free, Brother, his blood as

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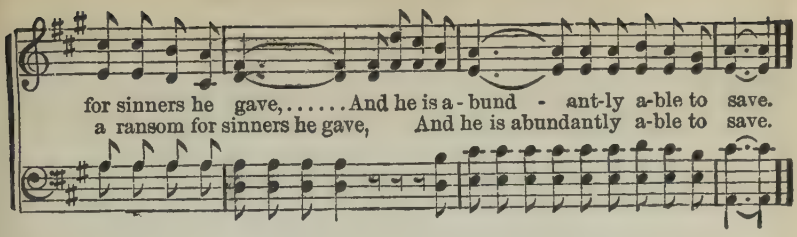
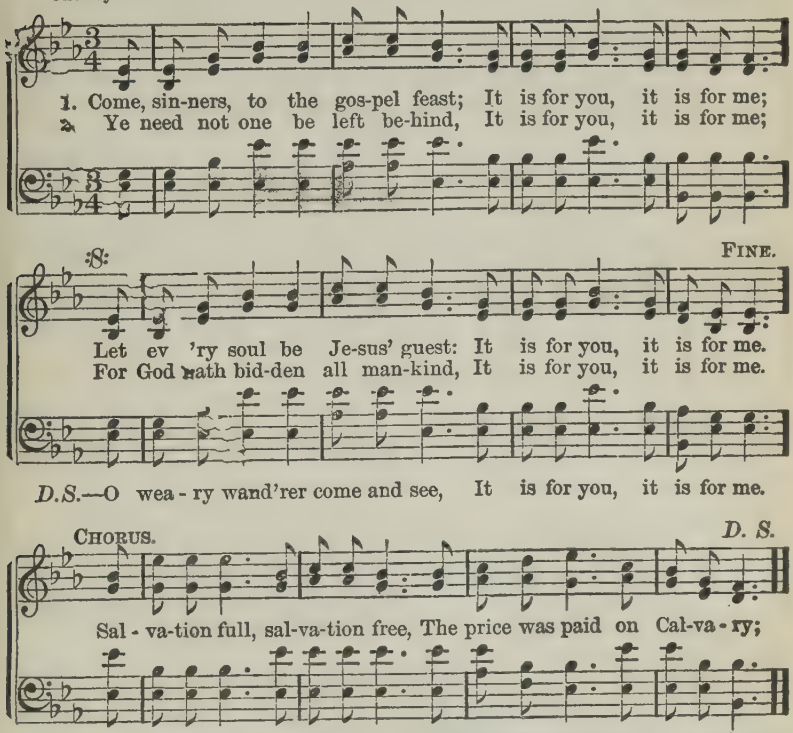
Abundantly Able to Save.



46 The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.



3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:

4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;

6 Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:

8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

9 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:

10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

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47 Lift Your Heart in Prayer.

G. T. T. G. Tabor Thompson.

1. Lift your heart in prayer to Je - sus, He is full of truth and grace;
2. Lift your heart in prayer to Je - sus, He can ev-'ry need sup-ply;
3. Lift your heart in prayer to Je - sus, When you prosper in the way;
4. Lift your heart in prayer to Je - sus, When in sorrow's darkest hour,

All of light and all of knowledge Shin-eth ev - er in his face.
Tell him all your care and troub-le, None like him can sat - is - fy.
For the tempter seeks to snare you, Tho' all seems as bright as day.
He will know just how to rest you, Praise his name, he has the power.

Chorus.

Lift your heart in prayer to Je - sus, He will lead you all the way;

Lift your heart in prayer to Je - sus, With - out ceasing ev-'ry day.

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48 Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can not tell thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

:S: Fine.

Fill me with thy hal - low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need thee, great - ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D.S. Fill me with thy hallow'd presence;–Come, oh, come and fill me now.

Chorus. D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now;

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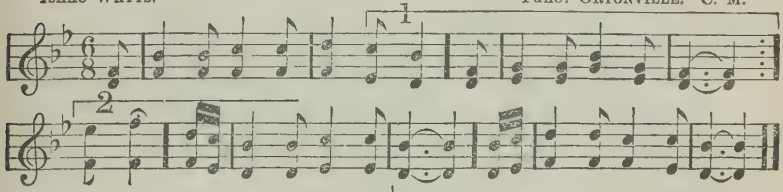
49 Come, Holy Spirit.

Isaac Watts. Tune: Ortonville. C. M.



1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

50

1 Jesus, my life, thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

2 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to thy perfect day.

3 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

Charles Wesley.

Not Far from the Kingdom.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Not far from the kingdom of heav-en,—The kingdom of heaven with men,
2. Not far from the kingdom of heav-en,—The kingdom of peace and of love,
3. Not far from the kingdom of heav-en, Yet will not on Je - sus be-lieve!

And yet in the bondage of Sa - tan, And yet in the shad-ow of sin!
Yet out on the edge of the des - ert, The prod - i - gal's for-tune to prove!
O sin - ner, what terrors a-wait thee! The blessing of par - don re-ceive!

Not far from the path that is nar-row, And lead-eth to glo - ry on high;
Oh, rise, and re-turn to thy Fa-ther, And crave in his mer-cy a share!
The por - tal of mer - cy is o - pen, Poor prod - i - gal, do not de - lay!

Yet treading the broad road to ru - in,—Oh, why is it, sin-ner? oh why?
Far off he will see thee and know thee, And res-cue thy soul from despair!
A - rise, and re-turn to thy Fa - ther! Oh, en - ter the kingdom to-day!

CHORUS.

Not far, not far, Not far from the kingdom of heaven!
Not far, not far, the kingdom of heaven!

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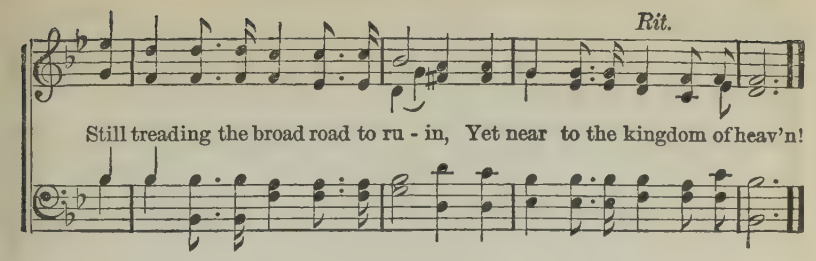
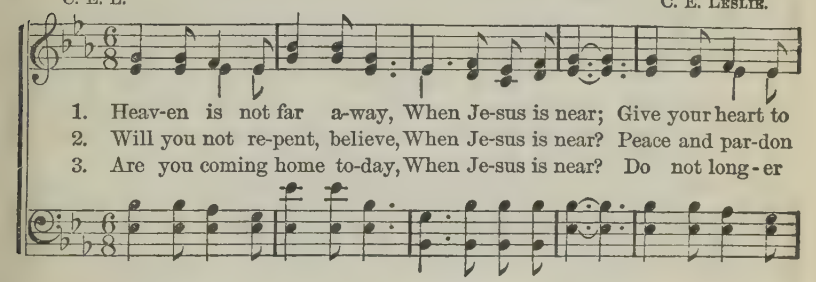
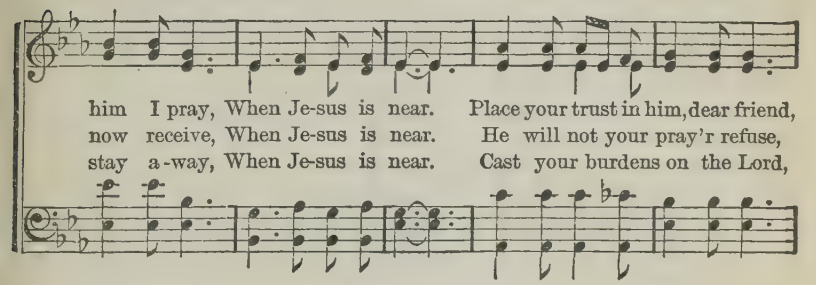
Not Far from the Kingdom.

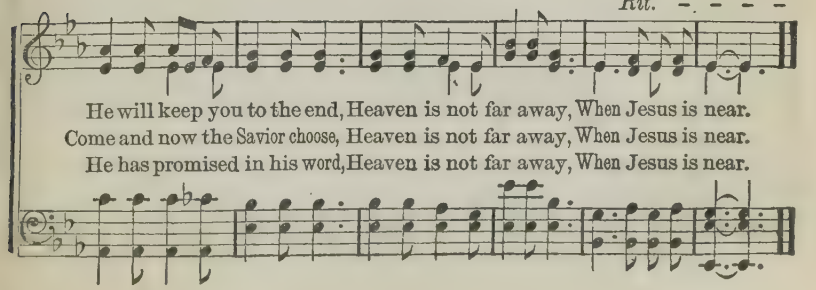


52 Heaven is Not Far Away.

C. E. L. C. E. Leslie.







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Fall into Line.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Fall in - to line,* brother, fall in - to line! Heark-en with me, to the
2. Fall in - to line, brother, fall in - to line! See how the hosts of the
3. Fall in - to line, brother, fall in - to line! God is om - nip - o - tent

mes-sage di - vine! Je - sus in-vites you to join in the fray,
foe-man com-bine! Join in the con - flict and rush to the field,
and he shall win! On - ly be true to thy-self and the Lord,

Chorus.

Gives you as-sur - ance of vic - t'ry to-day. Fall in - to
Till we shall crush and com-pel them to yield.
And you shall share the e - ter - nal reward. Fall in - to line,

line, sol-diers, fall in - to line,
fall in - to line; Fall in - to line, sol-diers, fall in - to line!

On to the bat - tle, for Je - sus shall win! Fierce is the war
On to the battle, fall in-to line! Je - sus shall win!

* If preferred, word "Christians" or "Soldiers" may be substituted in first line of hymn.

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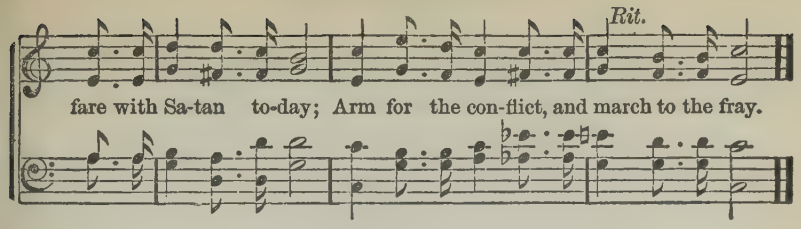

54 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. Tune, "Onward." 6, 5.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat-tle, See, his ban-ners go!
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail, We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be - fore.

Able to Deliver.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. "He is a - ble to de-liv-er," Sing the joyful strain, "He is a-ble to de-
2. He is a - ble to de-liv-er From the chains of sin, He is a-ble to de-
3. He is a - ble to de-liv-er From the foe-man strong, He is a-ble to de-

liv - er," Tell it out a - gain, "He is a-ble to de-liv-er" All that
liv - er, Shout the joy - ful strain, He is a-ble to de-liv-er, See how
liv - er, All the jour - ney long, He is a-ble to de-liv-er, Trust him

come to him in faith, He is a - ble to de - liv - er E - ven
pa - tient - ly he stands, He is a - ble to de - liv - er Thee with
bold - ly, nev - er fear, He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Let the

Chorus.

un - to death. A - - ble to de - liv - er,
will - ing hands.
na - tions hear. A-ble to de-liv-er, He is a - ble to de-liv-er,

A - - - ble to de - liv - er, He is
A - ble to de - liv - er, He is a - ble to de - liv - er,

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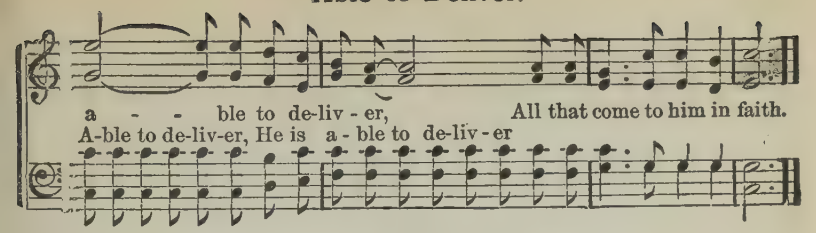
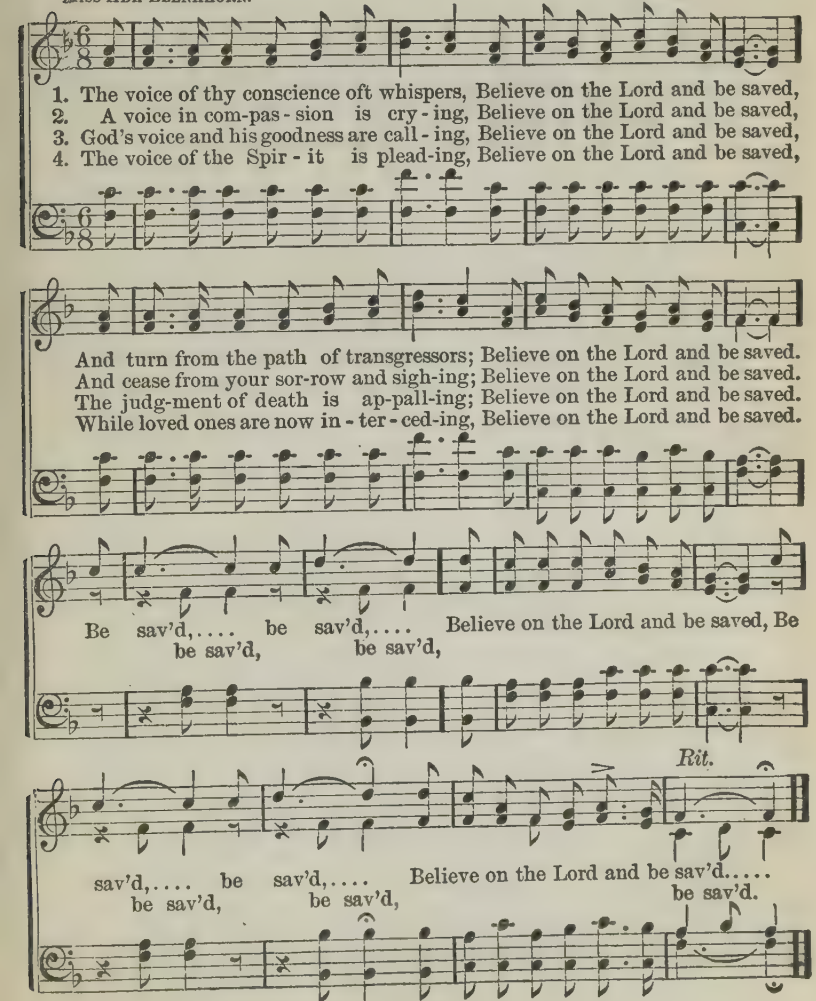
Able to Deliver.



56 Believe and be Saved.

Miss Ada Blenkhorn. Peter Bilhorn.



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Jesus Lives!

Rev. John. R. Colgan. A. F. Myers.

1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, oh, bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a - long, Jesus lives! Once he died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Jesus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See, he breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Jesus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Jesus all may find, Jesus lives!
Throws a - side the dread-ful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Jesus lives!

Chorus.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow, Rally now and
Wait not, Sing,

Wait not, wait not, Sing for

sing for Je-sus, ev -'ry-where you go, Lift your joy - ful voic - es high,
sing,

Je - sus,

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Repeat Chorus pp.

f Rit.

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, *Jesus lives!*

58 Crown Him To-day.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.

1. Come, look on the King in his beau-ty, And gaze on his reconciled face;
2. Come, look on the King in his beau-ty, Oh, look, and thy heart shall be won;
3. Come, look on the King in his beau-ty, And o - pen thy lips in his praise;

Enthroned in thy heart he ap-pear-eth, Adorned with an in - fi - nite grace.
His love shall come out in its sweetness, And Je - sus will claim thee his own.
Oh, sing till the world shall be hearing The anthem thy spir - it shall raise.

Chorus.

Enthrone him thy King and thy Sav-ior, His loving commands to o - bey;

Oh, give to the King all his glo-ry, And crown him to - day.
And crown him, yes crown him to-day.

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59 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo-ry of his res-ur-rec-tion share; When his chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting sun, Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then when all of life is o-ver and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

CHORUS.

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When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

60 Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.

1 2

CHORUS. 1

FINE. *After repeat D. S. to Fine.*

:S:

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

61 No Other Grace.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I want no oth - er grace than thine, O may it fill this heart of
2. I want no oth - er peace than thine To rest me in the life di-
3. I want no oth - er love than thine, For this, O Lord, my heart in-
4. I want no oth - er cross than thine, To bear it, Lord, my heart in-

mine, And ev - 'ry im-pulse there re - fine, Un - til conformed to thee.
vine; Oh, may thy peace be ev - er mine Now and e - ter - nal - ly.
cline, For this the world I would re - sign, And rest my soul on thee.
cline, Till crown'd at last by love di - vine, In im-mor - tal - i - ty.

CHORUS.

No oth - er grace, no oth - er grace To help me in the Christian race,
No oth - er grace, no oth - er grace To help me in the Christian race,
No oth - er love, no oth - er grace, To cheer me in the Christian race,
No oth - er love, no oth - er grace, Can help me on my pil-grim race,

No oth - er grace, dear Lord, than thine To help me on my way.
No oth - er peace or grace than thine To help me on my way.
I want no oth - er love than thine To help me on my way.
I want no oth - er cross but thine To help me on my way.

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Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per- fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am

glo-ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of his
burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove Ech-oes of
hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, look-ing a - bove, Filled with his

Chorus.

Spir - it, washed in his blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good-ness, lost in his love.
This is my sto - ry, this is my

song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

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63 Story of the Cross.

Rev. W. P. Rivers. R. M. McIntosh.

1. Oh, the gos - pel sto - ry tell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Let the
2. Let us plead the ho - ly name Of the cross! (of the cross!) And the
3. Oh, the song shall nev - er cease Of the cross! (of the cross!) Of the

ech - o rise and swell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Sing the
Savior's pain and shame Of the cross! (of the cross!) For his
mercy, grace and peace, Of the cross! (of the cross!) For its

Sav-ior's grief and woe, How his blood did free - ly flow, Till the
name must be our plea, For sal - va - tion full and free, And in
glo - ry gilds the way, And it hath im-mor - tal ray, And we'll

D. S. blood did free - ly flow, Till the

Fine. Chorus.

chil-dren all shall know Of the cross! Of the cross,..... of the
death our hope must be Of the cross!
sing in heav'n for aye Of the cross! Of the cross on which the

chil-dren all shall know Of the cross!

D. S.

cross!..... Sing the Sav-ior's grief and woe, How his
bless-ed Sav - ior died,

BY PERMISSION.

Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. An - y-where with Je-sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where he
2. An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may
3. An - y-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark - ning

leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with-out him, dear-est
fail me, he is still my own; Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver
shad-ows round a - bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak- en nev - er

joys would fade, An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
drear-est ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, An - y-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can not know,

An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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65 Through the Blood of Jesus.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. A. J. Abbey. Arr. by J. H. T.

1. We shall reach our home some day, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;
2. We shall sit up - on the right, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;
3. We shall hear the an-gels sing, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;
4. We shall dwell in safe - ty there, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;

We shall tread the gold-en way, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,
We shall wear "the robes of white," Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,
We shall gaze up - on our King, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,
Where the skies are ev - er fair, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,

We shall lay each burden down, And shall gain a glo-rious crown,
Done with toil-ing cares and fears, Done with partings, pains and tears;
We shall join the up - per throng, In the sweet re-demp-tion-song;
We shall nev - er sigh a - gain, We shall nev - er die a - gain;

Hal - le - lu - jah! gain a crown, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.
While shall roll the end-less years, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.
Chant it sweet-ly, loud and long, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.
Glo - ry to his ho - ly name, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.

BY PER. OF THE S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

Through the Blood of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Precious blood! crimson flood! Oh, the precious blood of Je-sus! Hal-le-lu-jah, we shall gain a glorious crown, Thro' the precious blood of Jesus!

66 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry;
2. Let me, at thy throne of mer-cy, Find a sweet re-lief;
3. Trust-ing on-ly in thy mer-its, Would I seek thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me—

:S: FINE.

While on oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be-side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

D.S.—While on oth-ers thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry;

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67 Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home,—Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest,— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to him now,—Wait - ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead - ing, oh, list to his voice,—Plead - ing to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam,
call - ing to - day; Bring him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins, at his feet low - ly bow;
pleading to - day; They who be - lieve on his name shall re - joice;

CHORUS.

Far-ther and far-ther a - way? Call - - ing to - day, . . .
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no long-er de - lay.
Quick-ly a - rise and a - way. Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day,

call - - - ing to - day; . . . . . Je - - - - - sus is
call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
call-ing to - day,

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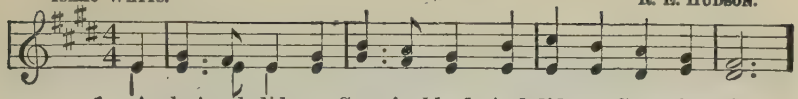
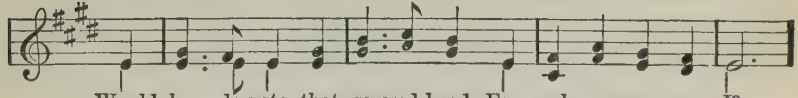
68 At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.

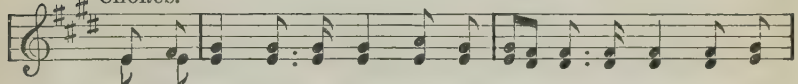


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay, The debt of love I owe;

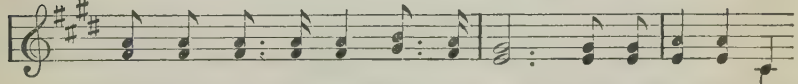


Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de-gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'T is all that I can do!

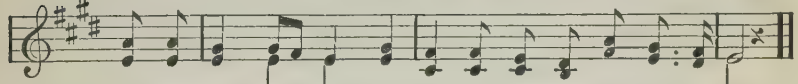
CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur - den of my heart roll'd a - way— It was there by faith



I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

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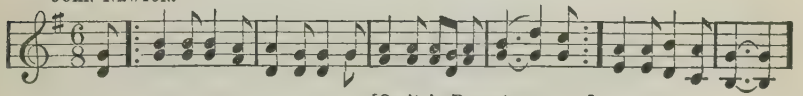
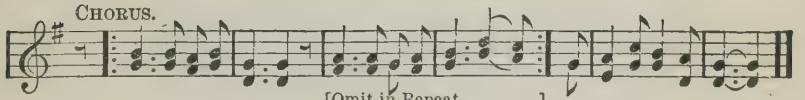
69 Oh, How I Love Jesus!

JOHN NEWTON.



[Omit in Repeat. . . . .]

CHORUS.



[Omit in Repeat. . . . .]

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

CHO.—‖: Oh, how I love Jesus! :‖
Because he first loved me;
‖: How can I forget thee? :‖
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

70 Keep a Light in the Window.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.

1. Keep a light in the win-dow, my broth-er, The storm fierce-ly rag - es with - out, And winds in their fu - ry are blind-ing, The trav - 'lers are grop-ing in doubt.

2. Keep a light in the win-dow, my broth-er, Perchance there is some one a - stray; Just a gleam may give hope to the wea - ry, And guide till the breaking of day. Keep a light in the win-dow, my broth-er, The temp - ter is set-ting a snare, But a ray from a light in your win - dow May help the poor sin-ner be - ware.

3. Keep a light in the win-dow, my broth-er, Il - lu-mined the pathway should be; Keep a bright shining light in the win - dow, And night will be bright-er for thee.

Chorus.

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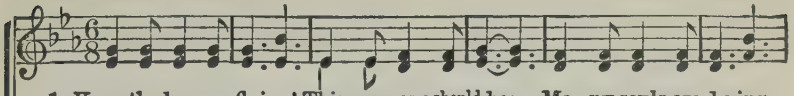
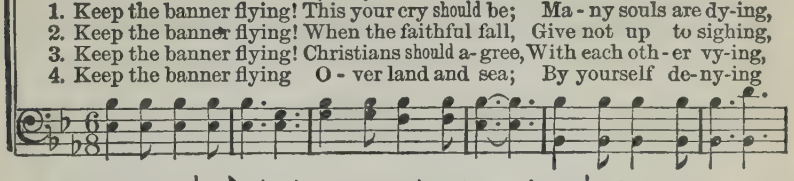
71 Keep the Banner Flying.

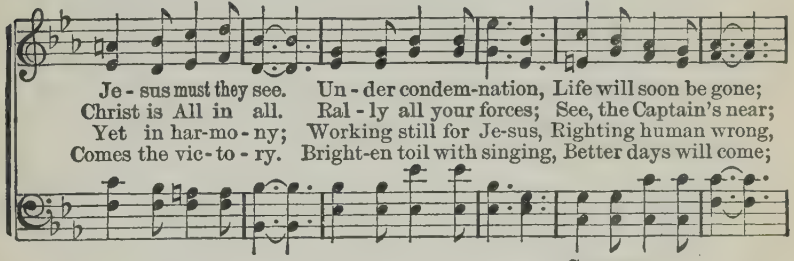
Rev. Richard Osborne. Robert Lowry.



1. Keep the banner flying! This your cry should be; Ma - ny souls are dy-ing,
2. Keep the banner flying! When the faithful fall, Give not up to sighing,
3. Keep the banner flying! Christians should a-gree, With each oth - er vy-ing,
4. Keep the banner flying O - ver land and sea; By yourself de-ny-ing

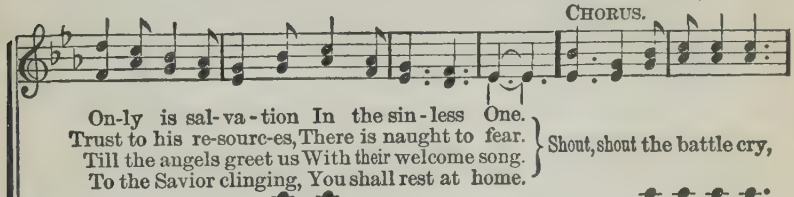


Je - sus must they see. Un - der condem-nation, Life will soon be gone;
Christ is All in all. Ral - ly all your forces; See, the Captain's near;
Yet in har-mo - ny; Working still for Je-sus, Righting human wrong,
Comes the vic - to - ry. Bright-en toil with singing, Better days will come;

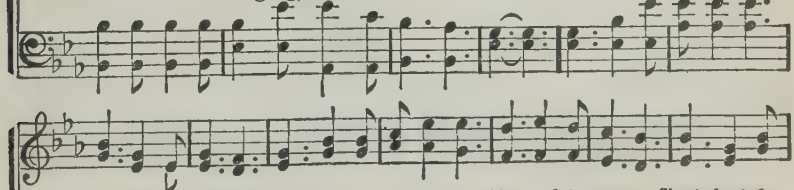


Chorus.

On-ly is sal-va - tion In the sin - less One.
Trust to his re-sourc-es, There is naught to fear.
Till the angels greet us With their welcome song.
To the Savior clinging, You shall rest at home.
} Shout, shout the battle cry,

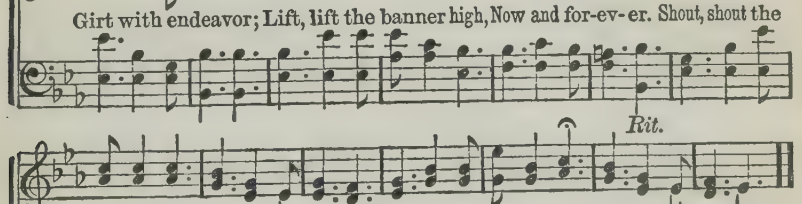


Girt with endeavor; Lift, lift the banner high, Now and for-ev - er. Shout, shout the



Rit.

bat-tle cry, Girt with endeavor; Lift, lift the banner high, Now and for-ev - er.



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How Far to the City of Gold

Mrs. E. E. Miles. Arr. by F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

1. "How far, how far to the Cit - y of Gold?".....The anx-ious pilgrim
2. "How far, how far to the Cit - y of Gold?".....The sadden'd hearts would
3. "How far, how far to the Cit - y of Gold?".....Where sorrow ne'er shall
How far, how far?

cries, "How far to jour-ney ere I see Its towers be - fore me rise?"
know, While mourning o'er the friends they love, In death's embrace laid low;
come, The promised land of joy and rest, The saints' e - ter-nal home?

Tho' oft - en worn and sad, Oppressed with grief and care,
How long ere saints a - wake And pass those por - tals fair?
The jour - ney long has been, But home will soon ap - pear;

Pil-grim, press on a few more steps, Thy feet are al - most there.
Hope whis-pers in af - flic-tion's hour, Weep not, they're almost there.
Each land-mark past proclaims to us We're al - most, al - most there.

Chorus.

Press on,..... press on,.....Where lies thy home so fair;....
Press on, press on, press on, press on, so fair;

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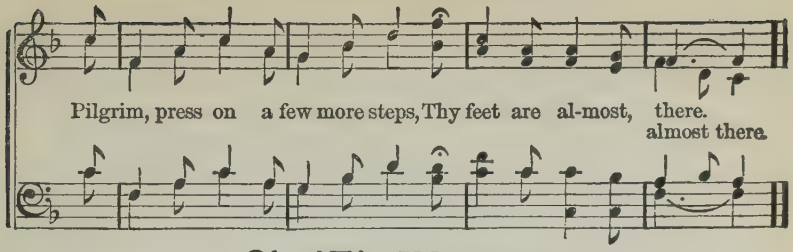
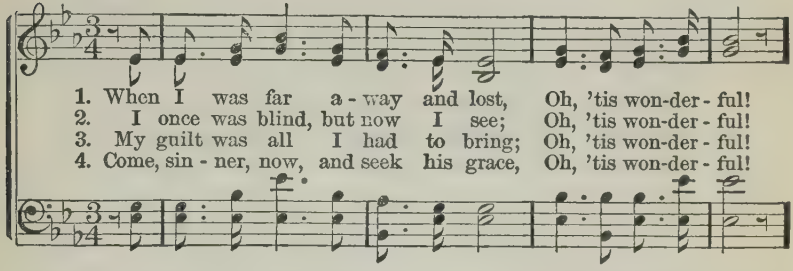
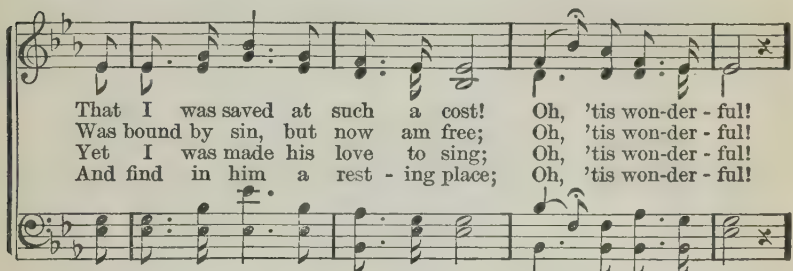
How Far to the City of Gold?



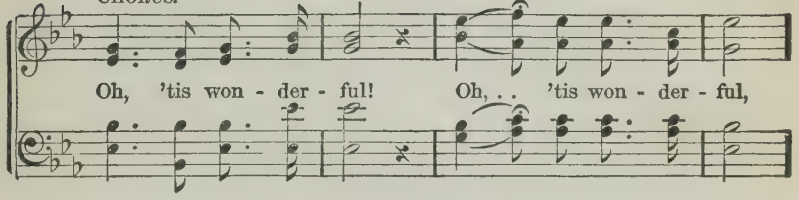
73 Oh, 'Tis Wonderful.

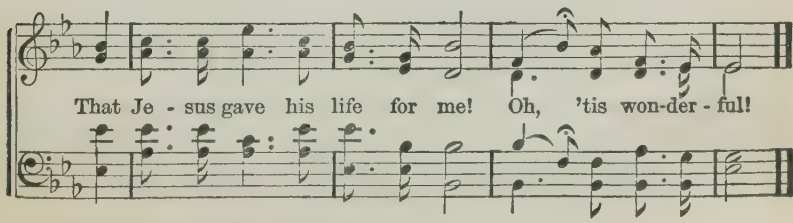
I. I. Leslie. F. A. Blackmer.





Chorus.





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Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Come, con - trite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
2. Come, hun - gry one, and tell your needs, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
3. Come, wea - ry one, and find your rest, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
4. Come, burden'd one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass-ing by;

See in his rec - on - cil - ing face, The sun-shine of the sky.
The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy....
Come where the longing heart is bless'd, And on his bo - som lie...
The love that list - ens to your pray'r, Will "no good thing" de-ny.

Chorus.

Pass - - ing by,..... pass - - ing by,.....
mf Pass-ing by, pass-ing by, *p* pass-ing by, pass-ing by,

Hast - en to meet him on the way, Je - sus is pass - ing

p *rit.*

by to-day, Pass - - ing by,..... pass - - ing by.....
Pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by.
mp

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75 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In mansions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art thou, thorns on thy brow; cold on my brow, crown on my brow; } If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

BY PERMISSION.

76 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

T. Moore. 11, 10.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye languish, Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n can not heal

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

The Wondrous News.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Wondrous news! we'll raise the song As we journey 'mid the throng,
2. Wondrous news! we'll raise the song, And the notes we will pro-long,
3. Wondrous news! we'll raise the song As we join the ransomed throng,

Of a Sav-ior's gra-cious love to - day; How on Calvary's rugged mount
Of the Christ that saves from ev-'ry sin; Who - so-ev - er will be-lieve,
Marching homeward to the land on high; There our loved ones gone before,

He has o-pened up a fount That will wash the stains of sin a - way.
Peace and par-don shall re-ceive, And the blest assurance know with-in.
Wait for us up-on the shore; Thro' his love we'll meet them by and by.

CHORUS.

We will tell the wondrous news, We will tell the gra-cious news,

Of a Sav-ior's dy - ing love to - day; We will tell, the wondrous news,

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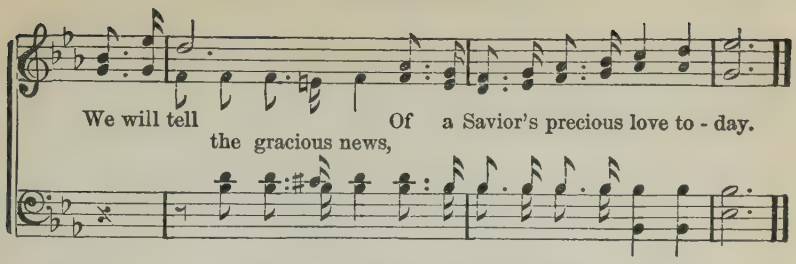

78 Why Stand Ye Idle?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Why stand ye i - dle, wait-ing, While Christ is call - ing you?
2. The fields are white and rip-ened; The har - vest time is here;
3. Some hearts are touched with sorrow, And some are touched with sin;
4. Some homes with gloom are shad-ed; Some lives are cheer-less, sad;
5. And some poor souls, dis - cour-aged With fail - ure and with sin,

For in his world-wide vine-yard There's work for all to do.
The Mas - ter pleads for toil - ers; His call—can you not hear?
Poor wan - der - ers from Je - sus, Oh! haste to bring them in.
Go bear to them the mes - sage That Christ can make them glad.
At Mer - cy's door are wait - ing For us to lead them in.

Chorus.

Why i - dle? why wait-ing To ren - der serv-ice true?
Why i - dle stand? why waiting stand?

Oh! ev - 'ry-where we turn us There's earn - est work to do.

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My Old Country Home.

G. Tabor Thompson. J. H. Tenney.

1. In thought I trav - el back to-night To my old coun-try home;
2. I left my room and gen-tly crept Down to the o - pen door,
3. The Ho - ly Book was o-pened then, And moth - er read a - loud
4. A ho - ly hush came o'er my soul, As on their knees they fell;
5. I gave my heart to God that night, Ere they rose up from prayer;

What joy-ful scenes flash thro' my mind As in the past I roam!
And heard my moth-er join the song, And chant it o'er and o'er;
A - bout the home pre-pared on high, A - bove the storm and cloud;
They prayed as tho' they were inspired; So list - en while I tell;
Then saw them kiss each oth-er's face, Tho' fur-rowed deep with care;

My moth-er with her locks of snow, Is knit - ting in her chair,
Since then in cit - ies, great and small, I've heard the cul-tured sing,
That hum-ble cot - tage seemed to me Grand as the man-sions fair,
They prayed for pas - tor, neighbor, friend, And then they prayed for me:
A - gain I heard a sweet re-frain While I stole back to rest;

While fa-ther, sit-ting by her side, Sings this fa - mil-iar air:
But no such rapture to my heart Could all their mu - sic bring.
And I am sure be - fore they knelt, The an - gels hov-ered there.
"O Je-sus, grant that our dear boy May fol - low on - ly thee."
Help me to sing it o'er a-gain, In mem - 'ry of the blest.

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My Old Country Home.

HEBRON.

CHORUS to 1st verse.

Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r pro-longs my days,

And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

CHORUS to last verse.

pp

1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, let us sing;
2. We are travel-ing home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod,

Sing your Sav - ior's wor-thy praise, Glori-ous in his works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap-pi - ness shall see.

* This song may be used as a solo, the choir or congregation singing the familiar tunes at the close of the first and last verses. It may also be sung as a quartet, and may be made very effective by having the familiar tunes sung by voices in an adjoining room. The chorus to the last verse should be sung very softly.

80 Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. E. O. EXCELL.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed,
3. I have a Wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed,
4. I have a joy I can't ex - press, Since I have been re - deemed,
5. I have a home pre - pared for me, Since I have been re - deemed,

Of my Re - deem-er, Sav - ior King, Since I have been re-deemed.
To do his will my high - est prize, Since I have been re-deemed.
Dis-pell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deemed.
All thro' his blood and right - eous- ness, Since I have been re-deemed.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re-deemed.

CHORUS.

Since I . . . . . have been re-deemed, Since I have been redeemed,
Since I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

I will glo - ry in his name, Since I . . . . . have been re-
Since I have been re-deemed, since

deemed, I will glo - ry in the Sav - ior's name.
I have been redeemed,

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Come to the Living Water.

JENNIE WILSON. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! the Sav-ior speaks with gen-tle voice To each heart with guilt op-
2. Who-so-ev-er will, may come and drink Of this liv-ing wa-ter
3. O-ver des-ert sands, in paths of sin, Stray no more with wea-ry

prest, Here is liv-ing wa-ter, soul athirst, Come drink, and be at rest.
free; Thirsty one, where life's pure fountain flows, There is a gift for thee.
feet; The re-fresh-ing stream in-vit-eth thee To joy and rest complete.

CHORUS.

The Spir-it and the Bride say come,..... Oh, come, oh, come,

come, and no more de-lay; Life's wa-ter is free, Christ

call-eth thee, Sin-la-den soul, oh, come to-day.

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Sowing, Ever Sowing.

J. M. HOGAN.
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

E. R. LATTA.

1. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow-ing, In the paths where others move,
2. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow-ing, Be the weath - er foul or fair;
3. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow-ing, In the home and on the street,

And the har - vest that shall follow, Shall a bane or blessing prove;
Heedless-ly how oft we scat-ter, Where there's need of great-est care;
Sow-ing good or sowing e - vil, For our-selves and all we meet;

Are we sow-ing thorns and thistles, That shall pierce the trav'ler's feet,
Now's the seed-time, full of promise, Full of pos - si-bil - i - ty;
Let us earn - est-ly en-deav-or Seeds of hap - - pi-ness to strew,

Or the seeds of love and mer-cy, That shall make ex-ist-ence sweet?
What the fruit - age we shall gather, Here and in..... e - ter - ni - ty?
That our fel - low-men may bless us, Whereso-ev - - er we may go.

CHORUS.

Sow-ing pain..... or sow - ing pleas - - ure,
Sow-ing pain or sow-ing pleasure, Sow-ing pain or sow-ing pleas-ure,

USED BY PERMISSION OF D. E. DORTCH.

Sowing, Ever Sowing.

Sow - ing tares..... or gold - en wheat;
Sow - ing tares or gold - en wheat, yes, Sow - ing tares or gold-en wheat;

What, oh, what..... ..... shall be the har - - vest,
What, oh, what shall be the harvest, What, oh, what shall be the har-vest,

When our sow - - ing is com - plete?
When our sow-ing, when our sow-ing is com-plete, yes, is com-plete?

83 Nearer, Yet Nearer.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. { Near-er, yet near-er, My God, to thee, / Dear-er, yet dear-er, Thou art to me; } Still hop-ing, trust-ing,
2. { Pur-er, yet pur-er, I long to be, / Near-er, yet near-er, My God, to thee; } Still hop-ing, pray-ing,
3. { Higher, yet high-er, Out of the night, / Near-er, yet near-er, The throne of white, } Still ris-ing high-er,

Ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav - ior, Near - er to thee.
Ev - er to be, Near - er, still near - er, My God to thee.
Near - er the light, Near - er, still near - er, The throne of white.

USED BY PERMISSION.

We Shall Stand before the King.

E. O. E. E. O. EXCELL.

1. We shall stand before the King, With the an-gels we shall sing, By and by,..... by and by; Walk the bright, the gold-en shore,
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and by,..... by and by; There our sor-rows will be o'er,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,..... by and by; Lay thy tro-phies at his feet,

By and by, by and by,

Prais-ing him for ev-er-more, By and by,..... by and by.
There his name we will a-dore, By and by,..... by and by.
In his like-ness stand complete, By and by,..... by and by.

By and by, by and by

CHORUS.

We shall stand..... be-fore the King,..... With the

We shall stand be-fore the King,

angels we shall sing, Glory, glo-ry to our King, Halle-lu - - jah, hal-le-

Hal-le-lu-jah,

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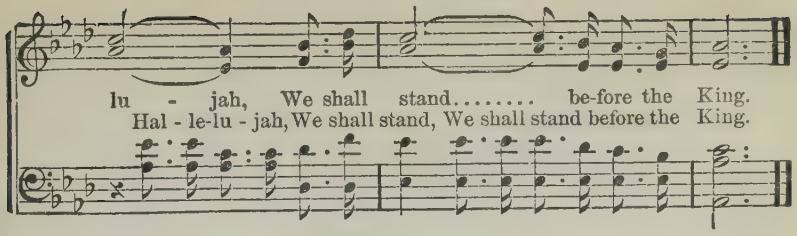
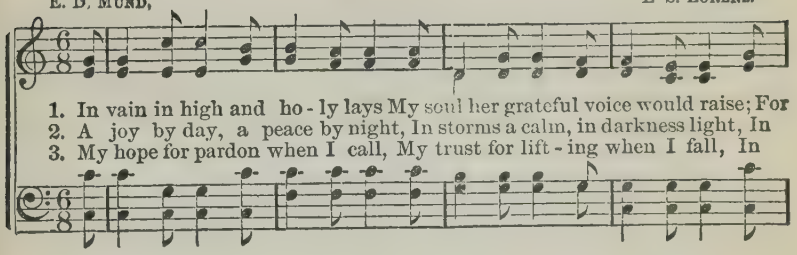
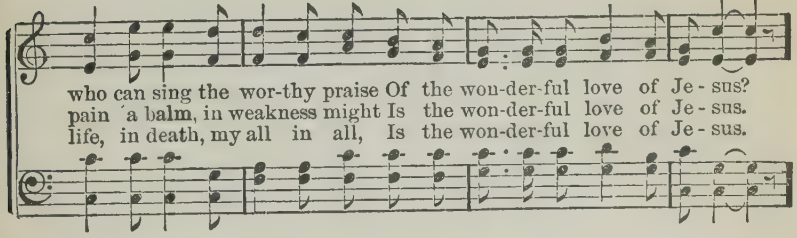
We Shall Stand before the King.



85 Wonderful Love of Jesus.

E. D. MUND, E S. LORENZ.





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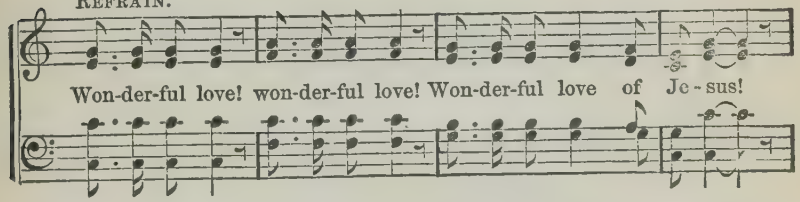

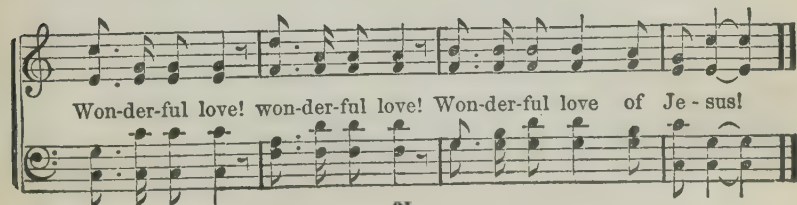

FROM "HOLY VOICES," BY PER.

Mercy is Boundless and Free.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thanks be to Je - sus, his mer - cy is free, Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of his good-ness, his pa-tience and love; Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be-lieve; Mer - cy is free,

REFRAIN.–Je - sus the Sav - ior, is look-ing for thee, Look-ing for thee,

mer-cy is free: Sin - ner, that mer - cy is flow - ing for thee,
mer-cy is free: Gen - tly the Spir - it is call - ing, "Come home,"
mer-cy is free: Pleading thy cause with his Fa - ther a - bove,
mer-cy is free: Come, and this mo-ment a bless - ing re - ceive,

look-ing for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing for thee,

FINE.

Mer - cy is bound-less and free. If thou art will-ing on
Mer - cy is bound-less and free. Thou art in dark-ness, O,
Mer - cy is bound-less and free. Come and re - pent-ing, O,
Mer - cy is bound-less and free. Je - sus is wait-ing, O,

Call - ing and look - ing for thee.

him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;
come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;
give him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;
hear him pro - claim Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;

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Mercy is Boundless.

D. C. REFRAIN.

Life ev-er-last-ing thy soul may re-ceive, Mercy is boundless and free.
Je-sus is waiting, he'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
Grieve him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
Cling to his mer-cy, believe on his name, Mercy is boundless and free.

87 Blessed be the Name.

CHARLES WESLEY. R. E. HUDSON.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing: Blessed be the name of the Lord!
2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The glo - ries of my God and King, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foul - est clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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Look Away to the Cross.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. — Frank M. Davis.

1. Look a-way to the cross, leave thy burdens all there, All the sins that con-
2. Look a-way to the cross, leave thy burdens all there, In the course of the
3. Look a-way to the cross, leave thy burdens all there, At the cross where thy

demn, all the wrong, All thy bit - ter remorse, all thy grief and despair;
swift com-ing years, He will give needed grace, all thy troub-les will bear,
Sav - ior has died; All thy sins he will par-don, thy sorrow he'll share,

Chorus.

Look a-way to the cross and be strong.
And like clouds he will scatter thy fears.
And for all of thy wants will provide.
} Look a-way to the cross, it will

ease thee of care, And the shad - ows will leave thy soul; Look a -

way to the cross, hum-bly kneeling in prayer, Only Christ can make thee whole.

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89 Jesus Shall Have it All.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. In lov-ing con - se - cra - tion, Lord, Let me bring my heart;
2. All of my life I pledge thee, All of my ran-somed pow'rs,
3. Noth-ing shall be with-hold - en; Noth - ing will I re - call;
4. My hands for thee to la - bor, My feet to walk thy ways,

All its af - fec - tion shall be thine; None else shall share a part.
All of my serv - ice and my love, All of my days and hours.
All shall be on the al - tar laid; Je - sus shall have it all.
My life to mag - ni - fy thy grace, My lips to speak thy praise.

CHORUS.

My all I now sur-ren - der, Lord, Give it be-yond re - call;

None else shall share a part, No! Je - sus shall have it all.

5 I should have served thee better,
I should have loved thee more;
Now I will live for thee alone,
Henceforth and evermore.

6 Here, at this holy altar,
Now, while in tears I bow,
Seal thou the covenant I make,
Hear and accept my vow.

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90 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Precious Je-sus, Savior, Friend;

Just to rest up-on his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord,"
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je-sus simp-ly tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er!

p

Je-sus, Je-sus, pre-cious Je-sus! O for grace to trust him more.

FROM "SONGS OF TRIUMPH," BY PER.

91 The Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day coming by and by, But the brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day coming by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "de-

The Great Day Coming.

part - ed right and left; Are you read - y for that day to come?
those who love the Lord; Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not; "Are you read - y for that day to come?"

m CHORUS. *pp* *m*

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the

m *pp* *m*

judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready For the judgment day?

92 We Are Passing Away.

J. HART. (*Common Meter.*) Arr. by W. J. K.

1. { Vain man, thy fond pursuits for-bear; Re-pent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the far-thest, can't be far: O think be - fore thou die. }

REFRAIN.

We are passing away, We are passing away, We are passing away To the great judgment day.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction ends not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

BY PER. OF A. S. JENKS.

Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. Ogden. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way-side, Scatter-ing precious seed
2. Scat-ter-ing precious seed for the grow-ing, Scatter-ing precious seed,
3. Scat-ter-ing precious seed, doubting nev-er, Scatter-ing precious seed,

by the hill-side; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed o'er the field, wide,
free-ly sow-ing; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, trusting, knowing,
trusting ev-er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r and endeav-or,

Chorus.

Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way. Sow - - ing in the
Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain. Sow - - ing in the
Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. Sowing the precious seed,

morn - - - ing, Sow - - - ing at the
ev - - - 'ning,
Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow-ing the seed at noon-tide,

noon - - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.....
Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

BY PER. OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P. W. E. PENN.

Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo.

1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des-ert plain, Its wa-ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav-ior died, His blood flow'd out in a

burn-ing sand, In-vit-ing pilgrims as they pass To seek a shade in the
treating strain, "Ho, ev'ry thirsting sin-sick soul, Come freely drink, and thou
mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for his
crim-son tide, A sac-ri-fice for sins of men, And free to all who will

REFRAIN.

wil-der-ness.
shalt be whole."
wand'ring sheep.
en-ter in.
} Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?

Slower.

When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the liv-ing Well is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the crim-son cross is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?

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95

What a Savior!

F. M. D. FRANK. M. DAVIS.

1. The blood of Je - sus frees from sin; Hal - le-lu-jah, what a Sav - ior!
2. Sal - va - tion, oh, that joy - ful sound! Hal - le-lu-jah, what a Sav - ior!
3. A - rise! a - rise! thy light is come! Hal - le-lu-jah, what a Sav - ior!

Re - news the troubled heart with-in; Hal - le-lu-jah, what a Sav - ior!
It reach-es earth's re - mot-est bound; Hal - le-lu-jah, what a Sav - ior!
Why sit ye long - er i - dle, dumb? Hal - le-lu-jah, what a Sav - ior!

His life he gave up - on a tree, That sin - ful man redeemed might be,
Triumphant raise the joy-ful strain, A Sav - ior dies but lives a - gain,
Proclaim a-broad his matchless name, Whose pow'r the vilest can re - claim,

And live thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Hal - le-lu-jah, what a Sav - ior!
E - ter - nal in the heav'ns to reign, Hal - le-lu-jah, what a Sav - ior!
Thro'out e - ter - ni - ty the same, Hal - le-lu-jah, what a Sav - ior!

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The Beautiful Light.

R. Kelso Carter. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
2. We who know our sins for-given, We are walking in the light, We are
3. As we jour-ney here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are
4. We will sing his power to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

Refrain.

beautiful light of God. We are walk - ing in the light, We are
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,

walk - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, Walking in the light,

light,..... We are walking in the beautiful light of God.
Walking in the light,

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97 Walking and Talking with Jesus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. E. PENN.

1. When I read the dear old sto - ry of the Cross and Cal - va - ry,
2. Oh, to walk and talk with Je - sus, what a rap - ture in the tho't!
3. I can walk and talk with Je - sus, tho' I can not see his face;

With what joy my heart runs o - ver, as I think he died for me;
Oh, to be like his dis - ci - ples, by the world's great teacher taught!
I can feel the Lord who loves me near in ev - 'ry time and place;

And my soul is filled with long-ing, as I read that long a - go,
And my heart o'er-flows with gladness, as the sto - ry I re - peat;
I can feel his smile up - on me, "Fol-low me," I hear him say;

Persons walked and talked with Je-sus as he journeyed to and fro.
Let me walk and talk with Je-sus, let me learn at Je - sus' feet.
Soul, be glad—with those who love him, Je - sus walks and talks to - day.

CHORUS.

Oh, to walk and talk with Je - sus, 'Tis a bless - ed tho't to me.

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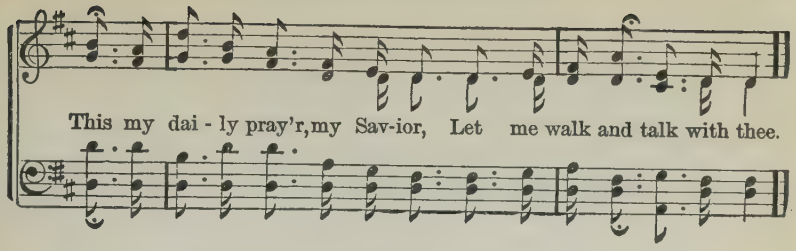
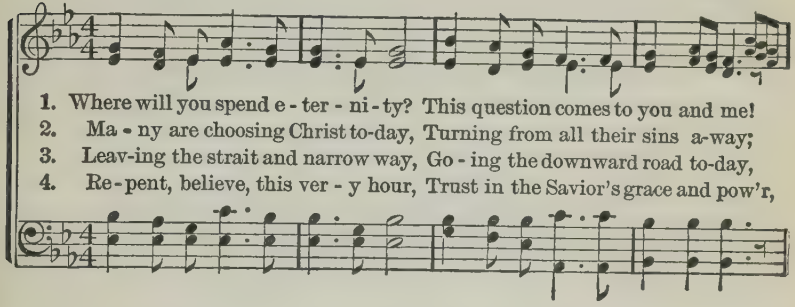
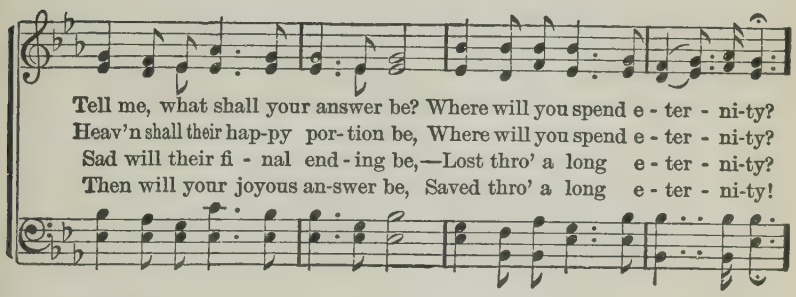


98 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.





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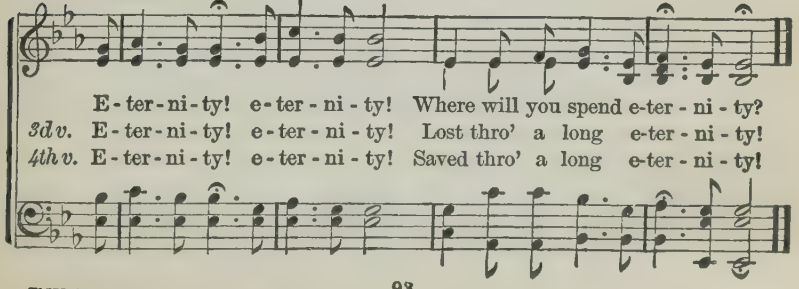

CY PER. OF P. BILHORN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

99 I am Resting in the Savior's Love.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. D. E. Dorton.

1. Oh, my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to-day, I am resting in the
2. At the fount-ain o-pened for the soul un-clean, I am resting in the
3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the
4. O the peace and rapt-ure! O the wondrous bliss! I am resting in the
5. So I live re-joic-ing in his love each day, I am resting in the

Sav-ior's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak-en all my sins a-way, I am
Sav-ior's love; Trust-ing in his grace I ventured free-ly in, I am
Sav-ior's love; When I trust-ed Je-sus, lo, the work was done! I am
Sav-ior's love; I have nev-er known so pure a joy as this; I am
Sav-ior's love; I am walking with him in the nar-row way, I am

Refrain.

rest-ing in the Savior's love. I am resting, sweet-ly resting,
I am resting, resting, sweetly resting,

I am rest-ing in the Sav-ior's love; I am rest-ing,

sweet-ly resting, I am resting in the Sav-ior's love.
resting, sweet-ly resting,

USED BY PERMISSION.

Power to Save.

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden.

1. There's a song my heart is sing-ing, In my soul its tones are ring-ing,
2. Oh, that song my soul is thrilling, Je - sus saves the soul that's willing!
3. Sin - ner, come, if thou'lt receive him, Look to Je - sus and be- lieve him,

Peace and rest and joy 'tis bring- ing, Je - sus Christ has power to save!
Pre - cious truth! my heart 'tis fill - ing, Je - sus Christ has power to save!
All your life and serv-ice give him, Je - sus Christ has power to save!

Chorus. (Solo, Bass Obligato.)

Sing it o - ver and o - ver a - gain to me.

Sing it o'er . . . . . a - gain to me . . . . . In its

Cres.

In its won - der - ful sweet sim - plic - i - ty; Tell it

sweet . . . . . sim - plic - i - ty; . . . . . .

o'er . . . . the o - cean wave, Je - sus Christ . . has power to save.
Tell it o'er the o - cean wave, Je - sus Christ has power to save.

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101 When We Reach Our Home.

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

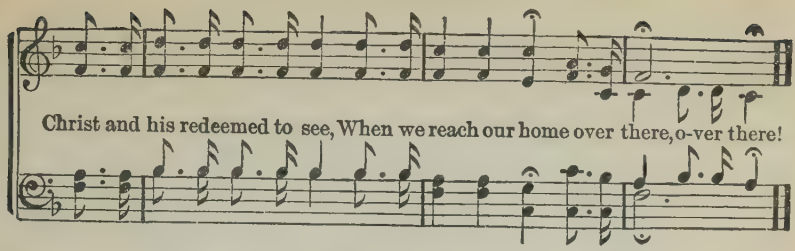
1. What a scene of wondrous glo - ry, When we reach our home, Chanting there redemption's sto-ry, 'Neath its gold-en dome! With myr-iads round the throne, His a-noint - ed and his own, We will make his prais - es known,
2. We shall know no more of tri - al, When we reach our home, Nor of toil and self - de - ni - al, 'Neath its gold-en dome; In robes of pu - ri - ty, From all sin and sor - row free, Safe with Je - sus we will be
3. We will meet our pre-cious Sav- ior When we reach our home, Live for- ev - er in his fa - vor 'Neath the gold-en dome; Changed to his likeness, we Shall his glo-rious per - son see, And a - dore him cease-less - ly

Chorus.

When we reach our home.
In our heav'n-ly home.
In our heav'n-ly home.
} When we reach our home o-ver there, o-ver there, All the wondrous glo - ry to share, What a meet-ing that will be o - ver there,

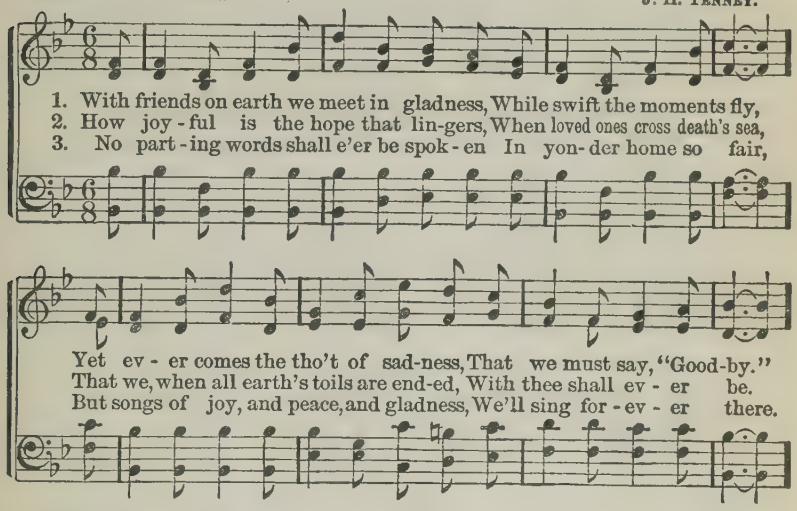
BY PER. OF THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

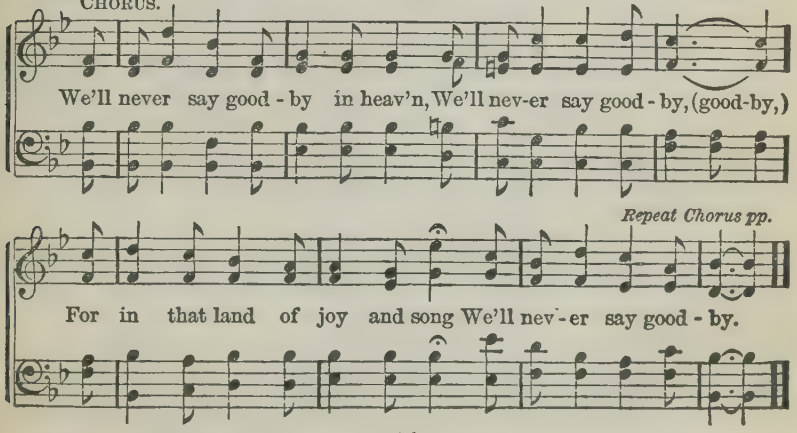
When We Reach Our Home.



102 We'll Never Say Good-By.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.





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They Crucified Him.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE. Arr.

1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus hath done,
2. From heav - en he came, he loved you— he died:
3. No pit - y ing eye, a sav - ing arm, none,
4. They cru - ci - fied him, and yet he for - gave,
5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King?

Be-hold how he suf - fered for thee: They cru - ci - fied him,
Such love as his nev - er was known; Be - hold on the cross
He saw us and pit - ied us then; A - lone in the fight,
"My Fa - ther, for - give them," he cried; What must he have borne,
Say, how will you meet him at last? What plea in the day

God's in - no - cent Son, For - sak - en, he died on the tree!
your King cru - ci - fied, To make you an heir to his throne!
the vic - t'ry he won; O praise him, ye chil - dren of men.
the sin - ner to save, When un-der the bur - den he died!
of wrath will you bring, When of - fers of mer - cy are past?

CHORUS.

They cru-ci-fied him, they crucified him, They nailed him to the tree,

And there he died, A King cru-ci-fied To save a poor sinner like me, like me.

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104 Beneath Thy Shadow Hiding.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. H. Tenney.

1. Be-neath thy shadow hid-ing, I sing my pil-grim song; Brief here is my a-bid-ing, My stay can-not be long; Thus far thy hand hath brought me, And I am far-ing on To where thy word has taught me, My tide me, This thing I sure-ly know: Sal-vation's stream beside me Shall par-ing For my poor soul a place, Thus heav'nward am I far-ing, To

2. I'm naught, dear Lord, without thee, But feeble, falt'ring clay; Throw thy strong arms a-bout me, And cheer me on my way. What-ev-er lot be-

3. Thou hast my ransom paid me, The wine-press for me trod, In faith's fair robe ar-rayed me, Now bring me home to God. While thou art there pre-

Chorus.

Lord, him-self, is gone.
still un fail-ing flow.
see thee face to face.
} Beneath thy shadow hid-ing, I sing my pil-grim song, My all to thee con-fid-ing, To whom I all be-long.

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Lo! A Mighty Army.

Rev. H. G. Jackson. Arr. by Chas H. Gabriel.

1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as - sem-bling, Rally-ing to the cross, a might-y band, Bold to strive against the pow'rs of e - vil,
2. Marshalled league of ea - ger, youthful sol-diers, Girt with truth they bear the Spir-it's sword, Shield of faith and hel-met of sal-va - tion,
3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con-flict With the host of un - be - lief and sin; Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle,

Chorus.

Sworn to do or die at God's command. For - ward, ye sol-diers of Je - sus,
Read - y, waiting for the Captain's word.
Truth and right with God the fight will win. Forward, forward, march, ye soldiers,

With his banner o'er you, Charge the foe be-fore you; Val - iant - ly
For - ward, for - ward, march, ye sol - diers, Forward, march, ye

fol-low your captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er; For - ward, ye
sol-diers, for-ward, Forward, forward,

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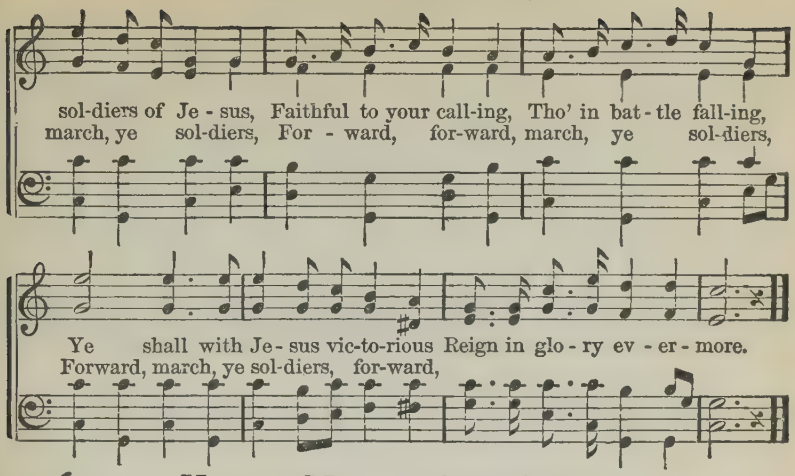
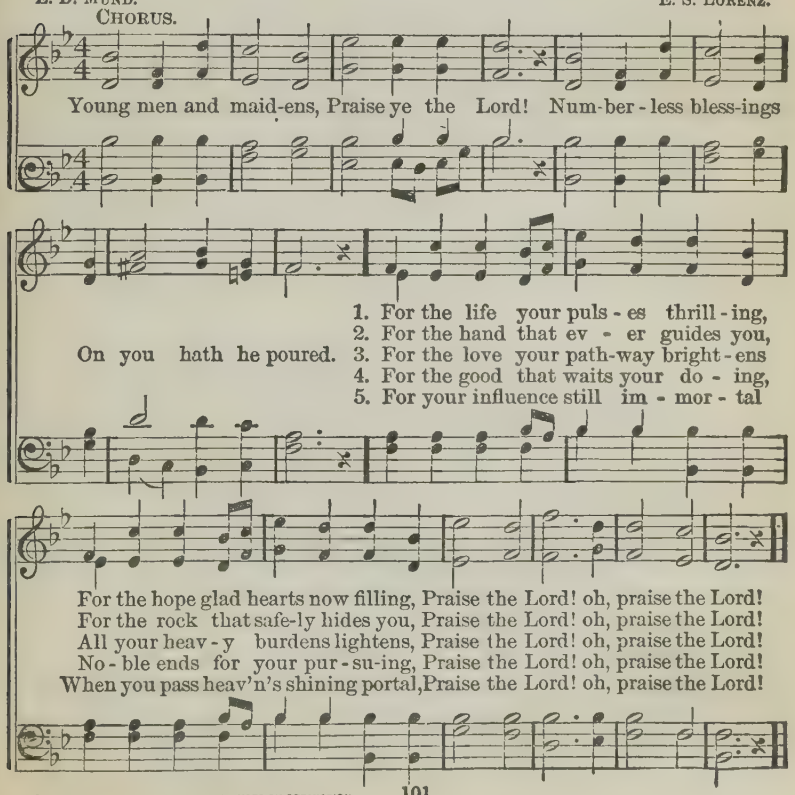
Lo! A Mighty Army.



106 Young Men and Maidens.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.



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He Blessed Me There.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. Effective as a Solo. J. H. TENNEY.

1. When deep in sin and fol - ly My feet had gone a-stray, A voice of
2. I sought my mother's Bi - ble, And searched its pages o'er, To find the
3. My soul knows well it's Bethel Where God spoke peace to me; The ver - y
4. Oh, all a-long my pathway What al - tars I may rear, With this in-

warn-ing led me To seek the bet-ter way; The bur-den of my
shin - ing path-way That saints have trod be-fore; I found a-bun-dant
gate of heav- en It ev - er-more must be; I've wrestled thro' the
scrip- tion on - ly: "Christ came and blessed me there!" And when mid heaven's

sor-row Was more than I could bear, I sought the shrine of mer-cy, He
rich- es Of grace that all may share, And while I read those pages, Christ
midnight Of doubt, and pain, and care, But always ere the dawning Christ
glo- ries A crown of life I wear, I'll tell how thro' earth's conflicts Christ

CHORUS.

came and blessed me there. Oh, praise His name forev- er! The Savior blessed me He

there! In life and death I'll praise Him, Because He blessed me there!
blessed me there!

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Workers for the Master.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Earn-est work-ers for the Mas-ter, Send the word a-long the line:
2. Earn-est work-ers grace he giv-eth, Grace for ev-'ry time of need;
3. Earn-est work-ers, up in heav-en There a-waits for you a crown,
4. Earn-est work-ers, true and loy-al To the Lord, oh, let us be!

We shall nev-er know dis-as-ter, Trust-ing in the pow'r di-vine.
While the God of glo-ry liv-eth, They shall on his man-na feed.
Which the Lord him-self will give you When you lay your ar-mor down.
As we go in ser-vice roy-al, Let us shout the Ju-bi-lee.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Prais-es sing to God on high!

And to Je-sus who hath bought us, Let the glo-rious an-them fly.

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109 Quit You Like Men.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Be strong to toil in the vineyard wide, And in the serv-ice of
2. Be strong to take up your dai - ly cross, And bear for Christ a - ny
3. Be strong to bat - tle a-gainst all sin, The foes with-out and the
4. Be brave and faithful, and cour-age take; Nev - er, no, nev - er your

Christ a - bide; A rich re-ward you at last shall win,
pain or loss, Un - til, the bur - dens of life laid down,
foes with - in; Con - quer by faith in the cleans-ing blood,
Lord for - sake; Fight till the con - flict on earth is done;

Chorus.

When all the sheaves shall be gath-ered in.
Je - sus shall give you a fade - less crown.
Con - quer the world by the help of God.
Fight till the vic - t'ry thro' Christ is won.
} Quit you like men, be

strong! The fight may be fierce and long, But in God's
Be strong! ver - y long,

strength we shall win at length; Then quit you like men, be strong!
be strong!

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Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his Word, What a glo-ry he
2. Not a sha-dow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil he doth

sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

Chorus.

still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, For there's
tear Can abide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o-bey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at his feet,
Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
What he says we will do,
Where he sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

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111 Idle Stand Not all the Day.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. A. Ogden.

1. There's a place where we may la - bor, One and all (One and all);
2. "In the mar - ket i - dly stand-ing, Are there more (Are there more)"
3. And the Mas - ter still is wait - ing, Call - ing still (Calling still):

To the har - vest fields that rip - en, Hear the call (Hear the call);
Calls the Mas - ter of the har - vest, O'er and o'er (O'er and o'er);
"Go ye all in - to my vine-yard, With a will (With a will);

I - dle stand not all the day, Stow the Mas-ter's grain a - way;
Calls the Mas - ter, far and near: "I - dle stand no long - er here,
Be it ear - ly, be it late, I - dle there no long - er wait,

It is read - y for the gar - ner, Why de - lay (Why de-lay)?
I will give you righteous wa - ges, Nev - er fear (Nev-er fear)."
What is right I sure will give you, Great and small (Great and small)."

Chorus.

Why de - lay? Haste a - way, Soon will come settling day; While the

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Idle Stand Not all the Day.

gold - en har-vests wait Ripe to fall (Ripe to fall); Stand not

at the mark - et gate, Hear, oh, hear the Mas - ter's call:

"Work you my de - sire, I'll give, will give you hire (give you hire)."

112 Enough for Me.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me, And

FINE. REFRAIN D. S.

that's e-nough for me! And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! I

2 O wonderful salvation!
From sin he makes me free!
I have the sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me!

3 O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary'
I feel its cleansing power,
And that's enough for me!

BY PERMISSION.

113 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. BILHORN. PETER BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made (was made), My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned), My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide (a - bide), And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain (re-frain), I sing it a-
debt by his death was all paid (all paid); No oth - er foun-
heart with this peace did a-bound (a-bound), In him the rich
as I keep close to his side (his side), There's noth-ing but

gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won-der-ful gift from a - bove (a-bove)! Oh,

won-der-ful, won-der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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My Rock and Shield.

JESSE L. SPORE. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I know not why God's love and mighty pow'r To me he hath re - vealed;
2. His mercy smoothes my rough and ston-y way O'er life's dark pathway dim;
3. And when affliction's rod and heavy hand Is laid up-on me sore,

But this I know, in ev-'ry try - ing hour He is my rock and shield.
He is my rock and sure defense each day, My trust is all in him.
I put my faith and trust in him, for he Is life for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

He is my rock..... and sure de - fense;.....
He is my rock and sure de-fense;

My all to him..... I yield, For this I know, in
To Him I yield,

ev - 'ry try - ing hour, He is my rock and shield.

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115 Linger No Longer.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Lin-ger no long-er, Je - sus is wait-ing, Wait-ing to cleanse your soul;
2. Lin-ger no long-er, an - gels are wait-ing, Wait-ing to see you come;
3. Lin-ger no long-er, lov'd ones are wait-ing, Wait-ing the while they pray;
4. Lin-ger no long-er, mer - cy is flow-ing, Flow-ing so rich and free;
5. Lin-ger no long-er, this is the mo-ment Of God's re-demp-tive pow'r;

Lin-ger no long-er, Je - sus is wait-ing, Wait-ing to make you whole.
Lin-ger no long-er, an - gels are wait-ing To bear the ti-dings home.
Lin-ger no long-er, lov'd ones are wait-ing For your re-turn to - day.
Lin-ger no long-er, mer - cy is flow-ing, And you may pardoned be.
Lin-ger no long-er, lin - ger no long-er, This is sal-va-tion's hour.

Chorus.

Lin-ger no long-er, come, come to Je - sus, O - pen is mer-cy's gate;

Lin-ger no long-er, come, come to Je - sus Ere it may be too late.

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116 I've been Washed in the Blood.

W. T. Dale. D. E. Dortch.

1. I have been to Je-sus, he has cleansed my soul, I've been washed in the
2. I am dai - ly trust-ing Je - sus at my side, I've been washed in the
3. I am working in the vineyard of the Lord, I've been washed in the
4. I am list'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been washed in the

blood of the Lamb; By the precious fountain I have been made whole,
blood of the Lamb; I am sweet-ly rest-ing in the Cru - ci - fied,
blood of the Lamb; I am trust-ing in the prom-ise of his word,
blood of the Lamb; How his com-ing will each faith-ful heart re - joice!

Chorus.

I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been in the blood,

washed, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb; And my robe is in the blood, of the Lamb;

spotless, it is white as snow, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

USED BY PERMISSION.

117 Sing of the Mighty One.

F. R. HAVERGAL. W. A. OGDEN.

1. When light di-vine had touched the hills, By slumb'ring Gal - i - lee,
2. And when they brought the suff 'ring ones, The low - ly and the dear,
3. He heard the prayer and gave the will And strength to touch the hem,
4. Oh, ten - der One, oh, might - y One, Who nev - er sent a - way

The gold - en wave then roll'd a - far To - wards the west-ern sea,
And laid them at the Heal-er's feet, From far a - way and near,
And gave the faith, and vir - tue flowed From Him and heal - èd them,
The sin - ner, or the suf - fer - er, Thou art the same to - day,

And when the men had knowledge of The Ho - ly One of God,
They bent be - fore the wondrous One, And earn - est - ly be-sought,
For ev - 'ry one whose feeblest touch Thus met the Sav-ior's pow'r,
The same in love, the same in pow'r, And thou art wait-ing still

They journeyed forth thro' all the land, And spread his fame a-broad.
That they might on - ly touch the hem A - round his garment wrought.
Rose up in per - fect health and strength In that ac - cept - ed hour.
To heal the mul - ti - tude that come, Yea, who - so - ev - er will.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

O sing of the lov - ing One! O sing of the heal-ing One!

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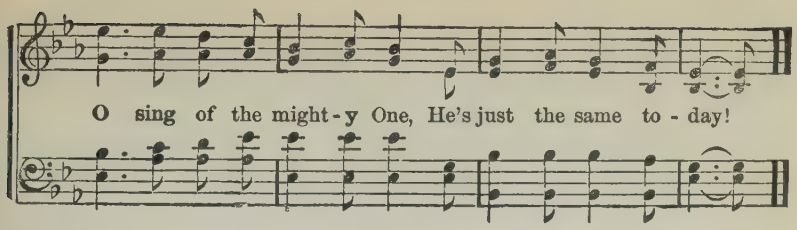
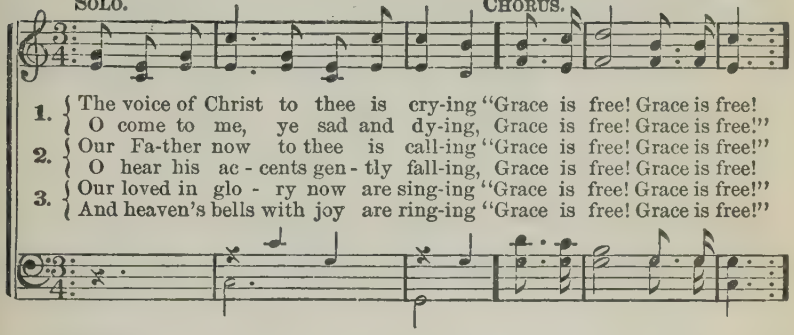
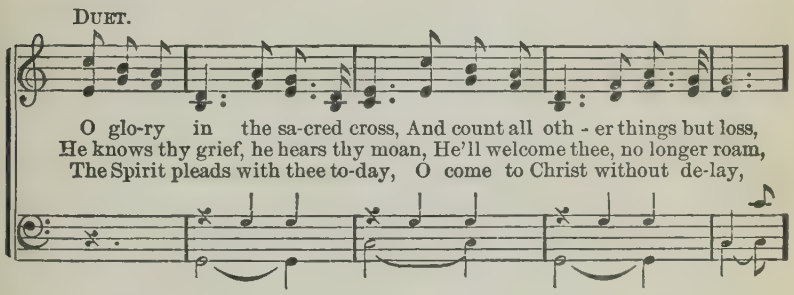
Sing of the Mighty One.

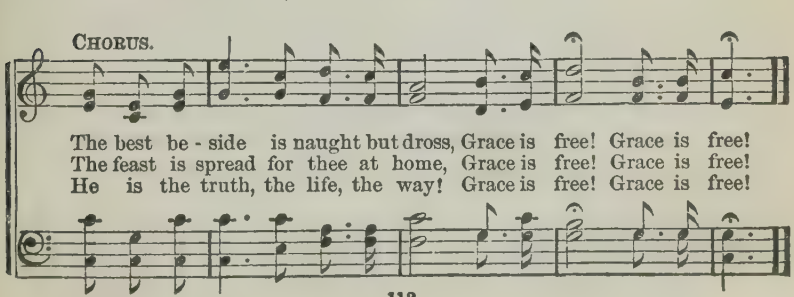


118 Grace is Free.

J. S. N. J. S. NORRIS.







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I'll Lend a Hand.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. J. H. TENNEY.

March Movement.

1. I've heard the call ring-ing far and wide: "Who'll come and work for the
2. I'll lend a hand in the church of God, Some work is wait-ing for
3. O let us work while the days go by, Striv-ing to light-en the

Lord to - day? Who'll feed the hun - gry and clothe the poor? Who'll
me to do; Read - y for serv - ice or sac - ri - fice, I'll
world's dispair, Win-ning the hearts that are filled with sin, Leav-

CHORUS.

find the lost that are gone a-stray?"
join the ranks of the faith - ful few.
ing the joy of sal - va - tion there!
} I'll lend a hand in the

work of the Lord; I've heard the call, and read-y I stand; Glad-

ly to seek and to res-cue the lost, I'll lend a hand, lend a hand.

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My Sins are Taken Away.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. J. H. TENNEY.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
I found in him a rest-ing place, And he has made me glad.
The liv - ing wa - ter: thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in him.

CHORUS.
My sins are tak-en a - way,.....

My sins are tak-en, are tak-en away, Praise God! they're taken away,.....
My sins.... are tak-en away, Praise God! they're taken away, away,

My soul re-joic-es to-day,.....

My soul re-joic-es, re - joic-es to-day, My sins are all tak-en a - way.
My soul..... re - joic-es to-day, My sins are all tak-en a - way.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

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Oh, the Glad, Good News.

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Hear the mes - sage from a - bove, Won - der - ful the news!
2. Je - sus took the sin - ner's place, Oh, the pre - cious news!
3. Have you heard of Je - sus' power, Oh, the gra - cious news!

God be-stows on us his love, Won - der - ful the news!
Of - fers now to all his grace, Oh, the pre - cious news!
Man - i - fest each pass - ing hour? Oh, the gra - cious news!

All earth's weary ones are blest Who have Je - sus Christ confessed;
He a-toned on Cal - va - ry, From my sins to ran - som me,
He has come to my poor soul, My af - fec - tions to con-trol,

:S:

FINE.

Je - sus gives them peace and rest, Won - der - ful the news!
To for - ev - er set me free; Oh, the pre - cious news!
And his blood has made me whole; Oh, the gra - cious news!

D.S. On the tree Christ died for me, Oh, the glad, good news!

CHORUS.

D. S. al FINE.

Oh, the bless - ed mes - sage! Oh, the gra - cious news!

BY PER. OF THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

122 A Mighty Fortress.

MARTIN LUTHER. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE. MARTIN LUTHER.

1. { A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
Our help-er he, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.

2. { Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los - ing;
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.

3. { And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
We will not fear, for God hath will'd His truth to triumph through us.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work his woe; His craft and
Doth ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is he! Lord Sabaoth
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y

pow'r are great, And armed with cruel hate—On earth is not his e - qual.
is his name, From age to age the same; And he must win the bat - tle.
they may kill; God's truth a-bid - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er.

123 Savior Like a Shepherd.

(Tune, SICILY. No. 302.)

1 Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care,
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
|: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; thine we are. :|

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way:
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
|: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray. :|

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
|: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee. :|

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

124 To Thee be Praise.

(Tune, WEBB. No. 264.)

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of Kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

THOMAS HAWEIS.

125 Resting Safe with Jesus.

VICTORIA E. KEITH. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I'm rest-ing safe with Je - sus, On the rock of faith I dwell;
2. Tho' hosts en-camp a - round me, I am safe with-in his care;
3. He is my "ark of safe - ty," And my "rock" when storms assail,

His pres-ence cheers me ev - er With a peace no tongue can tell.
For Christ the "Friend of sin-ners" Will be with me ev - 'ry - where.
And if I ful - ly trust him, I shall o - ver all pre - vail.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, And to feel his pres - ence near,

To know he will not leave me, Tho' the way be dark and drear!

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Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's storm-y bil- lows roll,
3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by thy side,
I am safe when thou art nigh,
To the land of end - less day,

lead me all the way; I am safe when by thy side,

CHORUS.

I would in thy love a-bide.
All my hopes on thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a-way.

Lead me, lead me,

I would in thy love a-bide.

Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray; . . . . Gen - tly down the stream of lest I stray;

Rit. e dim.

time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav - ior, all the way, (all the way.)

127 Hear the Bugle Calling.

Mrs. E. Whitaker John. D. C. John.

1. Hear the bu - gle call - ing, Come with-out de - lay; Arm you, Christian
2. Christ, the conquering He-ro, Wa - ges war with sin, And He needs brave
3. Sa - tan's host now trembling, Can-not long - er stand; Tho' the con-flict

sol - diers, For the fight to - day; Lift on high your ban - ner,
sol - diers, Vic - to - ry to win; For - ward, then, ye peo - ple,
rag - es, Vic - t'ry is at hand; See! our line ad - vanc - es,

Fine.

Firmly march and true; In this fight your Leader must de-pend on you.
Forward, Church of God; See the crim-son footsteps, Where your Master trod.
Hear the shout of praise! Vict'ry crowns our banners, Loud your voices raise.

D.S. Come without delay; Arm you, Christian soldiers, For the fight to - day.

Chorus. Call - - ing,

Hear the bu - gle call-ing, call-ing you and me; To arms! ye sol - diers

Call - - ing, *D. S.*

of the cross; Hear the bu - gle call-ing, call-ing you and me;

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Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS. *Cres.*

m

Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home;
Come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *Rit.* *pp*

Earn-est-ly, tender-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sinner, come home!

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

129 Keep Your Covenant with Jesus.

MARTHA C. OLIVER. W. H. DOANE.

1. Keep your cov - e - nant with Je - sus, 'Tis the least that you can do;
2. Tho' we give our dear - est treas-ure, 'Tis a tri - fle we be-stow;
3. What are all our cares and burdens? They are shad - ows dim - ly cast;

For he died for your sal-va - tion, And he al - ways has been true.
Tho' we mete with larg-est meas-ure, 'Tis but lit - tle we can show;
They will fade and quickly van - ish, If we hold our prom-ise fast.

He has been your guide and help-er, He has been a faith-ful friend,
But he sees the good in - ten-tion And the loy - al, lov - ing will,
We can smile at all our loss - es, We can wel-come toil and pain;

And you nev - er can re - pay him, Tho' you serve him to the end.
And by giv - ing him our ut-most, We may each his charge ful - fill.
If we keep our pledge to Je - sus, None of these will be in vain.

REFRAIN.

Keep your cov - e - nant with Je - sus, To your pledge be ev - er true,

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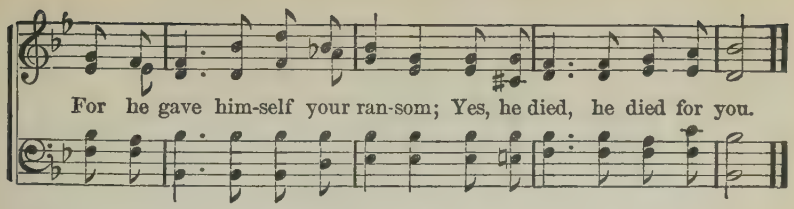
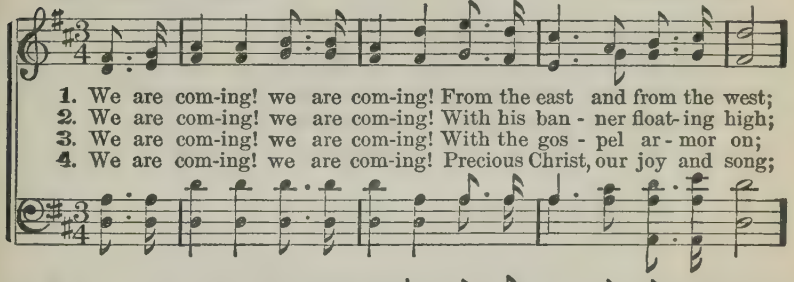
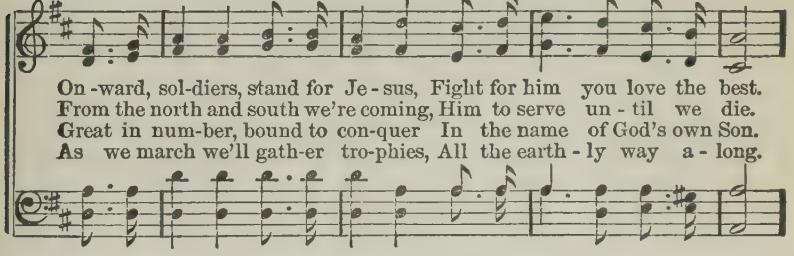
Keep Your Covenant with Jesus.



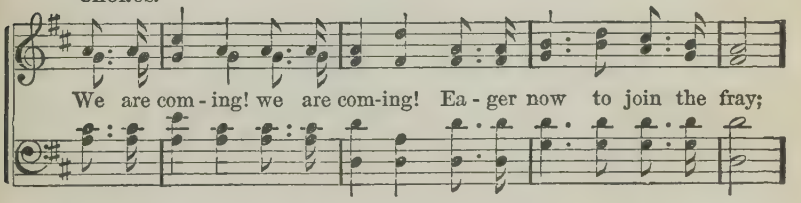
130 We'll Win the Day.

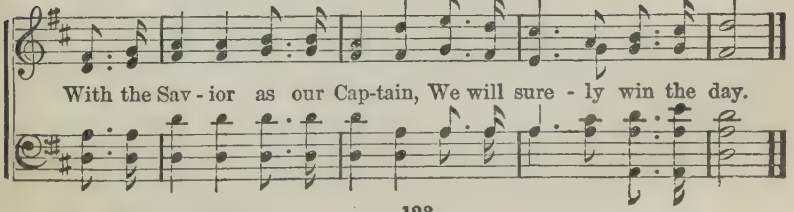
MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.





CHORUS.





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It Just Suits Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this bless-ed "who-so-ev-er," Call-ing ev-'ry one who will,
3. Pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Sweeping ev-'ry hu-man need!
4. What a per-fect, pres-ent Sav-ior! What a true and lov-ing friend!

Far ex-cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser-a-phim in light;
To the sparkling, liv-ing wa-ters, Flowing ful-ly, free-ly still;
For the grace of our Re-deem-er Must our high-est tho't ex-ceed;
Can we ev-er praise him right-ly? Tell how grace and glo-ry blend?

I can nev-er, nev-er fath-om Half its ho-ly mys-ter-y,
No, I know not why he loves me, But his blood is all my plea;
To the might-y roy-al storehouse Let me use the gold-en key,
Now the Prince of Peace is reign-ing, O-ver-rul-ing all I see;

Chorus.

But I know it is for sin-ners, And it just suits me.
I can trust his "who-so-ev-er," For it just suits me.
Find the spe-cial, ten-der prom-ise That will just suit me.
So, what-ev-er lot he or-ders, May it just suit me.
} It just suits me, It just suits me, This won-der-ful sal-va-tion, It just suits me.

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132 Have You Told it All to Jesus?

J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. H. Tenney.

1. Have you told it all to Je - sus, All your weakness and your sin?
2. Have you told it all to Je - sus, Hidden in his riv - en side,
3. Have you told it all to Je - sus? Has he an-swered o'er and o'er,

Have you made a full con-fes - sion, Noth-ing left concealed with-in?
There made free and full con-fes - sion, Washed you in the crim-son tide?
"Go in peace, thou art for - giv - en, Go in peace, and sin no more!"

Have you told it all to Je - sus, Who was once for sin-ners slain?
Are you on the Rock of A - ges, And tho' bil - lows round you roll,
In the se - cret of his presence, 'Neath the shad-ow of his wing,

:S:

Have you felt the blood of cleansing, Wash-ing out your ev - 'ry stain?
Do you know the joy of par-don? Is there peace with-in your soul?
Can you bid your foes de - fi - ance? Can you full sal - va - tion sing?

D.S.—Tho' they were as red as crim-son, He has washed them white as snow.

D. S.

Chorus.

Yes, I've told it all to Je - sus, Told him all the sins I know;

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I'm So Glad.

L. E. Jones. W. A. Ogden.

1. I'm glad that the Sav - ior re-deemed me, My life is all sun - shine to - day; For Je - sus in won-der - ful mer - cy,
2. I'm glad that the Sav - ior has called me From out the dark val - ley of sin; So glad that he purchas'd my par - don,
3. I'm glad that when shad - ows hang o'er me, That in the great Rock I can hide; 'Twas cleft for the rest of the wea - ry;

Chorus.

Has car - ried my sor - rows a - way.
And wel-comed the wan - der - er in.
And there I can safe - ly a - bide.
I'm so glad!

I'm so glad That who - ev - er will may be free!
be free!

I'm so glad! I'm so glad That grace reaches e-ven to me.

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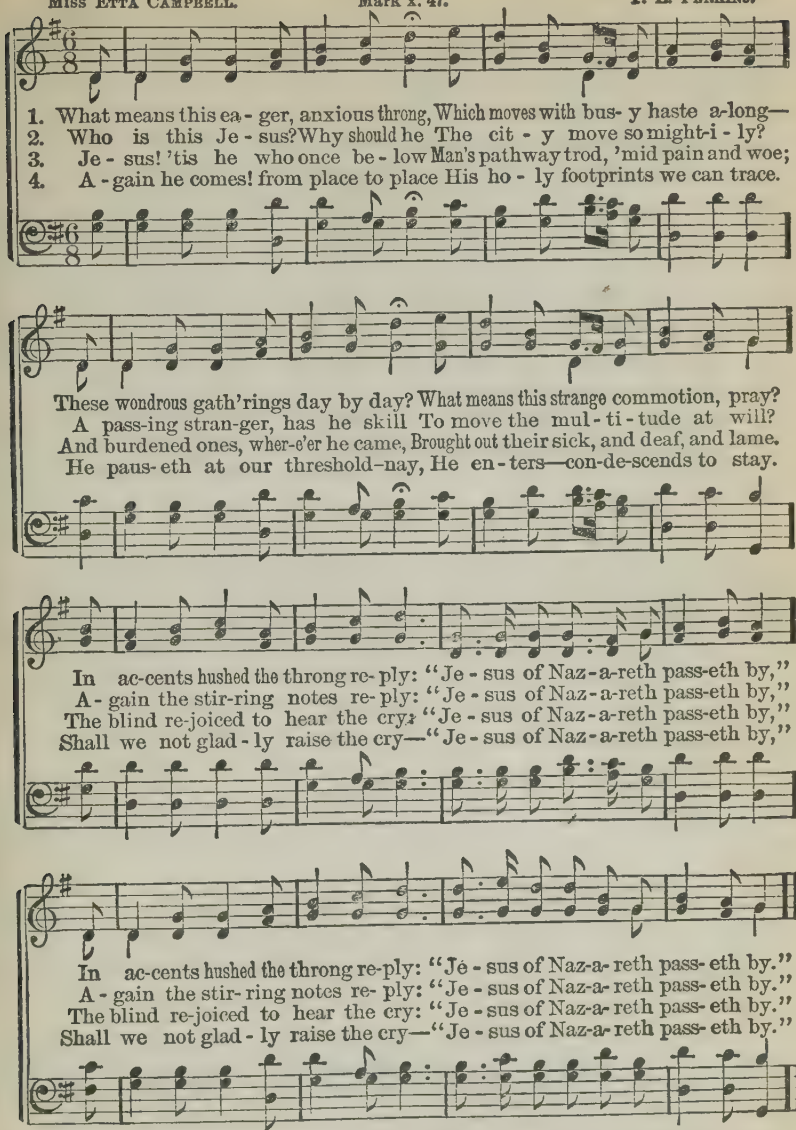
Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. Mark x. 47. T. E. Perkins.



5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home!
Ye wanderers from a Father's face!
Return, accept his proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

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135 Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M. Driver.

1. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Tell it to me a-gain; Wonderful
2. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Tho' you are far a-way; Wonderful
3. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Je-sus provides a rest; Wonderful

sto-ry of love: Wake the im-mor-tal strain! An-gels with rap-ture an-
sto-ry of love: Still he doth call to-day; Call-ing from Cal-va-ry's
sto-ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, oh! won't you believe it?
mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of creation,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous cho-rus,

Chorus.

Wonderful sto-ry of love. Won - der - ful! Won -
Wonderful sto-ry of love; Wonderful

der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful sto-ry of love!
sto-ry of love: Wonderful story of love:

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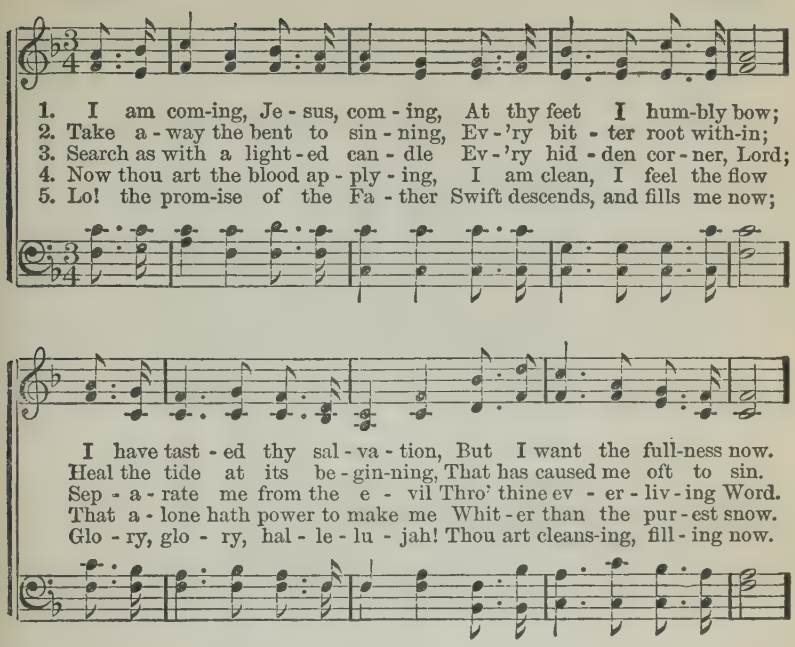
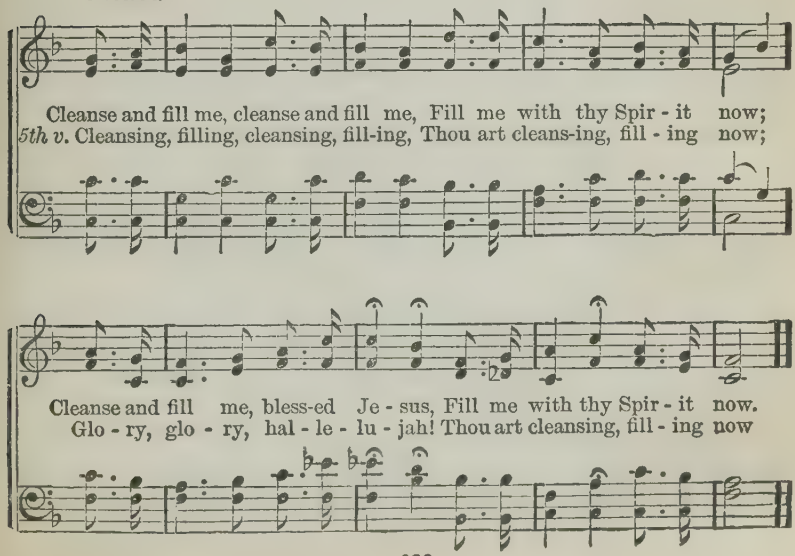
Cleanse and Fill Me.

ABBIE MILLS. DR. H. L. GILMOUR.



CHORUS.



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137 May the Master Count on You?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. When the trum-pet sounds to bat - tle with the strong and wi - ly foe,
2. There are those who fol - low Je - sus when there is no cross to bear,
3. Are you ful - ly con - se - crat - ed to the serv - ice of the Lord?

And the hosts of our Im-man-uel to the earn-est con-flict go,
But re - fuse the bur-den-bear-ing and the toils with him to share;
Are you read - y on the bat - tle-field to wield for him the sword?

Will you prove that you are loy - al? Will you prove that you are true?
Oh! it grieves the bless-ed Mas-ter that their hearts are so un - true;
Are you one a-mong the faith-ful? Are you one a-mong the true?

:S: FINE.

For de - vot - ed, faith-ful serv-ice may the Mas-ter count on you?
Sure - ly for a bet - ter serv-ice the dear Lord may count on you?
And for stead-y, life-long serv-ice may the Mas-ter count on you?

D. S. In the thick-est of the bat - tle, To be faith-ful, to be true?

CHORUS. D. S.

May he count on you, my broth-er? May the Mas - ter count on you,

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Christ is All.

W. A. W. W. A. Williams.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there, Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth-er
2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach-ing head, Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
3. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake; The flames could not his courage shake, Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow, To save from Sa-tan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count - ed
5. Then come to Christ, "oh, come to-day!" The Fa-ther, Son and Spir - it say, The Bride re-peats the call; For he will cleanse your guilty

whence Her helpless wid-owhood's de-fence; She told me "Christ was all."
May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered "Christ is all."
giv'n, He looked triumphant - ly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."
dear, 'Midst want and per-ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

Chorus.

Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all; Yes, Christ is all in all.

BY PERMISSION.

139 The Joy of the Lord.

L. W. S. LANTA WILSON SMITH.

1. The joy of the Lord is my strength; My courage and hope to re - new,
2. The joy of the Lord is my strength; In sor-row and tri-al, how sweet;
3. The joy of the Lord is my strength; The pleasures this world can be-stow

As forth to the con- flict I go, The strong-holds of sin to sub - due.
A sol- ace that nev - er can fail, A com - fort di- vine and com-plete.
No long- er can charm or al - lure, While life with this joy is a - glow.

CHORUS.

Oh, won - der - ful joy, won - der - ful joy! The
Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful joy!

joy of the Lord is my strength, Oh, won-der - ful, won-der - ful,

won - der - ful joy! The joy of the Lord is my strength.

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Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev' - ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com-mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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God is Calling Yet.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
5. God calling yet! I can not stay; My heart I yield without de-lay:

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceiv- And shall I dare his Spir-it grieve?
I wait, but he does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, a-wake!
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.

CHORUS.

Call - - - ing, oh, hear him, Call - - - ing, oh, hear him, God is
God is calling yet, God is call-ing yet,

call-ing yet, oh, hear him calling, call-ing, Call - - - ing, oh, hear him,
God is call-ing yet,

Call - - - ing, oh, hear him, God is calling yet, oh, hear him calling yet.
God is calling yet,

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Oh, Such Wonderful Love.

I. N. McHose. Alt. I. N. McHose.

1. O the great love the dear Sav-ior has shown To shame-ful - ly
2. Pal - ac - es, man-sions and inns had no room For Christ, who so
3. Man of great sor - rows and homeless was he, But yet my Re -

die on the tree, Leav-ing his scep-tre and beau - ti - ful throne
joy - ful - ly came Down from yon heav-en our path to il - lume,
deem-er and Friend, Pour-ing in in - fi-nite streams up - on me,

Chorus.

To res - cue a sin - ner like me! Oh,..... such
And save us from sin and from shame.
A love that can nev - er-more end. Oh, such won-der - ful,

won-der - ful love! Oh, ... such won-der-ful love! Je - sus, my
Oh, such wonderful,

Sav-ior, left scep-tre and throne, To res-cue a sin-ner like me.

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Wonderful Army of God.

W. A. S. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

1. There's a won - der - ful arm - y now march-ing, But its war - fare is not one of blood; For by mer - cy and love are the con-quest Of the
2. Float-ing out o'er this won-der-ful arm - y Is the ban - ner of in - fi - nite love; While the songs of earth's con-quer-ing le-gions Ech-o
3. There's a place in this won-der-ful arm - y For the loy - al, true-heart-ed and brave, Who will fol - low the bless-ed Re-deem-er Fol-low
4. All the arm - ies of e - vil must per - ish, But the glo - ri - ous prom-ise is giv'n, That our arm - y, in youth ev - er-last - ing, Shall as-
5. Then all hail to the con-quer-ing Chief - tian, Who is vic - tor o'er death and the grave; Swift to res-cue the world's dark-est province March-es

CHORUS.

won - der - ful arm - y of God.
back from the arm - ies a - bove.
Je - sus the might-y to save.
sem - ble un - bro-ken in heav'n.
Je - sus the might-y to save.
} Who will march in this won-der - ful arm - y, With the ban - ner of Je - sus un-furled? Who will march in this won-der - ful arm - y, March-ing with Je - sus to con-quer the world?

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144 Why are You Waiting?

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? Why do you still de - lay?
2. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? Why is your heart so cold?
3. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? Why still un - rec - on - ciled?
4. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? Je - sus is ver - y near,

En - ter the door of mer - cy; Come, and be saved to - day.
Why not re - turn, re - pent - ant, In - to the Sav-ior's fold?
This is God's time of mer - cy; Trust him, and be his child.
Bless-ing and sav - ing oth - ers, Read - y to save you here.

Chorus.

Why are you waiting? Why are you waiting? Now is God's gra - cious hour!

Why are you waiting? Why are you waiting? Now he will save with power.

BY PERMISSION OF THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

145 What Hast Thou Done for Me?

Key C.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
||: I gave, I gave my life for thee, :||
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone.
||: I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
||: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, :||
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
||: I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, :||
What hast thou brought to me?

F. R. Havergal.

146 The Bondage of Love.

GEORGE D. WATSON. JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. { O sweet will of God! thou hast girded me round, Like the deep, moving
With omnip - o - tent love is my poor nature bound, And this bondage to
2. { For years my soul wrestled with vague dis-con-tent, That like a sad
God's light in my soul with the darkness was blent, And my heart ev - er
3. { And now I have flung my-self reckless - ly out, Like a chip on the
I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a shout, And I just let my

CHORUS.

currents that gird - le the sea;
love sets me per - fect - ly free.
an - gel o'er-shadowed my way;
longed for an un-cloud-ed day.
stream of the In - fin - ite Will;
God his dear pur-pose ful - fill.

Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! my

soul is now free! For the precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth e - ven me.

4 Forever I choose the good will of my God,
Its holy deep riches to love and to know,
The serfdom of love to so sweeten the rod,
That its touch maketh rivers of honey to flow.

5 Roll on, checkered seasons, bring smiles or bring tears,
My soul sweetly sails on an infinite tide;
I shall soon touch the shores of eternity's years,
And near the white throne of my Savior abide.

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147 His Yoke is Easy.

PS. XXIII. R. E. HUDSON.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He mak-eth me down to
2. My soul cri - eth out: "re-store me a - gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk in the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from

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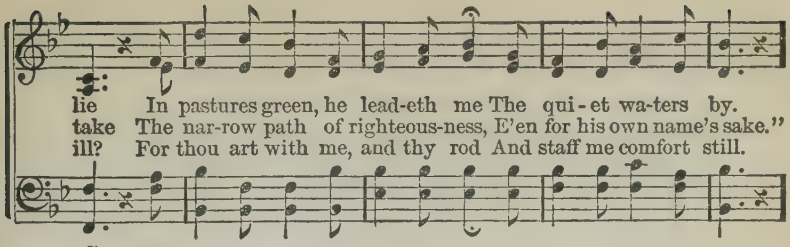
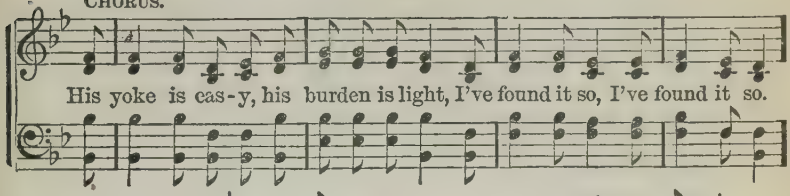
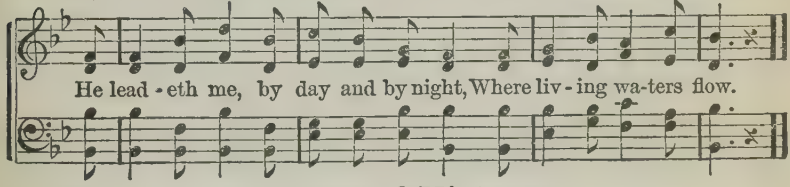
His Yoke is Easy.



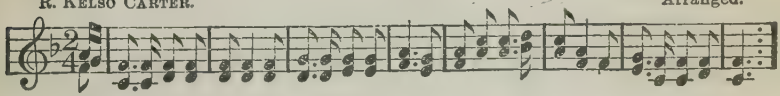
CHORUS.



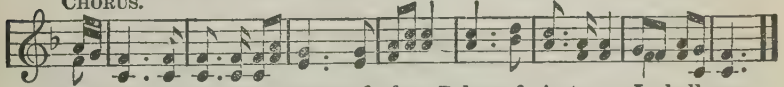


148 Palms of Victory.

R. KELSO CARTER. Arranged.



CHORUS.



1 I saw a blood-washed pilgrim,
A sinner saved by grace,
Upon the King's great highway,
With peaceful, shining face.
Temptations sore beset him,
But nothing could affright,
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."—CHO.

2 I saw him in the furnace,
He doubted not, nor feared,
And in the flames beside him
The Son of God appeared.
Though seven times 'twas heated
With all the tempter's might,
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."—CHO.

3 Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,
In prison, at the stake,
He leaped for joy, rejoicing,
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.
That God should count him worthy,
Was such supreme delight,
He cried, "The yoke is easy,
The burden is so light."—CHO.

4 I saw him overcoming,
Through all the swelling strife,
Until he crossed the threshold
Of God's Eternal Life.
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,
The Name, the Stone so White,
Were his, who found, in Jesus,
The yoke and burden light.—CHO.

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149 The Master Wants Workers.

Rev. F. J. Stevens. J. H. Hall.

1. The Mas - ter wants work - ers, his har - vest is white, His com-
2. The Mas - ter wants work - ers, and that which is right He will
3. The Mas - ter wants work - ers, each serv - ice he knows, Not a
4. The Mas - ter wants work - ers, the night com - eth soon, When the

mand, "Go ye forth," is to all; Go work with a will, and let
give at the end of the day; So thrust in the sick - le and
serv - ice too small to re - cord; E'en he who a cup of cold
wea - ry shall rest from all care; When those who have toil'd thro' the

not the dark night On an un - gath-ered har - vest - field fall.
work with thy might: If not gath - ered ripe grain will de - cay.
wa - ter be - stows "In his name" shall not lose his re - ward.
heat of the noon Shall no long - er its wea - ri - ness bear.

Chorus.

The Mas - - - - ter wants work - - ers, a host.....
The Mas-ter wants workers, and call-eth a-gain, The Master wants work-

of true men,..... To gath - - - er the
ers, a host of true men, To gath - er the lost ones from

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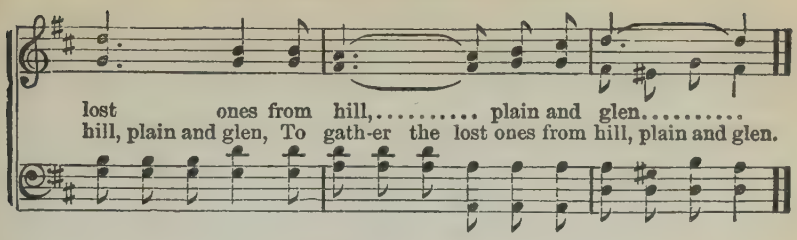
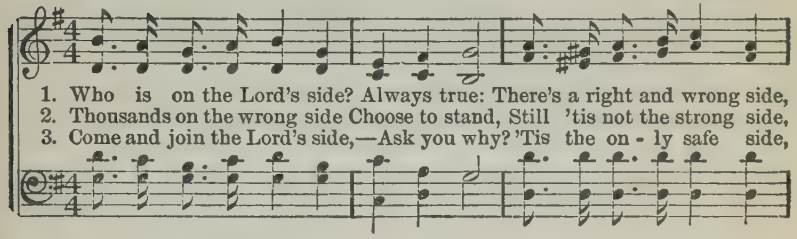
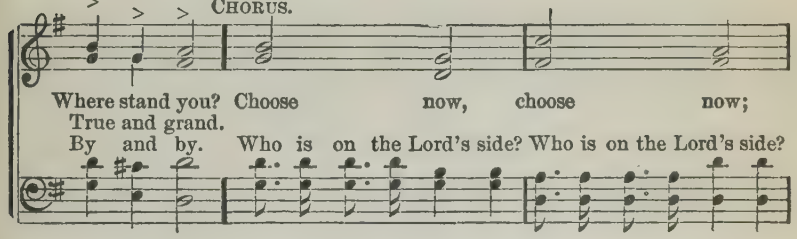
The Master Wants Workers.

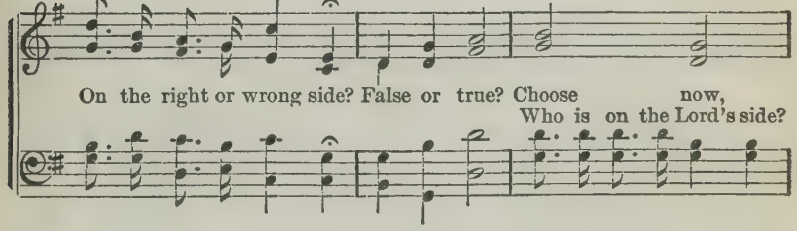


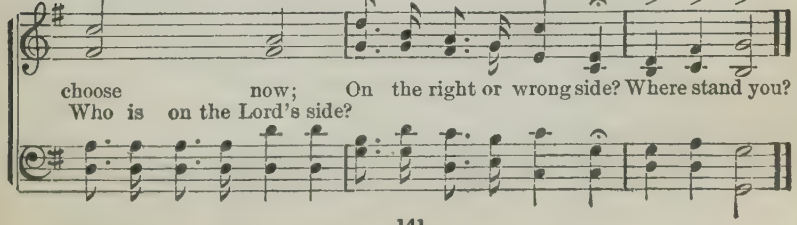
150 Who is on the Lord's Side?

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.









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There is a Home.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. There is a home, a bless-ed home, In that fair land a - bove,
2. There is a home, a heav'n-ly home, In fade-less ver-dure drest,
3. There is a home, a hap - py home, Where care and sorrow cease,

Where peace and hap-pi - ness a-bound, —The Par - a - dise of Love.
Where toil and la - bor are no more, —The Par - a - dise of Rest.
Where sin and sick-ness nev-er come, —The Par - a - dise of Peace.

REFRAIN.

This bless-ed home..... our gra-cious Lord..... Has
This bless-ed home our gra-cious Lord, our Lord

pur-chas'd with his blood, That we might en - - - - - ter,
That we might en-ter,

thro' the gates,.. .... The Par - a - dise of God.
thro' its gates, its gates,

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152 Leave it All with Jesus.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. E. PENN.

1 2 FINE.

1. { Have you an - y cross to bear? Leave it all with Je - sus;
{ Are you bow'd with grief and care? Leave it all with [*Omit.*] Je - sus;

D.C.—He will help you to the end,—Leave it all with Je - sus.

D.C.

He has promised to de - fend, He will prove a con - stant friend,

2 Have you felt the weight of sin?
Leave it all with Jesus;
He will make you clean within—
Leave it all with Jesus;
In the sacred healing flow,
He will wash you white as snow
If you humbly, trusting go;—
Leave it all with Jesus.

3 Would you in his image live?
Leave it all with Jesus;
He can every blessing give,—
Leave it all with Jesus;
He will lead you safely through,
He is merciful and true,
He has died for love of you—
Leave it all with Jesus.

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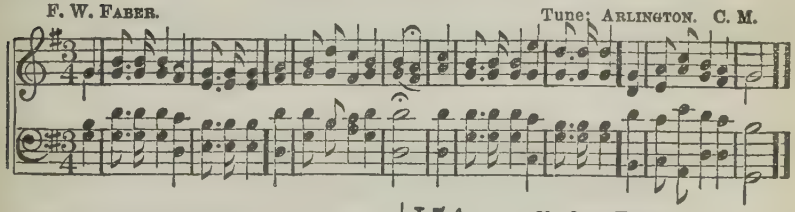
153 Workman of God!

F. W. FABER. Tune: ARLINGTON. C. M.



1 Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blind-fold eye.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world thro' shame,
And beckon's thee his road.

154 Oh, for a Faith.

1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

3 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour has fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. BATHURST.

155 Again We'll Never Pass This Way.

"I expect to pass this way but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now; let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

P. H. Bristow. W. A. Ogden.

Andante.

Solo.

1. Do you hear the Sav-ior plead-ing, hear him pleading?
2. Out up-on the mountains drear-y, cold and dreary,
3. Ev-'ry day some soul is dy - ing, yes, is dy - ing,

pp Quartet.

hear him pleading?
cold and drear-y,
yes, is dy - ing,

"Go ye forth in - to my vine - yard day by day;
There are souls that may be wait - ing just for you;
On the mountains where they lin - ger, far a - way,

pp Quartet.

day by day;
just for you;
far a - way,

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Again We'll Never Pass This Way.

Go ye forth, I will be with you in - ter-ced-ing, (in - ter - ced-ing,)
May be wait - ing near your pathway, oh, so wea - ry; (oh, so wea - ry;)
While the Mas - ter on yourself may be re - ly - ing, (be re - ly-ing,)

pp QUARTET.

That some soul may from the dark - ness turn a - way." (turn a - way.")
Will you not go out and tell them God is true? (God is true?)
That he gets the in - vi - ta - tion while 'tis day. (while 'tis day.)

pp QUARTET.

f CHORUS. *Response. Allegro.*

We will go and God be with us, with us ev - er; We will

Cres.

take the words of Je - sus as our stay; And to lift a fall - en brother

Rit.

we'll en-deav - or, For we know we ne'er again may pass this way, (this way.)

145

Save Some One To-day.

L. W. S. LANTA WILSON SMITH.

1. Countless the per-ils that threaten to-day, Dan-gers are wait-ing each
2. Are we neg-lect-ing the words we should say, Words that might save a poor
3. Are we in safe-ty and those that we love All on the way to the

step of the way; Ma-ny now care-less are meet-ing their doom; O
sin-ner to-day? Why are we care-less when no one can know The
heav-en a-bove? O then in pit-y reach out to the lost, To-

CHORUS.

what is more cer-tain than death and the tomb?
fate that a day or an hour may be-stow?
day haste to save them at what-ev-er cost.
} Moments are fly-ing,

Sin-ners are dy-ing, Shall we save some one to-day?.... Mo-ments are
to-day?

fly-ing, Sin-ners are dy-ing, We must save some one to-day.....
save some one to-day.

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157 On the Jericho Road.

Dr. J. J. Maxfield. W. A. Ogden.

1. On the Jer - i - cho road there is serv - ice to-day, For all who are
2. On the Jer - i - cho road you will find him to-day, Your brother who
3. On the Jer - i - cho road ma - ny forc - es combine, To sti - fle the

read - y to work or to pray, A - round us are ly - ing the
wan - ders from Je - sus a - way, Oh, wait not to - mor-row, his
voice of the Spir - it Di - vine, A - bout us are ly - ing the

wounded and dy - ing, And few the Sa - mar - i - tans pass-ing that way.
deep cup of sor - row Is brimming and bit - ter, no long-er de - lay.
wounded and dy - ing, Go, broth-er, and pour in the oil and the wine.

Chorus.

On the Jer-i-cho road, leading down, down, down, down, The Levite goes carelessly by,

Yet ma-ny who journey a-long that way, Are wounded and ready to die.

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Suffer the Children to Come.

DR. I. L. MITCHELL. W. A. OGDEN.

DUET. CHORUS.

1. { Hark! I hear my Sav-ior say: "Suffer the children to come to me;"
Do not turn the lambs a-way, "Suffer the children to [*Omit* . .]

2. { Tell them Je-sus loves them all, "Suffer the children to come to me,"
He will guide them lest they fall, "Suffer the children to [*Omit* . .]

3. { Take them gen-tly by the hand, "Suffer the children to come to me,"
Lead them to the bet-ter land, "Suffer the children to [*Omit* . .]

come." Point them to the Father's throne, Speak to them in tend'rest tone,
come." Oh, for-bid them not, I pray, Let the children come to-day,
come." Lead them with a will-ing mind, Tell them of a Sav-ior kind;

:S: FINE.

Je - sus calls them for his own, "Suffer the children to come."
Hear the bless-ed Sav - ior say: "Suffer the children to come."
They e - ter - nal life may find, "Suffer the children to come."

D. S. *watch and pray, "Suffer the children to come."*

FULL CHORUS.

D. S.

Do not turn the lambs away, Precious in his sight are they; Teach them how to

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He Keepeth Me, Ever.

E. R. Latta. Geo. F. Roschè.

1. He keep-eth me, ev - er, Wher - e'er be the place! I've on - ly to
2. He keep-eth me, ev - er, With ten-der-est care! I've on - ly to
3. He keep-eth me, ev - er, From yielding to dread, Tho' darkness be

ask it—Most won-der - ful grace! Though sor - est temp-ta - tions
ask him My bur-dens to bear! A word of his prom - ise
round me, And clouds o - ver - head! He still - eth my doubtings,

My spir - it may try, I know my Re - deem - er
He nev - er will break! Who - ev - er may leave me,
He light - ens my grief! I've on - ly to trust him—

Chorus.

Will ev - er be nigh!
He ne'er will for - sake!
He'll give me re - lief!
} He keepeth me, ev - er! His love end-eth

nev - er! From Him, naught shall sev-er! He keep-eth my soul!

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I Am Now a Child of God.

M. L. McPhail. M. L. McPhail.

1. I am now a child of God, thro' the all - a - ton-ing blood That was
2. How I glo - ry in the tho't–that the precious blood hath brought Hope of
3. I'm re-joic - ing all the day, since my Sav - ior rolled a - way All the

shed up - on the cross of Cal- va-ry; 'Twas the price that Je-sus paid for my
ev - er-last-ing life to all the race; In his loving heart there's room for the
weight of sin that pressed my weary soul; I will of - fer heart-felt praise to his

sins on him were laid, And I now thro' him am made for - ev - er free.
poor - est that will come; For within His love I found my rest- ing place.
name thro' all the days, As I press my jour-ney on-ward to the goal.

Chorus.

What won - drous love! what match - less love! The
What wondrous love! what matchless love.

Fa - ther hath be-stowed; He gave His Son that
The Fa- ther hath bestowed, he hath be-stowed; He gave his Son

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I Am Now a Child of God.

Rit.

I might be a child, a child of God.
that I might be a child, a child of God, of God.

161 Jesus is Able to Save.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We glo - ri - fy God for the gift of his Son, And for the great
2. The mo-ment a sin - ner on Je - sus be - lieves, That mo-ment a
3. O won-drous re -demp- tion, the pur-chase of blood,—Secured thro' the

work the Re-deem- er has done! Him-self as a ran-som he will-ing-ly
par - don for sin he re-ceives; No sin-ner in vain his forgiv'ness shall
death of the dear Son of God! His life as a ran-som for sin-ners He

CHORUS.

gave, And he is a-bund-ant-ly a - ble to save.
crave, For he is a-bund-ant-ly a - ble to save.
gave, Yes, he is a-bund-ant-ly a - ble to save.
} Oh, tell the glad news,

Go spread it a - far, That Je - sus is a - ble and will-ing to save.

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162 Behold, the Bridegroom Comes.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. We shall hear a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom
2. When the voice shall cry, "Go ye forth to-night, Behold, the Bridegroom
3. Broth-er, trim your lamp, have it burning bright, "Behold, the Bridegroom
4. Hast thou made a vow? hast-en ye to pay, "Behold, the Bridegroom

comes!" At the mid-night watch, in the dark-ness deep,
comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,
comes!" He will sure-ly come, though he seem-eth late,
comes!" For when he has come, and hath closed the door,

When a-cross our souls heav-y slum-bers creep, We shall
And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the
Be at peace with him, nor a mo-ment wait, You will
And ye stand and pray, "O-pen, we im-plore," It will

hear that voice, that im-mor-tal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
soul will take its e-ter-nal flight, "For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"
hear the cry ere the morn-ing light, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
be too late,—pay thy vows to-day, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"

CHORUS.

Oh, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes! Oh, be read-y when the

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Behold, the Bridegroom Comes.

Bridegroom comes! At the noon-tide, In the evening, At the
He comes, He comes, He

mid-night, in the morn - - - - ing, Oh, be read - y,
comes, in the morn-ing, Oh, be read - y, He

Oh, be read - y, Oh, be read - y when the Bride-groom comes!
comes, He comes, be read - y when the Bride-groom comes!

163 Death and Eternity.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Feelingly.

1. Com-ing when the day is bright, Com-ing in the si - lent night,
2. Com-ing to the gay and proud, Com-ing with a snow-white shroud,
3. Com-ing with un - hin - dered sway, Com-ing ev - 'ry fleet - ing day,
4. Com-ing to the sin - ful one, Com-ing when our life is done,

Slow ad lib. *Echo.*

Coming at the morning light,
Coming to the gray head bowed,
Coming to the young and gay,
Gath'ring to the judgment throne,
} Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.

BY PERMISSION.

Children of the King.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, how beau - ti - ful the com-ing Of the her - alds of the
2. You shall res - cue souls from dan-ger As the sto - ry you re-
3. Speed a - way o'er hill and val-ley Like a bird on tire-less

INST.

King, As the mes - sage of sal - va - tion To the
peat, And in place of sin and dark - ness Leave a
wing, Fill the air with songs of glo - ry Till the

CHORUS.

lost they glad - ly bring. Speed ye chil - - dren of the
joy and bliss com-plete.
world for joy shall sing. Speed ye chil-dren of the

King, Let the bless - - ed ti - dings ring; Till from
King, the king, Let the bless-ed ti - dings ring;

ev - 'ry land shall ech - o: "We are chil - dren of the King."

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165 Launch Out.

A. B. Simpson. R. Kelso Carter.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A
2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore, And
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the

bound-less and fath-om- less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a -
gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven- tured its
lin - ger so near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat
floods of sal - va- tion o'er - flow; Oh, let us be lost in the

way the shore-line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
depths to ex - plore, Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
o - ver the strand, Dash o'er them in floods ev - er - more.
mer - cy of God, Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

Chorus.

Launch out..... in- to the deep, Oh, let the shore-line
Oh, launch out in the deep,

go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean divine, Out where the full tides flow.

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166 In Whom I Have Redemption.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I know in whom I have re-demp-tion, In whom I have be-lieved,
2. I know that he who stilled the tempest Has touched my troubled heart,
3. I know that some day I shall see him In yon bright courts a-bove,

Whence com-eth peace that pass-eth knowledge, That saving grace re - ceived.
Re-newed with-in my faint-ing spir-it, And bade my fears de - part.
And bear the like-ness of my Sav-ior— Saved by re-deem-ing love.

CHORUS.

'Tis noth-ing that..... I've done can mer - it This
'Tis noth-ing that I've done can mer-it

love that Christ..... for me has shown;..... He
This love that Christ for me has shown;

sought me when..... I was a stran - ger, In
He sought me when I was a stran-ger,

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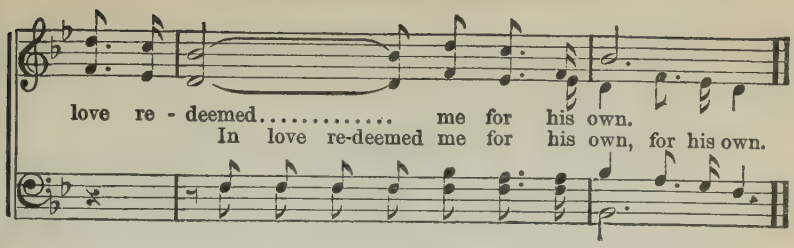
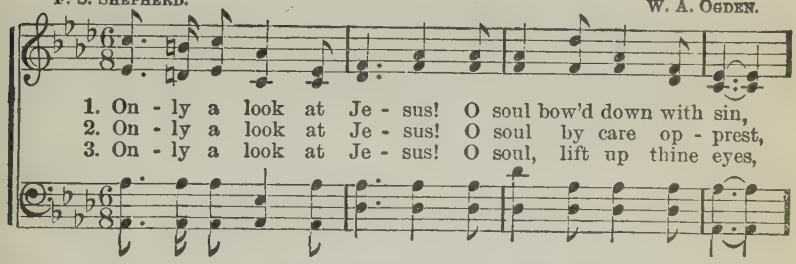
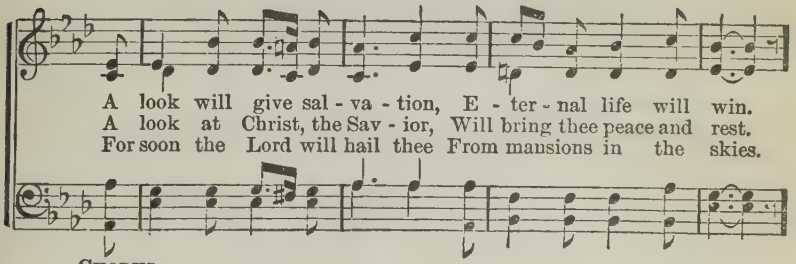


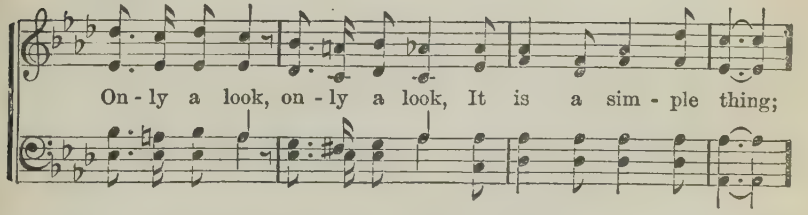
167 Only a Look!

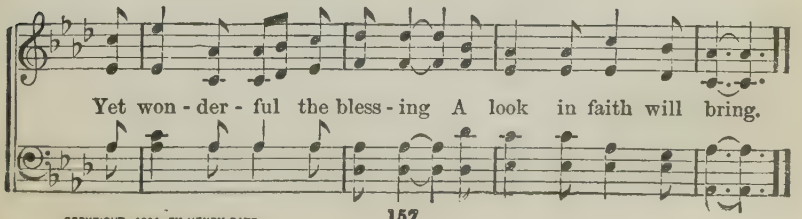
F. S. Shepherd. W. A. Ogden.





Chorus.





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On to Victory.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christian, gird the ar-mor on, There's a vic-t'ry to be won
2. Let His ban-ner be un-furled Till it waves o'er all the world,
3. When the bat-tle shall be done, And the vic-to-ry be won,
4. That will be an hour of joy, Praise shall then our tongues employ

For the Lord, for the Lord; Take the hel-met, sword and shield,
Sea to sea, shore to shore, Till the na-tions all shall own
Con-flict past, con-flict past, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem
More and more, more and more; We shall stand be-fore the King,

Forth un-to the bat-tle-field At his word, at his word.
He is King and he a-lone Ev-er-more, ev-er-more.
We shall wear a di-a-dem At the last, at the last.
And the song of tri-umph sing Ev-er-more, ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

On we'll march.... to vic-to-ry, Je-sus will our lead-er be,
On we'll march to vic-to-ry,

Je-sus will our lead-er be; On we'll march..... to vic-to-
On we'll march

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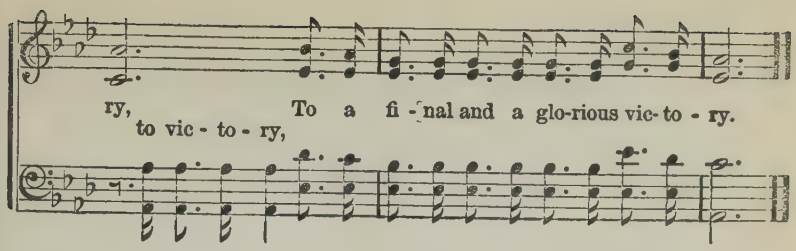

169 Jesus Alone Can Save.

M. L. McPhail. M. L. McPhail.

1. No oth - er name on earth to men is given; Je - sus a-lone can save;
2. He o - pens wide the door, oh, en- ter in; Je - sus a-lone can save;
3. Rest all up-on him—do not be a-fraid;—Je - sus a-lone can save;
4. Turn ye a-way from things of earth and sin, Je - sus a-lone can save;

:S: FINE.

Where-by they can be saved, on earth or heav'n; Je - sus a - lone can save.
He is a might-y Sav- ior from all sin; Je - sus a - lone can save.
He is the sure found-a-tion God hath laid; Je - sus a - lone can save.
Trust now and ev- er-more a - lone in Him; Je - sus a - lone can save.

D.S. His bless-ed kingdom shall for-ev - er stand; Je - sus a - lone can save.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

God hath ex-alt-ed him to his right hand, To be a prince o-ver ev -'ry land;

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The Mansions Yonder.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Shall we reach the home in glo - ry When the years of life are gone?
2. Shall we see the blessed Sav - ior Ra-diant with e - ter-nal light,
3. Shall we share the joys e - ter - nal, And the glo - ry all di - vine?

Shall we sing the dear old sto - ry With redeemed ones 'round the throne?
With him dwell in heav'n for-ev - er, Clothed in robes of pur - est white?
Shall we, with the pure and ho - ly, In the heav'nly cit - y shine?

Chorus.

Yes, we'll reach..... the man-sions yon - - der; If we
Yes, we'll reach the mansions, reach the mansions yonder,

keep..... the ar - mor bright, We will greet..... our
If we keep the armor bright, the armor bright, We will greet our

loved im-mor - - tals In yon pal - - a - ces of light.
loved immortals, loved immortals In yon pal-a-ces, yon pal-a-ces of light.

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Jesus for Me.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, is all things to me; Oh, what a won-der - ful
2. Je - sus in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
3. He is my Ref-uge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my For-tress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Je - sus in sor - row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in

Sav - ior is he, Guid - ing, pro-tect - ing, o'er life's roll-ing sea,
com - fort or wealth, Sun-shine or tem-pest, what-ev - er it be,
Strength and my pow'r; Life ev - er - last - ing, my Day'sman is he,
Fount-ain and Spring; Bright Sun of Right-eous-ness, Day-star is he,
loss or in gain; Con - stant Com-pan - ion, wher-e'er I may be,

CHORUS.

Might - y De - liv -'rer— Je - sus for me.
He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
Bless - ed Re - deem-er— Je - sus for me.
Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me.
} Je - sus for me,

Je - sus for me, All the time ev - 'rywhere, Je - sus for me.

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172 Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Chorus by J. C. BATEMAN.

Arr. from an English Melody by
J. H. TENNEY.

1. A crim - son stream is flow - ing From rug - ged Cal - va - ry,
2. There is a stream of heal - ing Whose wa - ters clear and sweet,
3. O stream of love e - ter - nal! O source of pur - i - ty!
4. I long for per - fect cleans-ing; I long for per - fect peace;

A tide of life which cleans - es From all im-pur - i - ty;
Are for the wea - ry na - tions, Help-less at Je - sus' feet;
O grace of God a - bund - ant! O fount-ain rich and free!
I yearn to have the con - flicts With-in my spir - it cease.

It is the blood of Je - sus, The pre - cious, pre - cious blood
These wa - ters are re - fresh-ing, A-bund - ant, rich and free,
Flow on and flow for - ev - er, Flow thro' and thro' my soul,
O stream of life e - ter - nal! Flow in and make me free

By which our souls are ran-somed, And rec - on - ciled to God. Oh!
Im-part - ing health e - ter - nal And im - mor - tal - i - ty. Oh!
With pow - er and with cleansing, Till thou hast made me whole. Oh!
From all that can de - file me, From all im - pur - i - ty. Oh!

CHORUS.

Cal - va - ry's stream is flow - ing, Cal - va - ry's stream is flow - ing,

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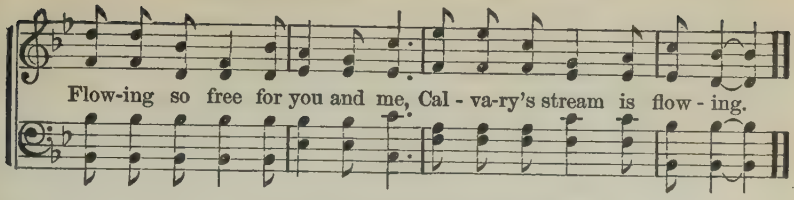
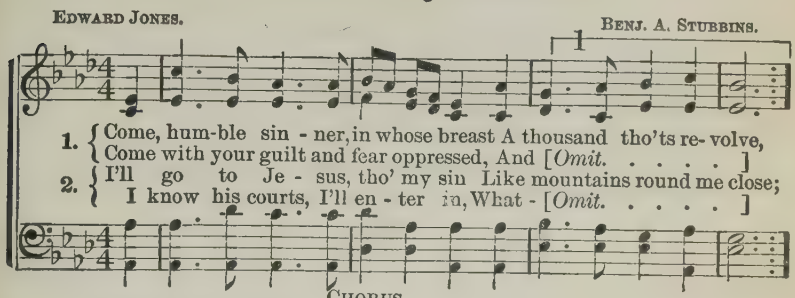
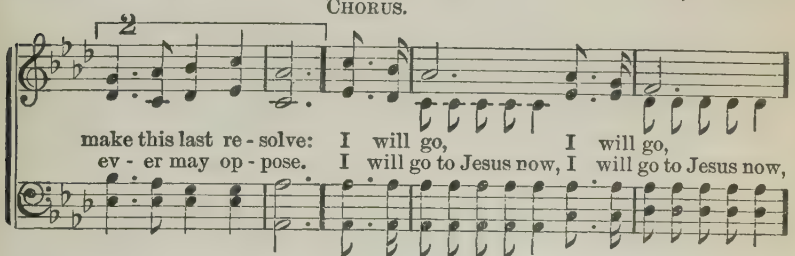
Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

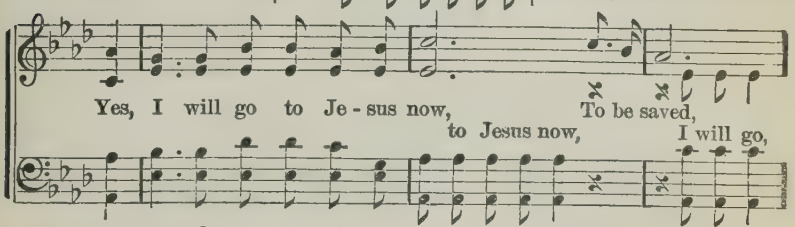


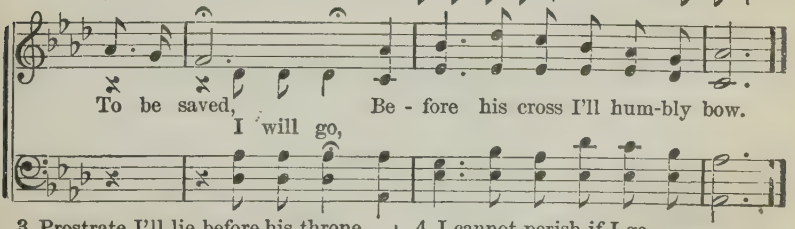
173 I Will Go to Jesus Now.

EDWARD JONES. BENJ. A. STUBBINS.









3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I cannot perish if I go—
I'll call "while he is nigh;"
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

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'Tis Blessed to Trust.

G. Tabor Thompson. Alt. A. Barringer.

1. Trusting each day..... in the words of the Sav - ior, Shap-ing my
2. Working each day..... for the cause of the Sav - ior, Gath-er - ing
3. Sing- ing each day..... to his praise and his glo - ry, Sing-ing of

1. Trust-ing, I'm trusting each day in the words of the Sav - ior,
2. Work-ing, I'm working each day for the cause of the Sav - ior,
3. Sing - ing, I'm sing-ing each day to his praise and his glo - ry,

life..... by his gentle commands, Sweet are the prom - - is - es
jew - - - els for Je-sus, my King, Cheering the weak..... and the
Christ..... and his wonderful love, Telling in song..... un - to

Shap-ing my life by his gen-tle commands; And oh, how sweet are the promi - ses
Gath - er-ing jew - els for Je- sus, my King; Cheering, I'm cheering the weak and the
Sing - ing of Christ and his wonderful love; Telling, I'm telling in song un - to

all in my fa - vor, So I am trust - - ing my all in his hands.
faint-hearted ev - er, Glad that some souls..... to the Lord I may bring.
oth-ers the sto - ry, Hop-ing to lead..... them to mansions a-bove.

all in my fa - vor, So I am trusting my all in his hands.
faint-hearted ev - er, Glad that some souls to the Lord I may bring.
oth-ers the sto - ry, Hop - ing to lead them to mansions a - bove.

Chorus.

'Tis bless-ed to trust..... in the words of my
'Tis bless-ed to trust in the words of my

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'Tis Blessed to Trust.

Sav - - - - ior, To trust ev'ry day..... and to trust ev'ry
words of my Savior and King, To trust ev-'ry day as you go on life's

night;..... To work to win souls..... to his
way, and to trust ev-'ry night; To work to win souls, and the

love and his fa - - - - - - - - vor; And rest then at
lost to his love and his fa - vor to bring, And rest then at

light.....

home..... in the mansions of light, in the mansions of light.
home in the beautiful mansions of love and of light, in the mansions of light.

light.....

175

The Precious Blood.

Key of E.

1 The cross! the cross! the blood-stained [cross!
The hallow'd cross I see!
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.

CHO.–O the blood! the precious blood!
That Jesus shed for me
Upon the cross in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

2 A thousand, thousand fountains spring
Up from the throne of God;
But none to me such blessings bring
As Jesus' precious blood.

3 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay;
All praise to Jesus' blood!

Who Can It be?

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden

Rather slow. Effective as a solo.

1. I wandered in sor-row and sin, My heart it was heav-y and
2. I struggled in doubt and in fear, Not knowing to whom I should
3. I heard it a-gain and a-gain, Wher-ev-er my foot-steps did
4. I turned to my Fa-ther a-bove, I read of his prom-is-es
5. I'm grop-ing in darkness no more, His glo-ry il-lum-ines my

sore, I heard a voice say-ing, "A-rise, and come in, Oh!
go, I heard a voice say-ing, "Son, be of good cheer," So
roam; It melt-ed my heart with its pit-y-ing strain, It
sure, I thought of my Sav-ior, his cross and his love, And
way, I'm walk-ing by faith, and his prom-is-es are My

Refrain.

wan-der in sor-row no more." Who can it be? Who can it be?
sooth-ing-ly, ten-der and low. Who can it be? Who can it be?
light-ed my soul of its gloom. Oh, it was thee! Oh, it was thee!
oh, what a friend I found there! Oh, what a friend! Oh, what a friend!
sol-ace and joy ev-'ry day. Yes, ev-'ry day! Yes, ev-'ry day!

Rit. *Ad lib.*

Thus I was wondering, Who can it be Ten-der-ly calling to me?
Thus I was wondering, Who can it be Ten-der-ly calling to me?
Sav-ior of men, oh, my Jesus, 'twas thee Tenderly calling to me!
Sav-ior of men thou hast been unto me, Savior thou'st been unto me.
Je-sus of Naz-a-reth lighteth my way, Jesus now lighteth my way.

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177 Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am pray-ing, blessed Sav-ior, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am pray-ing, blessed Sav-ior, For a faith so clear and bright
3 I am pray-ing to be humbled By the power of grace di-vine,
4. I am pray-ing, blessed Sav-ior, And my con-stant prayer shall be

I am pray-ing that thy Spir-it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see thy glo-ry Thro' the deep-est, dark-est night.
To be clothed up-on with meekness, And to have no will but thine.
For a per-fect con-se-cra-tion, That shall make me more like thee.

CHORUS.

Thou who know-est all my weak-ness, Thou who knowest all my care,

While I plead each precious prom-ise, Hear, oh, hear and answer prayer.

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178 'Tis the Dear Lord Calling.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

Bass Solo, or Tenor 8va. using small notes.

1. Hark! what sound salutes your ear? Whose the gen - tle voice you hear,
2. Heard you ev - er tones so sweet, Words that with such pow'r en-treat,
3. Oh! re-spond to Je - sus' call; At his feet, re - pent - ant, fall;

Organ.

Whisp-'ring soft - ly, ten - der - ly: "Come, oh! come to me?"
Press - ing on your heart the plea: "Come, oh! come to me?"
Heed his sweet and ear - nest plea: "Come, oh! come to me."

Quartet.

'Tis the dear Lord call - ing, 'Tis the dear Lord call - ing,
gen - tly call - ing, soft - ly call - ing,

Call - ing, call - ing, "Come, oh! come to me,"
Ev - er call - ing, gen - tly call - ing,

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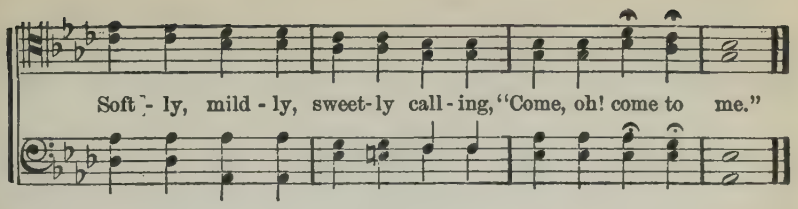
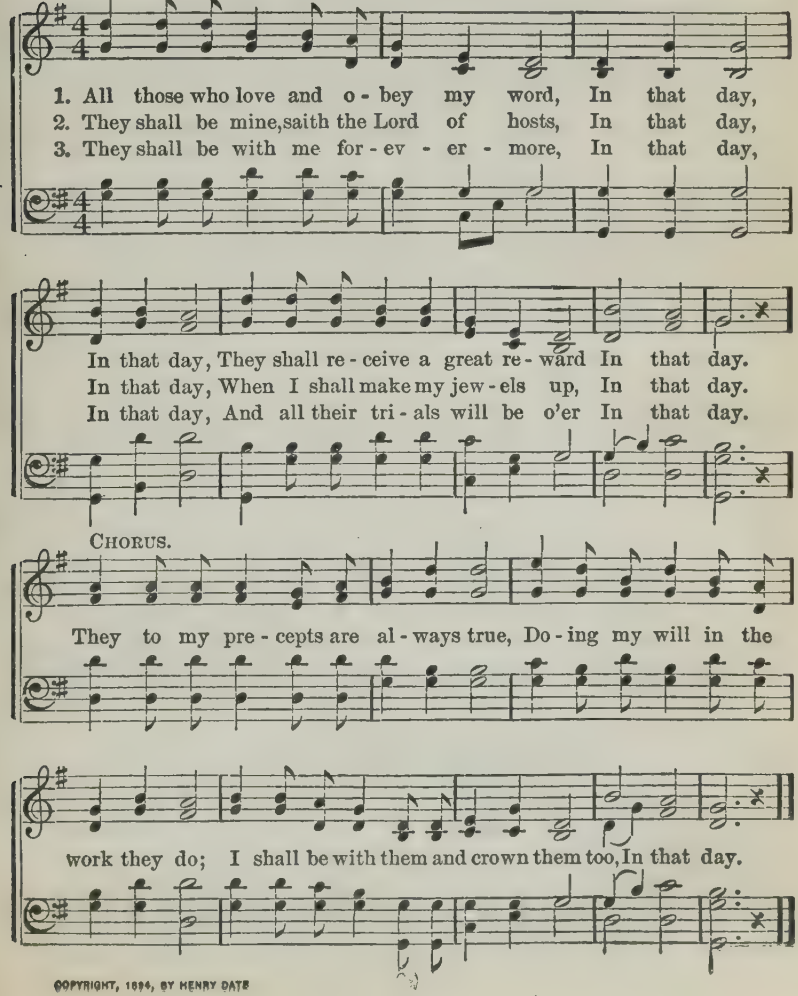
'Tis the Dear Lord Calling.



179 In That Day.

J. McPhail. John McPhail.



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180 In His Name We Meet.

S. F. SMITH. FREDERIC W. ROOT.

1. Made one in Christ by ho - liest ties, In his dear love we meet;
2. We hold one Lord, one cen - tral light, Our hopes, our aims are one,
3. Hum-bly in loy - al faith we bow At one Re - deem-er's feet;
4. If blos - soms of the ear - ly spring Are doub - ly sweet and fair,

And all who la - bor in his cause In Christ's dear name we greet.
As plan - ets in their de - vious flight Re - volve a - round one sun.
Our prayers, like clouds of in - cense, rise Be - fore one mer - cy - seat.
Our bud - ding youth to God we bring, And leave the off - ring there.

CHORUS.

One king-dom to our conqu'ring Prince, From sea to sea be giv'n;

His will be done o'er the wide earth Just as 'tis done in heav'n.

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181 The World for Christ.

(Tune on opposite page.)

1 Christ, for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With love and zeal,
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin sick and sorrow worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord:
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT

182 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. — Tune, America.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's

Cres.

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side, Let free-dom ring.
tem - pled hills, My heart with rapt-ure thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

183 We'll Endeavor. (Tune above.)

1 "Christian Endeavor" bright,
Offspring of truth and light,
Sent from above.
We'll stoutly strive to stand,
For this most glorious band—
Strong pillars of our land—
Our faith and love.

2 Our banner onward wave,
As guiding star to save,
Souls for our King.
We'll do our best to fight
For all that's true and right,
Until that day of light
Victory bring.

3 United Christians we
Would praise and pray to thee,
Our Savior, Lord.
We'll strive at last to win,
The mansions free from sin,
Trusting, we'll enter in,
To live with God.

184 Ye Christian Workers.

(Tune, Zion. No. 269.)

1 To the front, ye Christian workers!
In your blessed Master's name,
Stand and nobly, bravely battle;
Win eternal, fadeless fame,
Looking upward,
Till your hearts are all aflame!

2 To the front, ye Christian workers!
See the dying everywhere;
Cursed by sin, and bruised by Satan,
How they need your help and care!
Lifting upward,
In their rescue have a share.

3 To the front, ye Christian workers!
God has much for you to do;
Hear his calls, and do his bidding,
Prove yourselves his servants true;
Look up, lift up,
Till the crown is given you!

Rev. T. C. Neal.

Over the Rolling Sea.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. O-ver the roll-ing sea, Ma-ny the voic-es ap-peal-ing to me;
2. O-ver the roll-ing sea, Mill-ions are per - ish- ing, Lord, without thee;
3. O-ver the roll-ing sea, There is a mis-sion of mer - cy for me;

Grop-ing in the dark-ness they, And to us for light they pray;
We are bless'd with Gos - pel light, While they grope in hea-then night,
Souls by years of sin de-praved By my ef - forts may be saved,

f *pp*

O, their cry rings pit-eous-ly O'er the waves of the deep, roll-ing sea,
And we send not, O the shame! Help to them in the Sav-ior's dear name,
If I help to send the light To the peo-ple now shadowed in night

pp Rit.

O - ver the roll - ing sea, O - ver the roll - ing sea!
O - ver the roll - ing sea, O - ver the roll - ing sea!
O - ver the roll - ing sea, O - ver the roll - ing sea!

CHORUS.

O - ver the sea,..... Call - ing to me,.....
O - ver the sea, Call-ing to me,

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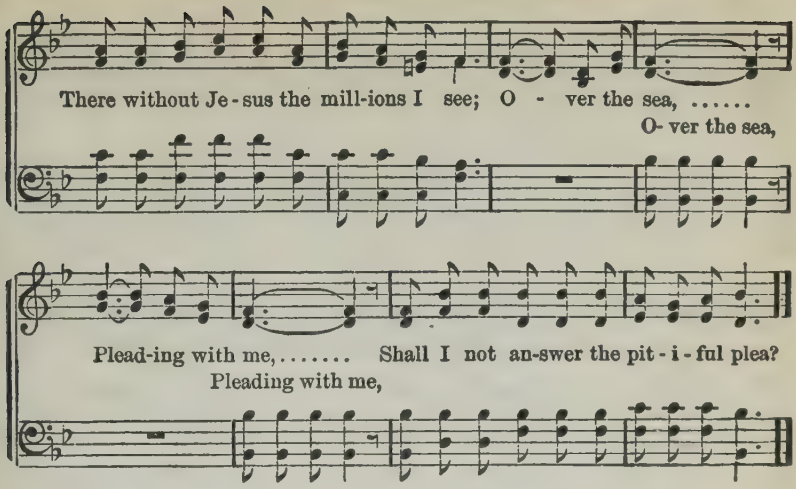
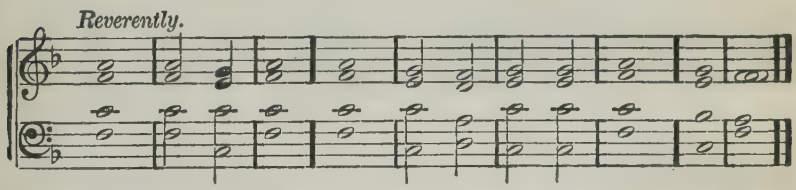
Over the Rolling Sea.

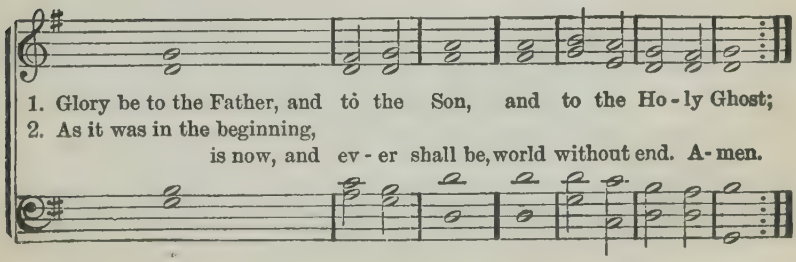


186 The Lord's Prayer.



1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, ‖ Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. ‖ A- | men.

187 Gloria Patri.



188 The Blood is All My Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker. E. F. Miller.

1. I knew that God in his word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can
2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To - day in sun-shine,
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, my Lord, Is there not pow'r in
4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you
5. And there I stand this ver - y hour, Kept by Al-might - y

all be bro - ken, The heart held cap - tive, yet be free;
clouds to - mor - row? First I'm sin - ning, then re - pent - ing,
Je - sus' blood To make in me a per - fect cure,
from all sin, Will wash a - way your guilt - y stains,
keep - ing pow'r; Temp-ta - tions come, the blood's my plea,

Chorus.

Lord is this bless - ing not for me?
Now I'm stub-born, then re - lent-ing.
To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
And cleanse till not one spot re - mains.
The precious blood now cleans - es me.

The blood, the blood is

1 2

all my plea, Hallelujah! it cleanseth me; Hallelujah! it cleanseth me.

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189 Unto You is Everlasting Life.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hear the prom-ise of the Lord, As re - cord-ed in his word,
2. Wea - ry pil-grim on the road To the judgment seat of God,
3. Cast on Je - sus all your care, And your bur-den he will bear,

"Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" Heav-y - la - den and distress'd,
"Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" If on Je - sus you be-lieve,
"Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" In the strait and nar - row way,

Come, and I will give you rest, "Un - to you is ev-er-last-ing life!"
And his bless-ed word re-ceive, "Un - to you is ev-er-last-ing life!"
He will lead you day by day! "Un - to you is ev-er-last-ing life!"

CHORUS.

"Everlasting life" the promise reads, While at God's right hand the Savior pleads;

Will you come to-day, making Christ your stay? For with him is everlasting life.

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Follow all the Way

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Arr. by Ira Orwig Hoffman.

Trio.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, In the tend'rest ac-cents call-ing;
2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry,
3. Je - sus, ev - er go be - fore me, Shin-ing heaven's sunlight o'er me,
4. Thro' the val-ley safe - ly lead me, Heav'nly man-na dai - ly feed me;
5. In thy heart's af-fec-tion hold me, In thy arms of love en-fold me,

On my ear these words are falling, "Take thy cross, and dai-ly fol-low me."
Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
And when weak, by grace re-store me As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
Ev - 'ry hour, dear Lord, I need thee As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
And with thine own grace uphold me, As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.

Chorus.

I will take my cross and fol-low, My dear Sav - ior I will fol-low,
Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

6 I will never leave thee, never;
Faithful I will be forever;
Help me in my weak endeavor
Thee to follow, follow all the way.

7 Thro' death's dark and gloomy portal,
Leaving there this body mortal,
Into yonder home immortal
I will follow, follow all the way.

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There is Joy.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is joy,.....
2. When a soul is born in the king-dom bright, There is joy,.....
3. When a pil-grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy,.....

There is joy,

there is joy;..... When he turns to God in the gos - pel way,
there is joy;..... When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light,
there is joy;..... When he dwells se-cure on the oth - er side,

there is joy,

CHORUS.

There is joy,..... there is joy. There is joy a - mong the

There is joy,

an - gels, And their harps with mu - sic ring,..... When a

mu - sic ring,

sin - ner comes re - pent - ing, Bend-ing low be - fore the King.

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Believe on the Crucified One.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh! why will you turn from the Savior away? He's calling you ten-der - ly,
2. He pleads by the anguish he suffer'd for thee, By nail-prints that bound him to
3. Why wander a-way in the darkness a-far? You've only to knock, for the

call-ing to-day; There's on-ly one refuge from death and the grave, That
Cal-va-ry's tree; By vic - to - ry o - ver the grave and its gloom, Oh,
door is a - jar; Come quickly and give him your heart while you may, Oh,

f CHORUS.

ref - uge is Je - sus, the might-y to save. Believe on the cru-ci-fied
sin - ner, be-lieve him, he's calling you,—come!
haste to re-ceive him, he's wait-ing to - day. The

One,..... Be-lieve on the cru - ci - fied One;..... No
cru-ci-fied One, the cru-ci-fied One;

longer delay, he is calling today, He waits to receive you, come home, come home.

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193 I Am the Lord's Forever.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. My gladsome heart these words repeat; "I am the Lord's for-ev - er!"
2. Too long and far from Christ I strayed, But he for-sook me nev - er;
3. 'Twas Christ, the Lamb of Cal- va - ry, That loved and sought me ev - er,

And ev-'ry time they seem more sweet! Oh, praise his name for-ev - er!
Now walk-ing in the nar - row way, I am the Lord's for-ev - er!
That broke my chains and set me free; Oh, praise his name for-ev - er!

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Light breaks in up - on my soul;

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus' blood has made me whole.

4 I am the Lord's! Oh, blessed thought!
And he will leave me never;
By Jesus' blood my soul was bought,
And I am his forever!

5 This is the burden of my song;
"I am the Lord's forever!"
And naught that earth can offer me
My heart from Christ can sever.

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Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seeking the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat - ing Wan-der - ers on the
2. Seeking the lost, and pointing to Je - sus Souls that are weak and
3. Thus would I go, for Je - sus hath call'd me, Him would I fol - low

mountains a-stray, "Come un - to me," his message repeating, Words of the
hearts that are sore, Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-va-tion, Showing the
day un - to day; Care for the dy - ing, raise up the fall-en, Pointing the

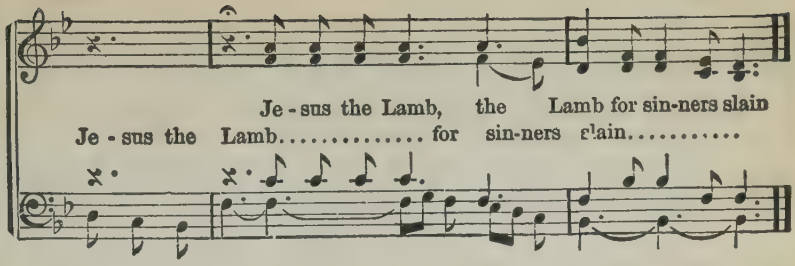
CHORUS, with Bass Solo obligato.

Mas - ter speak-ing to - day. Go-ing a - far, a -
path to life ev - er - more.
lost to Je - sus the way. Go-ing a - far..... upon the

far up-on the mountain, Bringing the wan - d'rers, the
mount - ain,..... Bringing the wan - - d'rers back a -

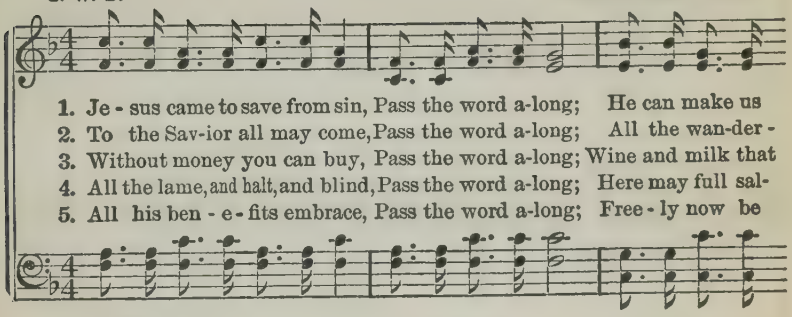
wand'rers back again, In-to the fold, the fold of my Redeemer,
gain,..... In-to the fold..... of my Re-deem-er,.....

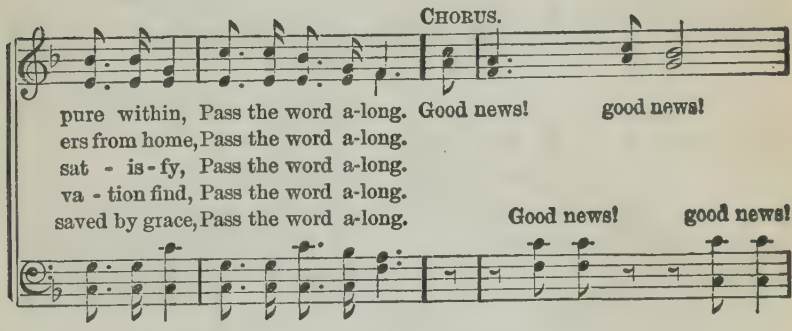
BY PERMISSION OF W. A. OGDEN.

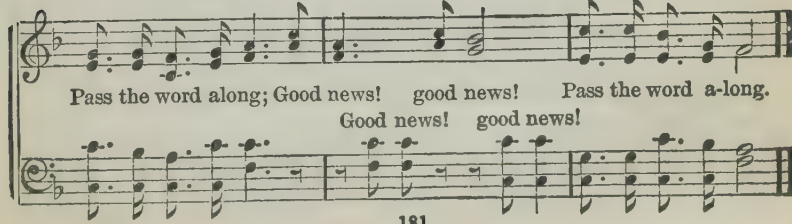


195 Pass the Word Along.

G. W. D. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.







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196 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. Wordsworth. Tune, Mendebras. 7, 5.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, }
{ O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright: }

On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,

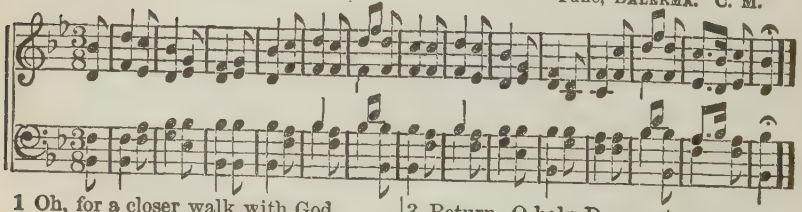
Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

197 A Closer Walk with God.

Tune, Balerma. C. M.



1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Wm. Cowper.

198 Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune, LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7. D.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!

:S: FINE.

Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

D.S.–Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.

D. S.

Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

---

199 Evils of Intemperance.

(Tune, Boylston. No. 232.)

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

200 What Ruin!

(Tune, Azmon. No. 210.)

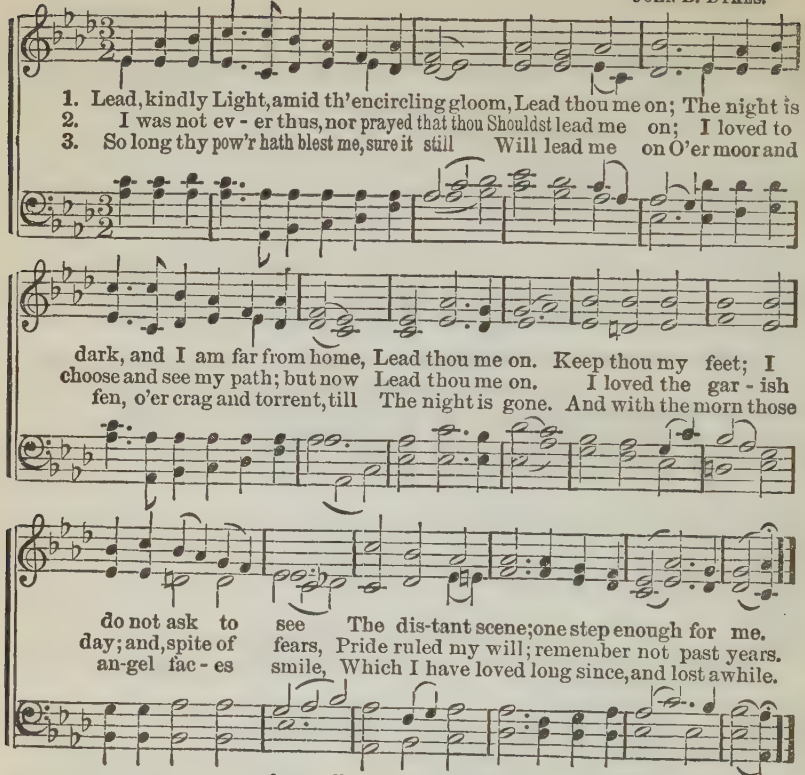
1 What ruin hath intemperance wro't!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

2 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

3 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

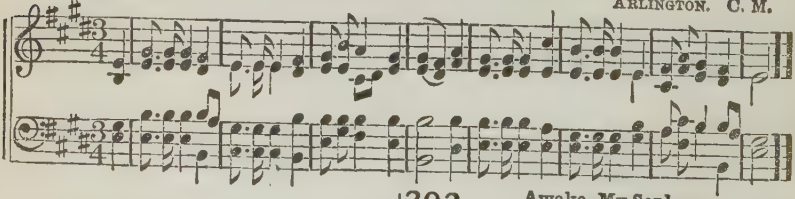
201 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.



202 Am I a Soldier?

ISAAC WATTS. Tune: ARLINGTON. C. M.



1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

203 Awake, My Soul.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

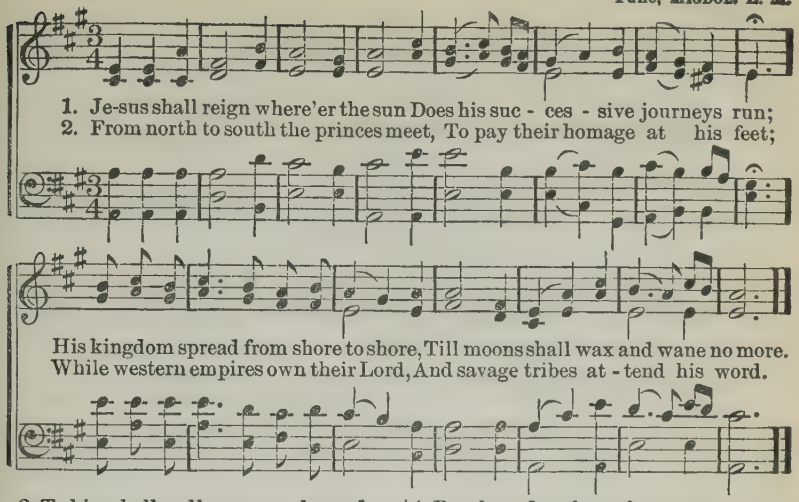
2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 Blest Savior, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

204 Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, MIGDOL. L. M.

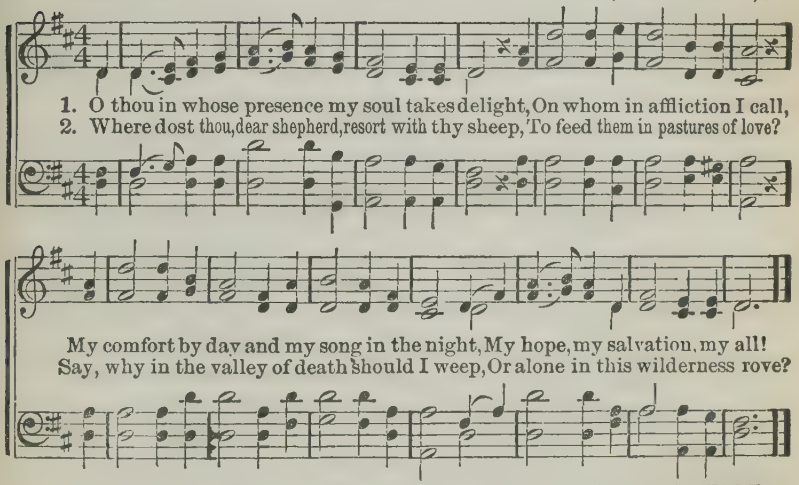


3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

205 O Thou in Whose Presence.

JOSEPH SWAIN. Tune, MEDITATION. 11, 8.



3 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

4 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

206 Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. { Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
   Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the

2. { Tho' they are slighting Him; Still He is wait-ing, Waiting the pen - i-tent
   Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently; He will forgive if they

CHORUS.

1 2

sin and the grave; might-y to save. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
child to re - ceive; on - ly be-lieve.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

By permission of W. H. Doane.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter, [store;
Feelings lie buried that grace can re-
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [once more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [provide:
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Savior has died.

207 Shall We Gather at the River?

Key of E♭.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod?
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Savior's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

By permission.

208 Sing We to our God.

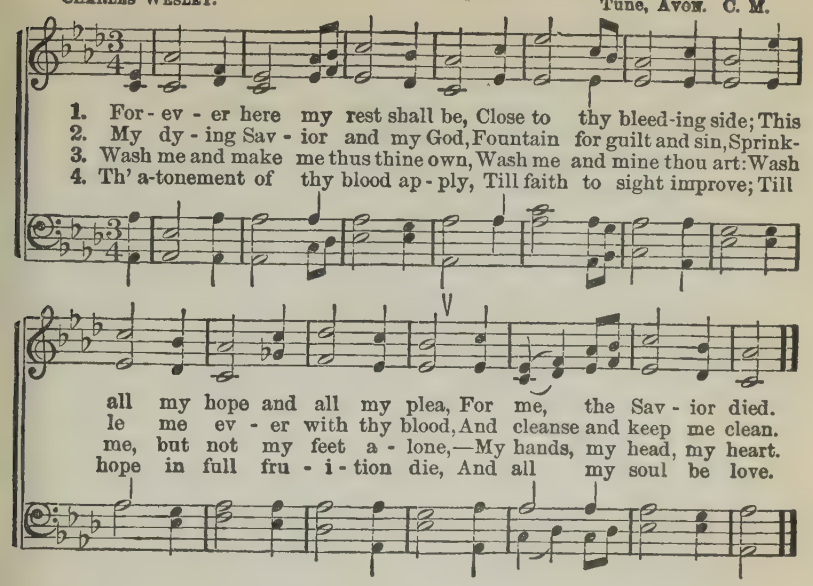
(Tune, PLEYEL'S HYMN. No. 221.)

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

CHARLES WESLEY.

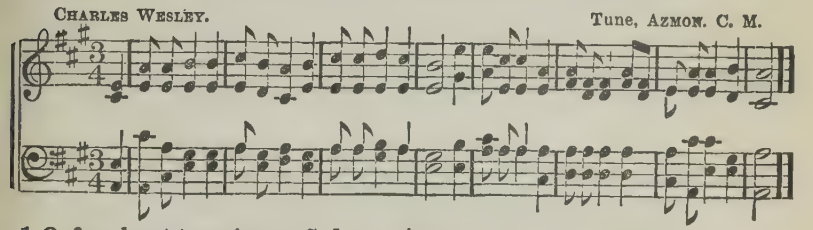
209 Forever Here my Rest.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune, AVON. C. M.



210 A Heart to Praise my God.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune, AZMON. C. M.



1 O, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

211 The Joyful Sound.

1 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

ISAAC WATTS.

212 The Great Physician.

WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus,
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.

2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus,
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.

D.C. Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

D. C.

REFRAIN.

Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue,

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

4 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
The name, the name of Jesus.

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213 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land.

2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear.

3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,
Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there;

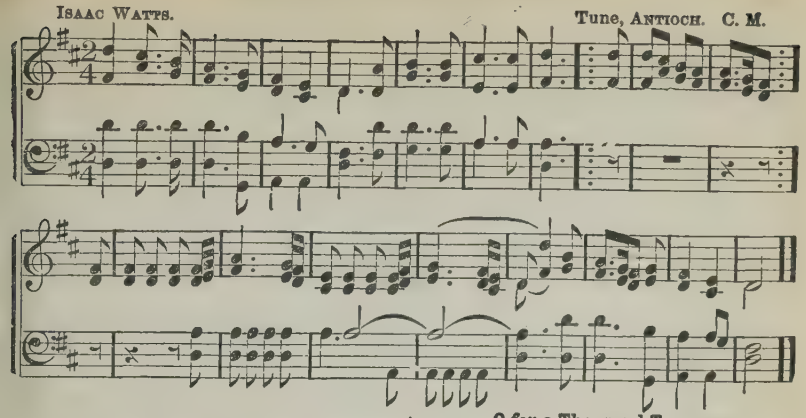
D.C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "wand'rer come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood;

214 Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, ANTIOCH. C. M.



1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

215 O for a Thousand Tongues.

Tune below.

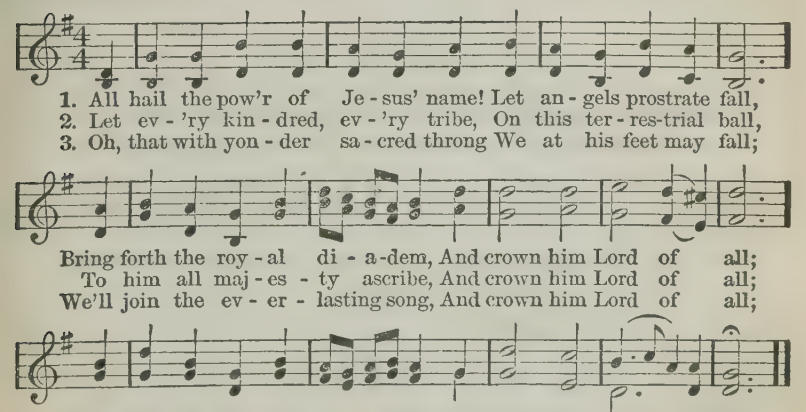
1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

216 All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET. Tune, CORONATION. C. M.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

217 Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - lad - en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re -

pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own him,
bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

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218 Depth of Mercy.

Tune: Pleyel's Hymn, opposite page.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 There for me the Savior stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his [hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

219 Holy Bible, Book Divine.

Tune: Pleyel's Hymn, opposite page.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Oh, thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

John Burton, Sr.

220 Jesus Now is Calling.

R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Come, ye weary and oppressed, Jesus now is calling you; Come to him, he'll
2. Tho' your sins like mountains rise, Jesus now is calling you; He has made the
3. Tho' your sins like scarlet be, Jesus now is calling you; From your sins he'll
4. Come, ye wand'rers from the fold, Jesus now is calling you; Oh! his love can

REFRAIN.

give you rest—Still he bids you come.
sac-ri-fice—Still he bids you come.
set you free—Still he bids you come.
ne'er be told—Still he bids you come.

Jesus now is calling, Calling, calling, calling, calling; Je - sus now is call-ing you—Call-ing you to come. call-ing;

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221 Haste, O Sinner.

T. SCOTT. Tune: PLEYEL'S HYMN.

FINE. D. S.

1 Haste, O sinner, now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
E'er this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner, now return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

222 Why Will Ye Die.

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why;
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
Often with you has he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

223 There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. WESTERN MELODY. C. M.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
{ And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, [*Omit.* . . . . .]

D.C. And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, [*Omit.* . . . . .]

FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,

Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Ere since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

224 I Stretch My Hands to Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY. TUNE: I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth-er help I know;
2. What did thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath;
CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me,

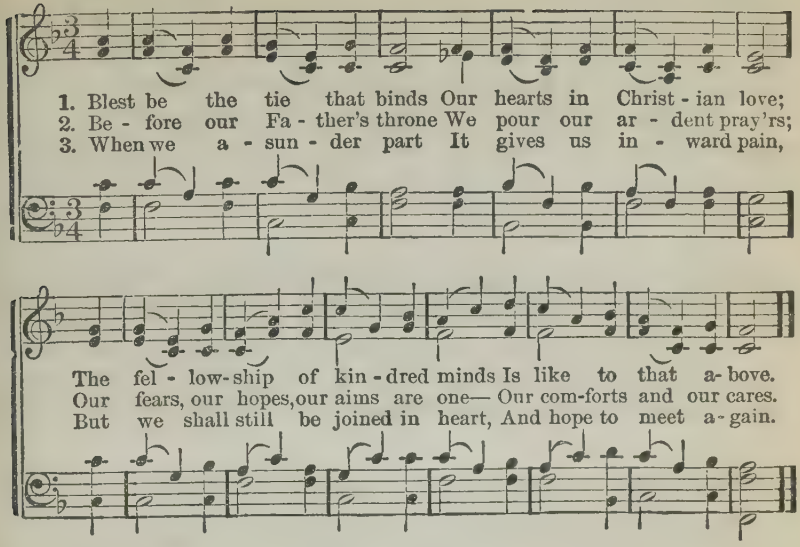
If thou with-draw thy-self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst re-
In this accepted hour. [lieve,

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

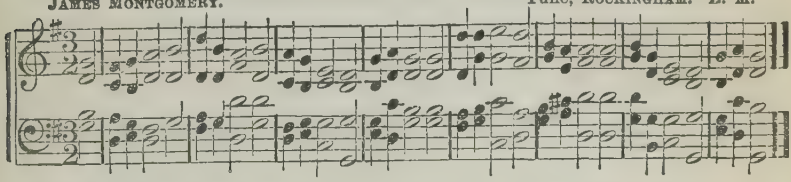
225 Blest Be the Tie.

Rev. John Fawcett. Tune, Dennis. S. M.



226 O Spirit of the Living God.

James Montgomery. Tune, Rockingham. L. M.



1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

227 Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of that day,
When, with thy fiery, cloven tongues
Thou didst such glorious scenes display.

2 Lord, we believe to us and ours,
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4 If every one that asks, may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty, rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

Charles Wesley.

228 Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. Tune: NICÆA. 11, 12, 10.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, mer - ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore thee, Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher-u-bim and seraphim fall-ing down be-fore thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho - ly! there is none be-side thee, Per-fect in power, in love, and pur-i - ty.
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, mer - ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

229 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.

Tune: BOYLSTON, opposite page.

1 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

J. MONTGOMERY.

230 O Blessed Paraclete.

Tune: BOYLSTON, opposite page.

1 O blessed Paraclete,
Assert thine inward sway;
My body make the temple meet,
For thy perpetual stay.

2 Too long this house of thine
By alien loves possessed,
Has shut from thee its inner shrine,
Kept thee a slighted guest.

3 Now rend, O Spirit blest,
The veil of my poor heart;
Enter thy long forbidden rest,
And nevermore depart.

4 Oh, to be filled with thee!
I ask not aught beside;
For all unholy guests must flee,
If thou in me abide.

A. J. GORDON, by per.

231 Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. C. J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break, ev-'ry
2. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
3. Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, e-

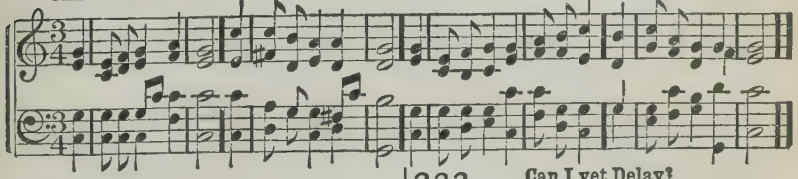
ten-der tie, Je-sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness,
dawning light, Je-sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter-ni-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
Left but a dismal void, Je-sus has sat-is-fied, Je-sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je-sus is mine!

BY PERMISSION.

232 A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Tune: Boylston. S. M.



1 A charge to keep I have;
A God to glorify:
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

233 Can I yet Delay?

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own the conqueror!

3 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

Charles Wesley.

234 Take Me as I Am.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
3. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart re - new,
4. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic - t'ry won,

:S: Fine.

Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh, take me as I am!

D. S. bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

Refrain. D. S.

Take me as I am, ... Take me as I am, ... Oh,
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

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235 Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Tune: Hamburg.

1 Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

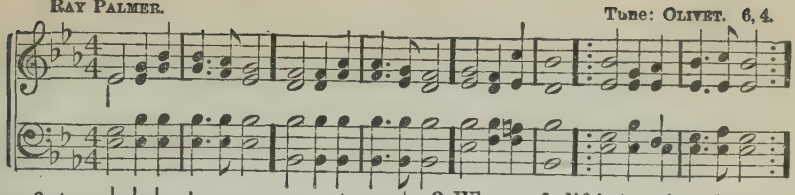
2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

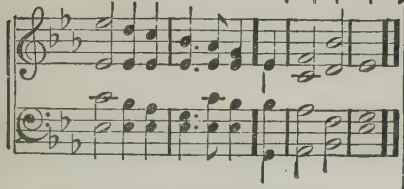
3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

236 My Faith Looks Up.

RAY PALMER. TUNE: OLIVET. 6, 4.





1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Savior divine,
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away;
Oh, let me from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then, in love
Fear and distress remove
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

237 Come, Holy Ghost.

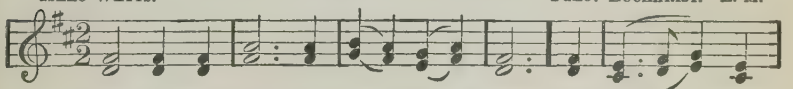
1 Come, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh, come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best;
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

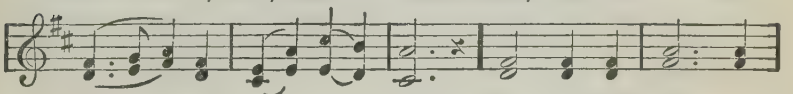
ROBERT II, KING OF FRANCE. Tr. by R. PALMER.

238 Glorying in the Cross.

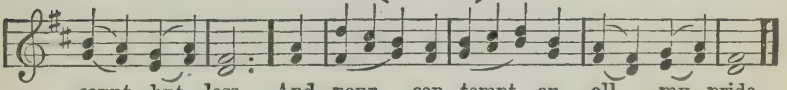
ISAAC WATTS. Tune: EUCHARIST. L. M.



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the



Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that



count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

239 Nothing but the Blood.

R. L. R. Lowry.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
2. For my par - don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.

Chorus.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

2 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

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240 Rock of Ages.

A. Toplady. Tune: Toplady. 7.

Fine.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

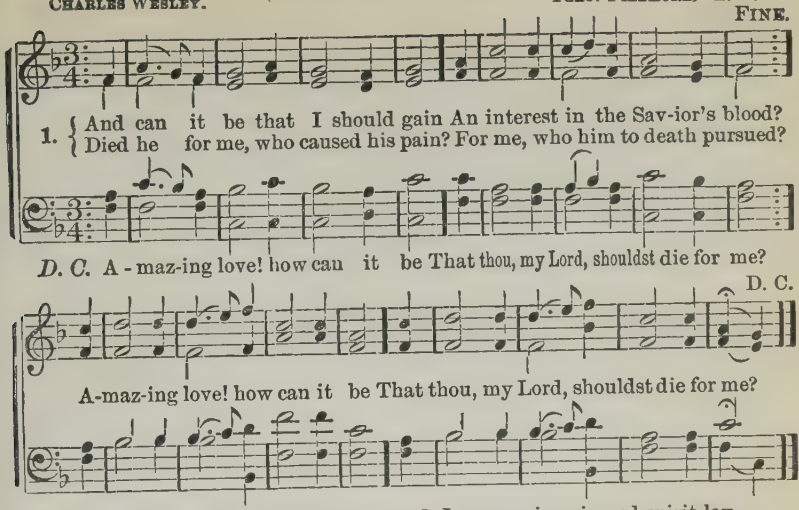
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

241 And Can it Be?

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune: FILLMORE. L. M.

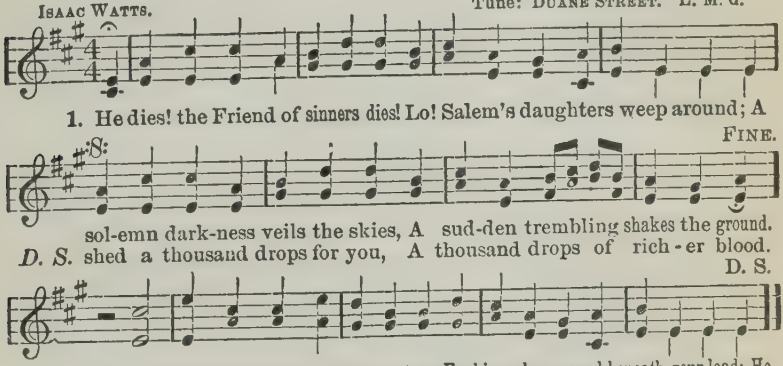


2 He left the Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite his grace!—
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

242 He Dies! The Friend.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune: DUANE STREET. L. M. d.



2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

243 Praise God, From Whom.

Tune above.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

244 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely
2. For Je-sus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in him with-
4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-

Chorus.

give you rest, By trust-ing in his word. On - ly trust him, on-ly trust him,
crimson flood That washes white as snow. Come to Je-sus, come to Je - sus,
out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest. Don't re-ject him, don't re-ject him,
les-tial land, Where joys immortal flow. I will trust him, I will trust him,

On-ly trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.
Come to Je-sus now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.
Don't reject him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.
I will trust him now; He will save me, he will save me, He will save me now.

BY PERMISSION.

245 I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb.

Tune: Sessions. Opposite page.

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

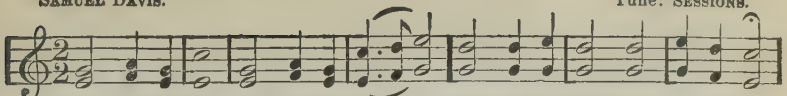
3 How blest are they who still abide,
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

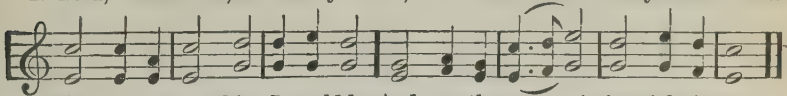
N. L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

246 Lord, I am Thine.

SAMUEL DAVIS. Tune: SESSIONS.



1. Lord, I am thine, en - tire-ly thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine.



With full consent thine I would be, And own thy sov - 'reign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

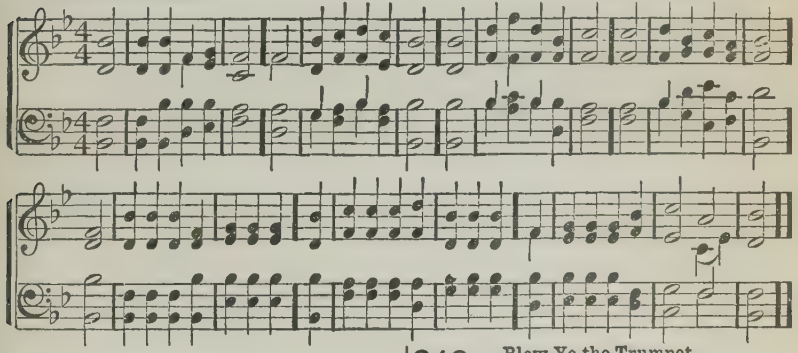
247 Praise God, From Whom.

Tune above.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

248 Arise, My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune: LENOX. H. M.



1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
‖: Before the throne my Surety stands; :‖
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
‖: His blood atoned for all our race, :‖
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
‖: With confidence I now draw nigh, :‖
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

249 Blow Ye the Trumpet.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

250 All-Victorious Love.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune: ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1. Je - sus, thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my heart a - broad: Then shall my feet no long - er rove,
2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to glow, Burn up the dross of base de - sire,
3. O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my sins con-sume! Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call;

Root - ed and fixed in God.
And make the mountains flow!
Spir - it of burn-ing, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

251 I Can, I Will, I Do.

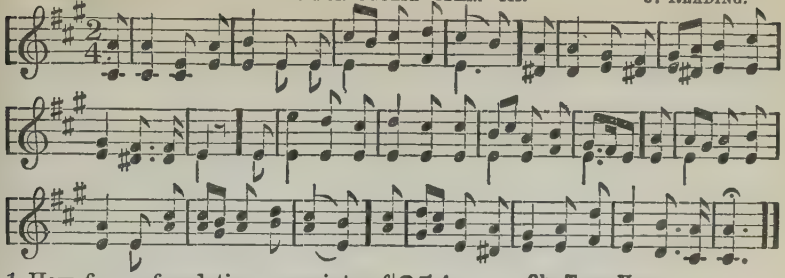
(This Chorus can be used with hymns 224, 235, 246, and 250.)

1st Cho.—We're waiting at the mer-cy-seat, We're waiting at the mer-cy-seat,
2d Cho.— I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do believe,

We're wait-ing at the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.
I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus died for me.

252 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Tune: Portuguese Hymn. 11s. J. Reading.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word.
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

253 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Key of D.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petitions bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. Walford.

254 Oh, Turn Ye.

Tune above.

1 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit, when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh, how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

J. Hopkins.

255 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Key of F.

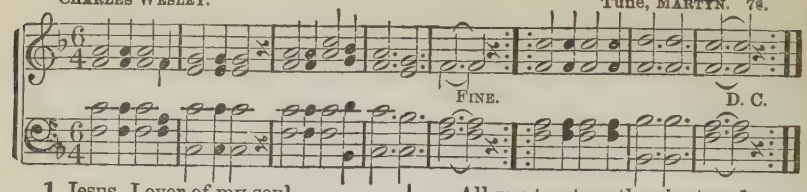
1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Annie L. Walker.

256 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune, MARTYN. 7s.



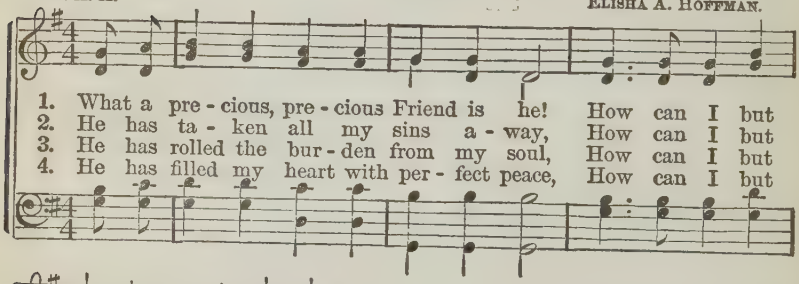
1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

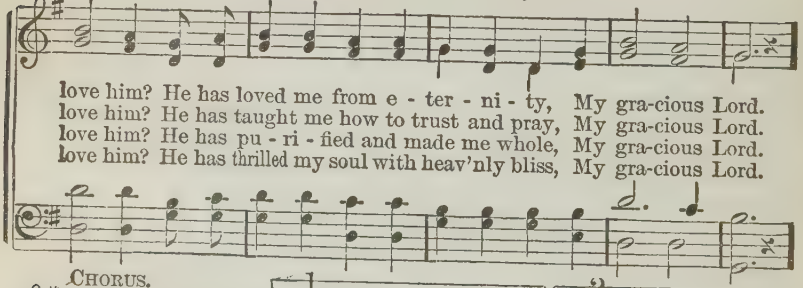
3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

257 How can I but Love Him?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

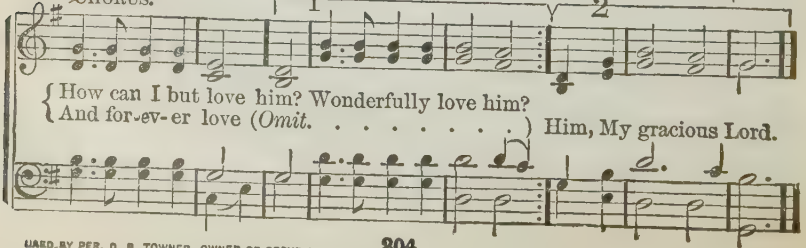


1. What a pre - cious, pre - cious Friend is he! How can I but
2. He has ta - ken all my sins a - way, How can I but
3. He has rolled the bur - den from my soul, How can I but
4. He has filled my heart with per - fect peace, How can I but



love him? He has loved me from e - ter - ni - ty, My gra-cious Lord.
love him? He has taught me how to trust and pray, My gra-cious Lord.
love him? He has pu - ri - fied and made me whole, My gra-cious Lord.
love him? He has thrilled my soul with heav'nly bliss, My gra-cious Lord.

CHORUS.



{How can I but love him? Wonderfully love him?
{And for-ev-er love (*Omit.* . . . . .) Him, My gracious Lord.

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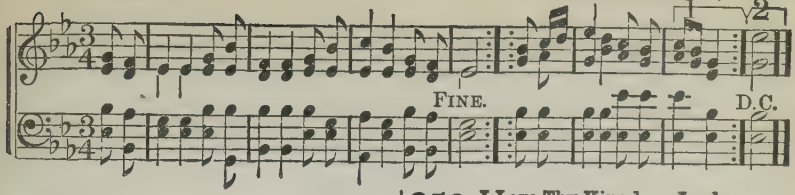
258 Come. Thou Fount.

R. Robinson.

Tune, Nettleton. 8, 7. D.



1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

259 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Tune below.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

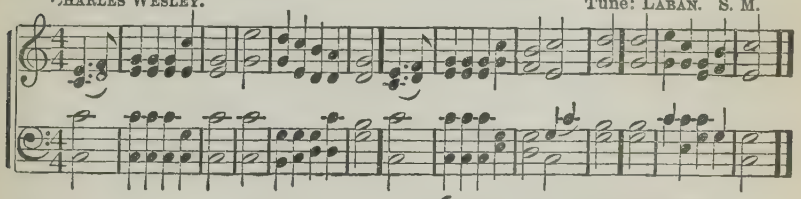
4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight.

260 Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Tune: Laban. S. M.



1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God [supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 Till, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

261 My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

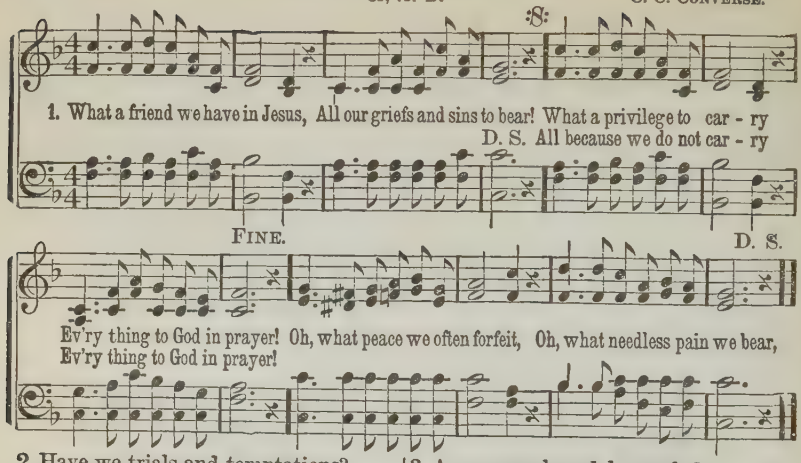
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

George Heath.

262 What a Friend.

H. Bonar. 8s, 7s. D. C. C. Converse.



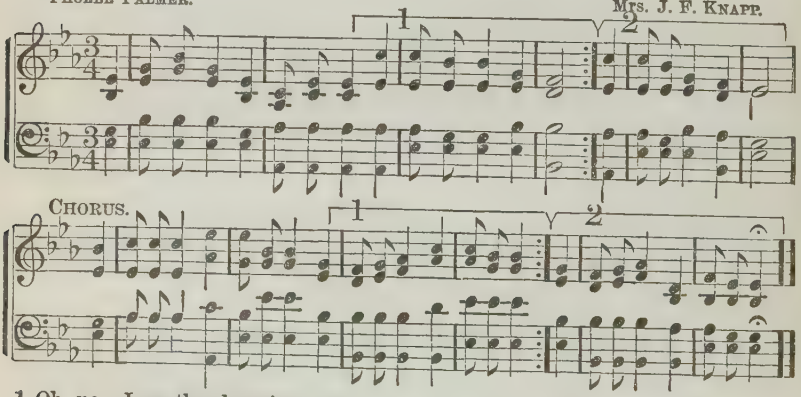
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

BY PERMISSION.

263 Cleansing Wave.

Phoebe Palmer. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



1 Oh, now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see,
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

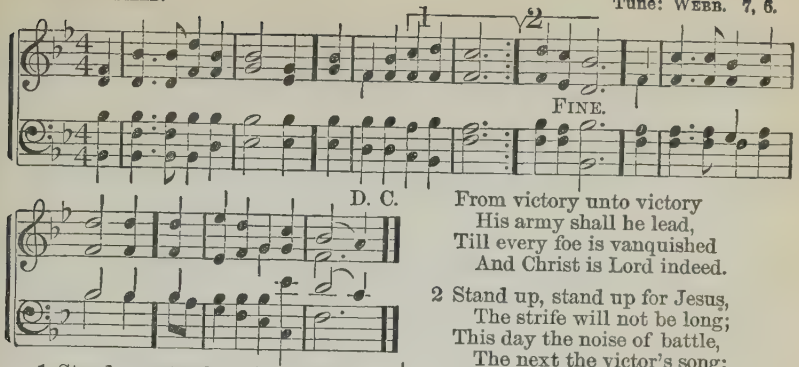
2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

BY PERMISSION.

264 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield. Tune: Webb. 7, 6.



1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

265 The Morning Light is Breaking.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

S. F. Smith.

266 O Youth With Hearts Aspiring.

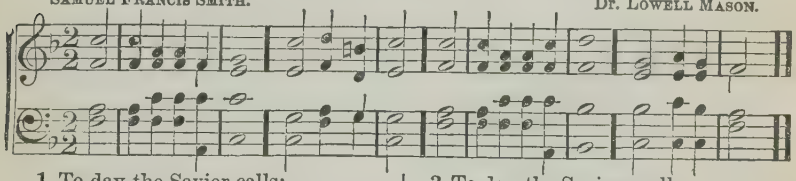
1 O youth with hearts aspiring,
What visions greet your eye!
What fields for noble conquest!
What growth and victory!
How high your heavenly calling—
The Christ-like life to win,
The prize of holy manhood,
The overthrow of sin!

2 O youth with hearts aspiring,
Embrace your heavenly call;
Your standard is perfection,
Your Christ the Lord of all.
Win others to his standard,
Enlarge the youthful throng,
Till all the earth, in Jesus,
Can sing redemption's song.

Rev. Dwight. M. Pratt.

267 To-Day the Savior Calls.

Samuel Francis Smith. Dr. Lowell Mason.



1 To-day the Savior calls;
Ye wand'rers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power,
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

268 Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who died and is now gone a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu-jah! thine the glo - ry; Hal - le - lu-jah! a - men! Re-vive us a - gain.

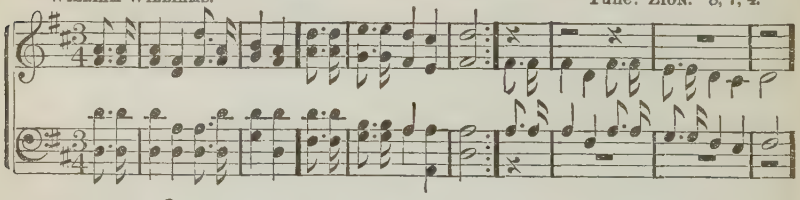
2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.

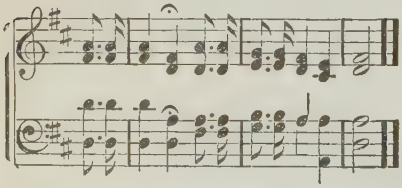
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

269 Guide Me, Great Jehovah.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. Tune: ZION. 8, 7, 4.





1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

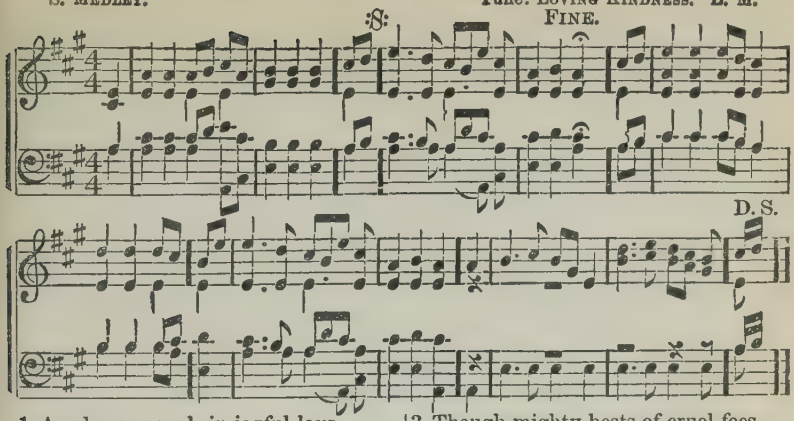
270 Welcome, Dear Redeemer.

1 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

271 Awake, My Soul.

S. Medley. Tune: Loving Kindness. L. M.



1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And all my mortal powers must fail,
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

272 More Love to Thee.

Key of D♭

1 More love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

E. P. Prentice.

273 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Key of G.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en thou it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down;
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me—
Nearer, my God to thee!
Nearer to thee!

4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

Sarah F. Adams

Mrs. Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. My body, soul, and spirit, Je-sus, I give to thee, A con-se-crat-ed
2. O Je-sus, mighty Savior, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal-
3. Oh, let the fire, descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

Refrain.

offering, Thine ev-er-more to be. My all is on the al-tar I'm
va-tion, Thy prom-ise now I claim.
offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir-it, A sac-ri-fice to God.

Rit.

waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

FROM "NOTES OF JOY." BY PER.

275 He Leadeth Me. Key, D.

1 He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Ref.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever mummur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see—
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. Gilmore.

276 Take the Name of Jesus. Key, A♭.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

Cho.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

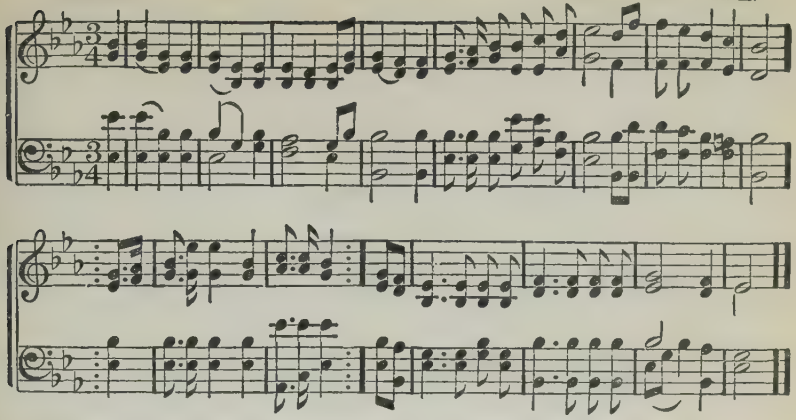
3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

277 Oh, Could I Speak.

S. MEDLEY. Tune: ARIEL. C. H. M.



1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
||: In notes almost divine. :||

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heavenly dress
||: My soul shall ever shine. :||

3 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
||: Triumphant in his grace. :||

278 I Believe Jesus Saves.

Tune: SWEET BYE AND BYE.
Key of G.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

I believe Jesus saves,
And his blood washes whiter than snow,
I believe Jesus saves,
And his blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus, I give up my all,
Every treasure and Idol I know;
For his fullness of blessing I call,
Till his blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now his salvation to know;
And his blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

FROM "SONGS OF JOY AND GLADNESS." BY PER.

279 O Beulah Land.

Key of G.

1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has pass'd away.

CHORUS.

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home, for evermore!

2 My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-rob'd throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

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280 Jesus Comes to Save.

Rev. A. J. Hough. J. E. Hall.

1. Floods of mer - cy break a-round us, Je-sus comes, comes to save!
2. While like rain our tears are fall - ing, Je-sus comes, comes to save!
3. Glo - rious light is dawning o'er us, Je-sus comes, comes to save!
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! saints are sing-ing, Je-sus comes, comes to save!

:S: Fine.

Fet-ters fall that long have bound us, Je-sus comes, comes to save!
While these souls for help are call - ing, Je-sus comes, comes to save!
And the way grows bright be-fore us, Je-sus comes, comes to save!
Heaven with joy - ous song is ring - ing, Je-sus comes, comes to save!

D.S. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je-sus comes, comes to save.

Chorus. D. S

Hal-le - lu - jah! joy-ful sto - ry, Je-sus comes, the King of glo - ry!

BY PER. OF R. E. HUDSON.

281 O Weary Wanderer.

Tune: Almost Persuaded.

1 O weary wand'rer, dark night comes on,
When slighted mercy will be with-
The Spirit strive no more, [drawn:—
Christ gives his pleadings o'er,
Closed then shall be the door;
Thy doom, despair.

2 O weary wand'rer, Jesus still pleads;
For you he suffers, for you he bleeds.
O let his love constrain,
Nor let him bleed in vain;
Hark! hark! he calls again,
"O wand'rer, come."

3 O weary wand'rer, why still delay?
Christ waits to save you—save you to-
Fast falls the eventide; [day;
Soon, soon you must decide;
For you he bled and died
On Calvary!

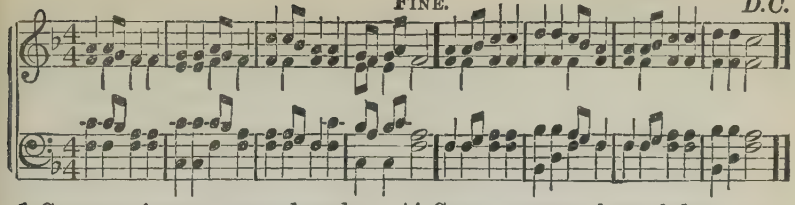
4 O weary wand'rer, see loved ones stand,
All saved in heaven, a happy band.
Come, join them on that shore;
Where death shall part no more;
Wide open stands the door,
O wand'rer, come.

I Baltzell and E. D. Mund.

282 Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART. Tune, GREENVILLE, 8, 7, 4.

FINE. D.C.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
‖:He is able,:‖
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
‖:Without money,:‖
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of him,
‖:This he gives you;:‖
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
‖:Not the righteous—:‖
Sinners Jesus came to call.

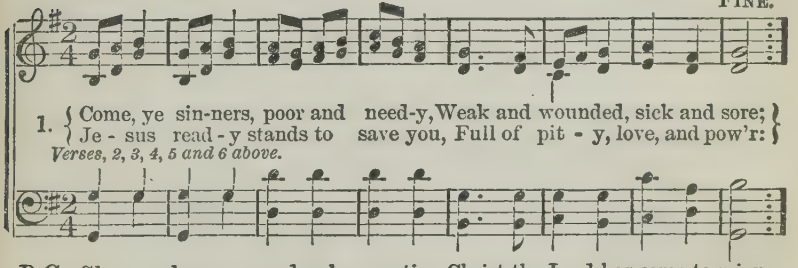
5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
‖:"It is finished!":‖
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude
‖:None but Jesus::‖
Can do helpless sinners good.

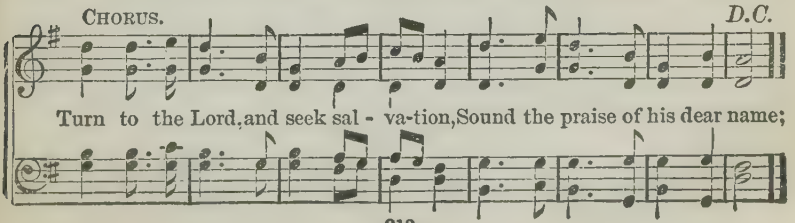
283 Turn to the Lord. 8, 7.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

FINE.



CHORUS. D.C.



My Happy Home.

Anon. E. O. Excell.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar-dens and thy pleasant streams My stud - y long have been—
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend

When will my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such sparkling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
Where con-gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.

Chorus.

I will meet you in the Cit - y of the new Je - ru - sa-lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb, ... I will meet you in the Cit-y washed in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb, of the New Je-ru - sa-lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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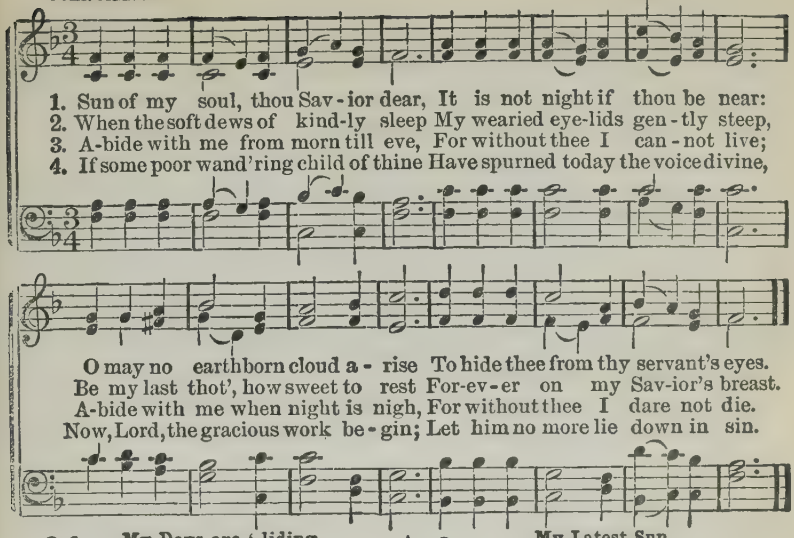
285 Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. Tune, HURSLEY. L. M.



286 My Days are Gliding.

Key of G.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.—
For, O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

3 Let sorrows rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, O, forever!

DAVID NELSON.

287 My Latest Sun.

Key of C.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

CHORUS.—
O come, angel band,
Come and around me stand,
‖:O, bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.:‖

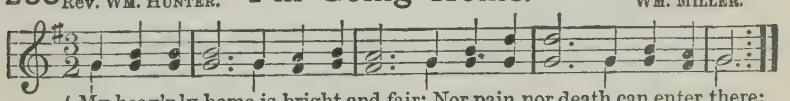
2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear banks,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's
The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones behold they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

JEFFERSON HASCALL.

288 I'm Going Home.

REV. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.



1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there:
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below, flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

289 My Chains are Broken.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Rev. B. C. OYLER.

1. { Now the chains of sin are bro - ken, I am free, I'm free;
Christ the word of power has spok - en Un - to me, to me. }

2. { Soon as I by faith re-ceived him Fled the night, the night;
In the mo-ment I be-lieved him Came the light, the light. }

3. { All the fet - ters that op-pressed me Now are riv'n, are riv'n;
With his pre-cious love he blessed me, This to me is heav'n. }

4. { I will tell the won-drous sto - ry Of his grace and love;
He has filled my soul with glo - ry; Praise the Lord a - bove! }

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus died for me; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am free, I'm free.

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290 Enter by the Blood of Jesus.

(Tune, NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.)
Key of G.

1 The Holiest Place stands open wide,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
The shadowing veil now hangs aside,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

CHO.—Beyond the second veil
Pure love and joy prevail,
God's promise ne'er can fail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

2 Enter now this holiest place
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Here Christ reveals his shining face,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

3 Now by faith you may prevail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Pass beyond the second veil,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

Rev. J. B. FOOTE.

291 The Solid Rock.

Key of G.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness:
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHO.–On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace:
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in him be found;
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

EDWARD MOTT.

292 Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOS. SHEPHERD. Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pier - ced feet,
4. Oh, pre - cious cross! oh, glo - rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

293 I Love to Tell the Story.

Key of A♭

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Then all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

CATHERINE HANKEY.

By permission.

294 Marching to Zion.

Key of G.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King,
But children of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS.

295 Jesus Hath Done All Things Well.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.

1. I sing the praise of him to-day Who washed my many sins a-way;
2. I mar-vel at his grace to me, It is so boundless, rich and free;
3. A bless-ed life it is to be, Thro' Je-sus, saved so wondrously;
4. Oh, wondrous peace! Oh, sacred rest! In him I am supremely blest;

CHO.—And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell;

D.C. for Chorus.

His love is more than tongue can tell; My Je-sus hath done all things well.
His grace is more than tongue can tell; My Je-sus hath done all things well.
His pow'r is more than tongue can tell; My Je-sus hath done all things well.
His peace is more than tongue can tell; My Je-sus hath done all things well.

And above the rest this note shall swell, My Je-sus hath done all things well.

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296

Tune above.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

CHORUS.

And above the rest this note shall swell,
This note shall swell, this note shall swell;
And above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

297

Tune, AVON. C. M. No. 209.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

TATE and BRADY.

298

Tune, BOYLSTON. S. M. No. 232.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

JOHN WESLEY.

299

Tune, LENOX. H. M. No. 248.

To God, the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God, the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

ISAAC WATTS. Alt.

300

Tune, TOPLADY. 7. 61. No. 240.

Praise the name of God most high;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

Unknown.

301

Tune, AMERICA. 6. 4. No. 182.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth, in heaven!

EDWIN F. HATFIELD.

302 Lord, Dismiss Us.

W. Shirley. Tune, Sicily.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion, For thy gos - pel's joy-ful sound;
3. So, when - e'er the sig-nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,

Let us each thy love pos - sess-ing, Triumph in re - deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of thy sal - va-tion In our hearts and lives a - bound.
Borne on an - gels' wings to heav-en, Glad the sum-mons to o - bey,

O re-fresh us! O re-fresh us! Trav'ling thro' this wil-der - ness.
May thy presence, may thy presence With us ev - er-more be found.
May we read-y, may we read - y, Rise and reign in end-less day.

303 Praise God from Whom.

Thomas Ken. Tune, Old Hundred. L. M.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

God be with You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide up-
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings protecting,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you
hide you, Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you
found you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you

Chorus.

till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Till we meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet,.....
Till we meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, till we meet,

till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

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PENTECOSTAL HYMNS

No. 2

A WINNOWED COLLECTION

FOR

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

AND

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

SELECTED BY

HENRY DATE

MUSIC EDITORS

E. A. HOFFMAN AND J. H. TENNEY

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Pentecostal Hymns, No. 2.

305 (1) No, Not One!

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Jesus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

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306 (2) I'll Go where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the stormy sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the cru-ci - fied—

But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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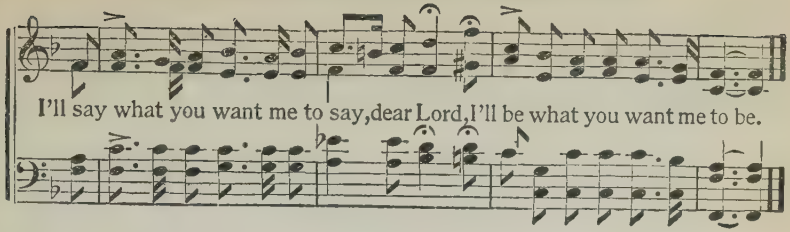
I'll Go where You Want Me to Go.



307 (3) The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.

1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of ripened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is sending, Gather now the sheaves of gold:

Far and near their gold is gleaming, O'er the sunny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gather ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at evening wending, Thou shalt come with joy untold.

CHORUS.

Lord of harvest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

Send them now the sheaves to gather, Ere the harvest time pass by.

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308 (4) Jesus, the Wonderful Savior.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Bet - ter friend is none than He, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav - ior,
2. I love Him, and He loves me, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav - ior,
3. More and more His love He shows, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav - ior,
4. He a - bides with me each day, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav - ior,
5. I shall see Him by and by, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav - ior,

Full of ten - d'rest love to me, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-ior.
Source of peace and pur - i - ty, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-ior.
More and more His grace be-stows, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-ior.
Cheers my trust - ing soul al - way, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-ior.
Reign with Him at last on high, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-ior.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful Sav - ior! Won - der - ful Sav - ior!
Je - sus, the won-der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus, the won-der - ful Sav - ior!

Sav - ing me, e - ven me; Je - sus, the won-der - ful Sav - ior!

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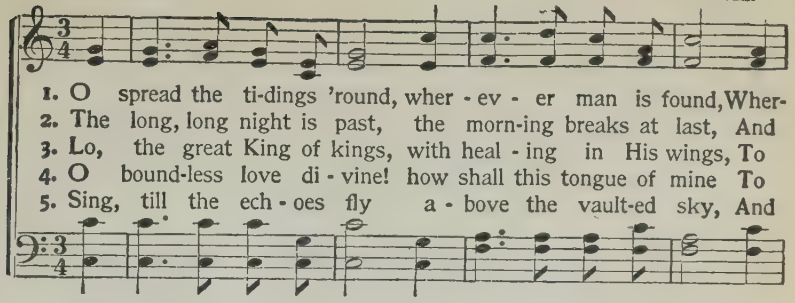
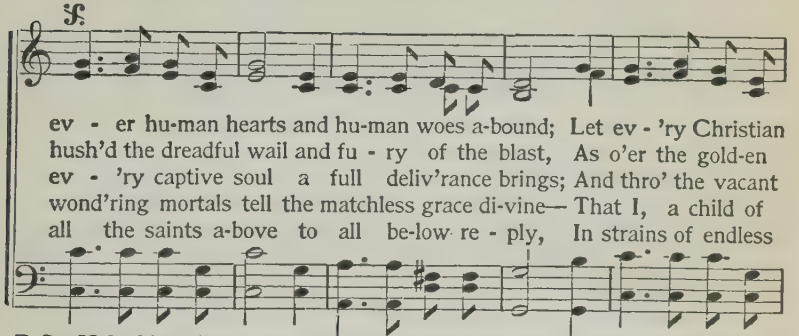
309 (5) The Comforter Has Come.

F. Bottome. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



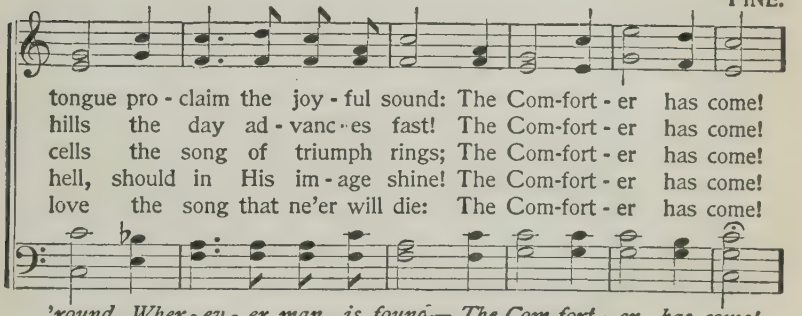
1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine— That I, a child of
all the saints a-bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of endless

D.S.–*Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tidings*

FINE.

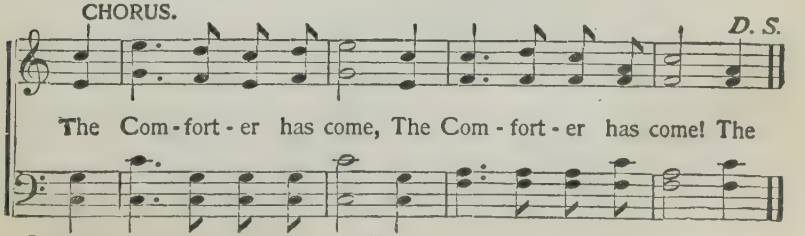


tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com-fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com-fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings; The Com-fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com-fort - er has come!
love the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort - er has come!

'round, Wher - ev - er man is found— The Com-fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D. S.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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He Saves Me.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The dear lov - ing Savior hath found me, And shattered the fetters that bound me, Tho' all was con - fu-sion a - round me, He came and spake peace to my soul; The bless - ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In ten - der-ness con-stant-ly sought me, The way of sal - va-tion He taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole.
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal-ly winning me to Him, I yield-ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be filled with His grace; Al-though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro' faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re-joice and a - dore Him, Re-stored to His lov - ing em - brace.
3. I nev - er, no, nev-er will leave Him, Grow wea-ry of service and grieve Him, I'll con-stant-ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re - main in His pres - ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In knowledge and grace ev-er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly, know - ing, That Je-sus, the Sav - ior is mine.

CHORUS.

He saves me, He

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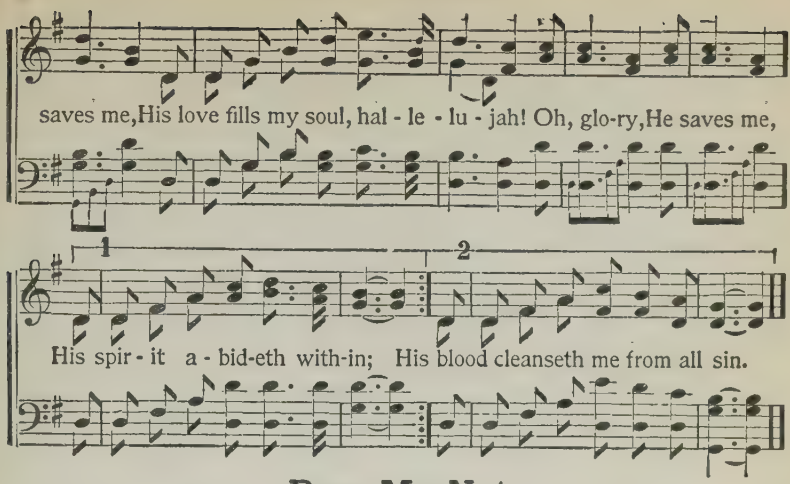
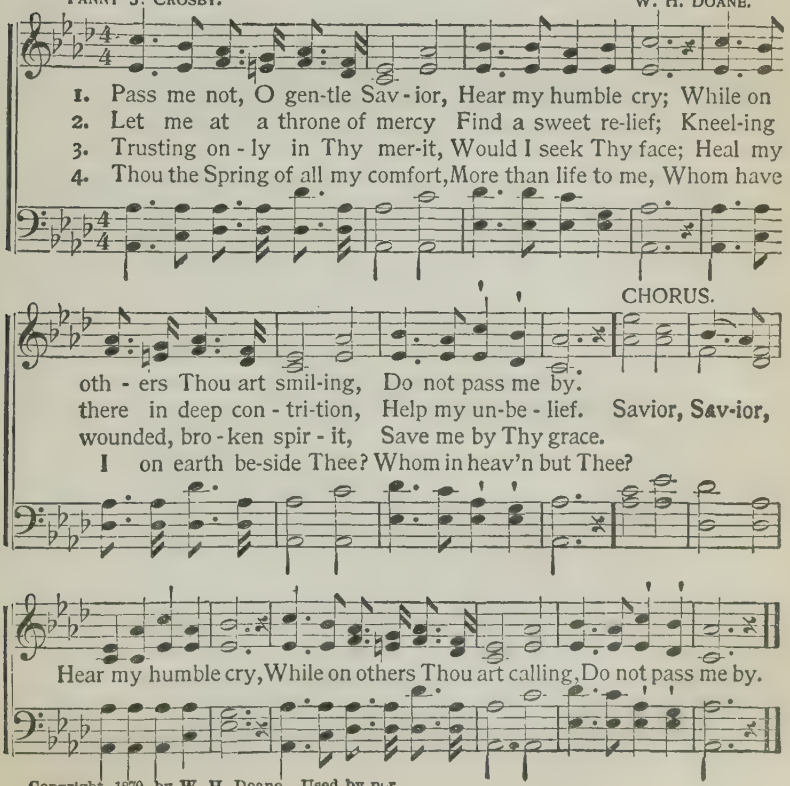
He Saves Me.



311 (7) Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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312 (8) Looking unto Jesus Makes it Right.

C. J. C. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

1. When fierce the winds are blowing, and dark the clouds o'er head, Looking unto
2. When doubts are all around, and the "feelings" all are gone, Looking unto
3. When by and by the riv-er flows darkly, just be-fore, Looking unto

Je-sus makes it right, all right; O look not at the tem-pest, but
Je-sus makes it right, all right; We're walking not by sight, but by
Je-sus makes it right, all right; The hosts of God will meet me, and

D. S.—*'Tis look-ing un - to Je - sus turns*

FINE.

at the Lord in-stead! Looking un - to Je-sus makes it right, all right.
faith we trav-el on, Looking un - to Je-sus makes it right, all right.
bear me safe-ly o'er, Looking un - to Je-sus makes it right, all right.

darkness in - to light, Looking un-to Je-sus makes it right, all right.

CHORUS.

Oh, look a - way to Je - sus, When sor - row press-es

D. S

sore, And when temptations gather thick, Keep looking all the more.

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Jesus Leads.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. Like a shepherd, ten-der, true, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
2. All a-long life's rugged road Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

Dai - ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Thro' the warrings and the strife Je-sus leads; Je-sus leads;

Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way, before, He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound'ry-line recedes,

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

rit.

He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
Safe in - to the fold of God, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
He will spread the waves a - side, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.

Je-sus leads,

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314 (10) Refreshing Times Are Coming.

JOHN H. YATES. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming "From the pres-ence of the Lord;"
2. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming; Let your faith in God be strong,
3. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming; Bow be - fore the throne of grace,
4. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming; Sin - ner, hear the joy - ful sound,

Christians ev-'ry-where are gath'ring "In one place with one ac-cord,"
Let your love grow warm and warmer And in-spire each loft - y song;
Ask the Sav-ior for His blessing And the smil-ings of His face;
With the Sav-ior is for-give-ness And a balm for ev - 'ry wound;

And the tongues of fire are sit-ting On each hope - ful, upturned brow;
Men are turn-ing from their i-dols, From their dark and sin - ful ways,
He will sure-ly keep His promise And ful - fill your heart's desire;
He will give you joy and gladness And your bur - den take a - way;

Yes, re-fresh-ing times are com-ing, And the morning dawneth NOW.
And are ask - ing for the Sav - ior In these glad, re-fresh-ing days.
He will give the oil of glad-ness And the cloven tongues of fire.
O! re-fresh-ing times are with us, Come to Je-sus! Come to - day.

CHORUS.

O! re - fresh-ing times are coming! Com-ing as a precious boon

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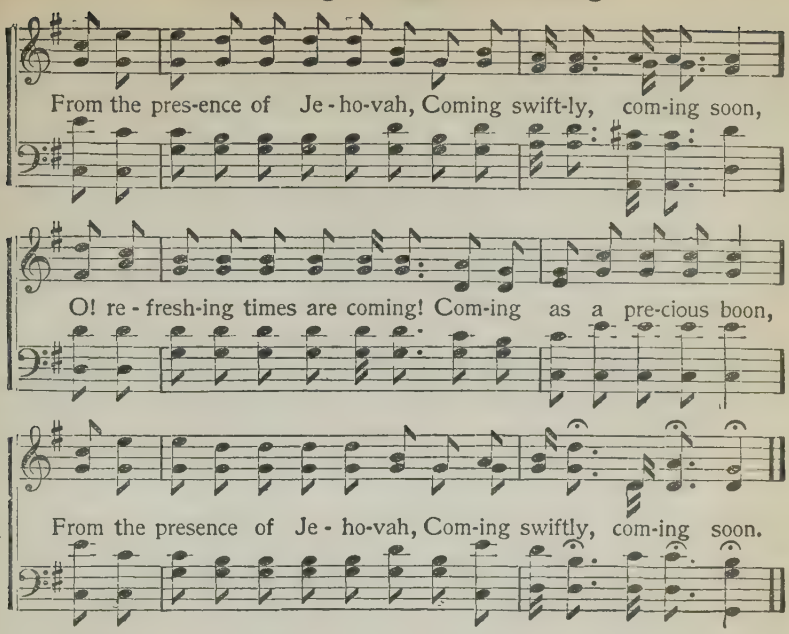
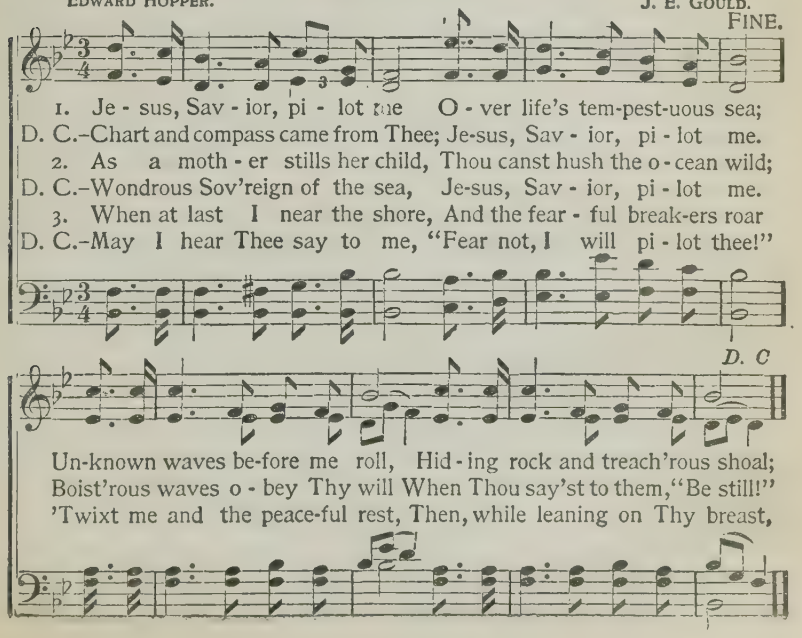
Refreshing Times are Coming.



315 (11) Jesus, Savior, Pilot me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S. W. A. SPENCER.

1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel-lent glo - ry, And all my
2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawn-ing Breaks on the
3. More and more like Him, re - peat the blest sto - ry, O - ver and

tri - als are passed, I shall behold Him, O won-der-ful sto - ry!
vis - ion so fair, Now we may welcome the heav-en - ly morning,
o - ver a - gain, Changed by His spirit from glo - ry to glo - ry,

CHORUS.

I shall be like Him at last.
Now we His im - age may bear. I shall be like Him, I shall be
I shall be sat - is-fied then.

like Him, And in His beau-ty shall shine, I shall be like Him,

won-drous-ly like Him, Je - sus, my Sav - ior di - vine.

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Do It To-day.

WM. APPEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Would you give your heart to Je-sus? Would you walk the narrow way?
2. Would you help a friend or brother? Would you wipe his tears a-way?
3. Would you help to raise the fall-en, Help the lost to find the way?
4. Would you speak a word for Je-sus? Would you serve Him while you may?

Would you share His great sal-va-tion? Do it now, make no de-lay!
Would you cheer and bless an-oth-er? Do it now, make no de-lay!
Would you save a soul from er-ror? Do it now, make no de-lay!
Would you gain His love and fa-vor? Do it now, make no de-lay!

CHORUS. *Quicker.*

Do it to-day, Do it to-day! Why will you tar-ry, why

will you de-lay? Ere one more sun-rise it may be too

late; Then do it, and do it to-day! . . . . to-day!

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318 (14) I Have Wonderful Peace.

E. A. H. — ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Since my soul is for-giv - en and rec - on-ciled, I have won-der-ful peace in the Lord; Now He owns me and calls me His lov - ing child,
2. As He walk-eth be-side me to help and cheer, I have won-der-ful peace in the Lord; Sure no ill can be - fall me while He is near,
3. While I hide 'neath the wings of Al-might-y love, I have won-der-ful peace in the Lord; As my feet bear me on to the home a - bove,
4. In the dark-ness of night or the noon-tide heat, I have won-der-ful peace in the Lord; He is all things to me, and His love is sweet,

CHORUS.

I have won-der-ful peace in the Lord. I have peace, bless-ed peace, wondrous peace, sweet peace, Faith is anchored to God's holy Word, I have peace, wondrous peace, heav'nly peace, sweet peace, I have won - der-ful peace in the Lord.

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319 (15) Just a Little Sunshine.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Just a lit - tle sunshine ev - 'ry-where we go, O - ver darkened
2. Like the blessed Mas-ter, in this life, are we Sent to com-fort
3. Just a lit - tle sunshine makes the ros-es grow, In the bar - ren

path-ways, rays of bless - ing throw; Gold - en rays of glad - ness
oth - ers, pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will - ing hands out-reach-ing,
pla - ces, flow'rs be - gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row.

f. FINE.

from a lov-ing heart Help the world to brighten; let us do our part.
strengthening the weak, In the name of Je - sus, con-so-la-tion speak.
cheer the hour of gloom, Fruits of grace will rip-en for immortal bloom.

D. S.—*Telling love's sweet story, ev-'ry-where we go.*

CHORUS.

Sunshine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sunshine, Bearing heav'nly gladness

D. S.

through this world below; Sunshine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sunshine,

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Work for the Master.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Work for the Mas - ter; an - swer His call; Take up the du - ty;
2. Work for the Mas - ter; work with de-light; Serve Him with gladness,
3. Work for the Mas - ter; great the re-ward; Stars for the crowning,

trust Him for all; Walk in the way open'd to-day, Promptly His word obey.
soon comes the night; Seeking His face, using His grace, Resting in His embrace.
joy in the Lord, Songs by the way, blessings to-day, Richly our toil re - pay.

Life's bloom and sunshine cheerfully bring, Ev'ry good talent lent by our King;
Scorn not the trifles, sometimes a word Spoken in kindness, gratefully heard,
Bless - ings that ev-er brighten the more, Till we shall enter home's golden door,

rit.

Life thro' His name freely proclaim, Spreading the heav'nly flame. . . .
Seed-like in pow'r, lives as a flow'r Growing for E-den's bow'r. . . .
Then at His feet, gladly we'll meet, Singing His praises sweet. . . .

1. Spread - - ing the heav'nly flame.

CHORUS.

Work for the Mas - ter, look - ing a-bove, Led by His Spir - it,

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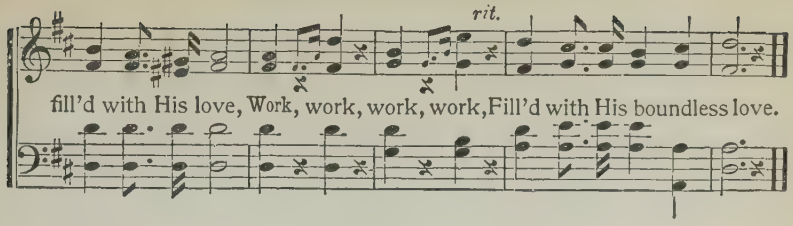
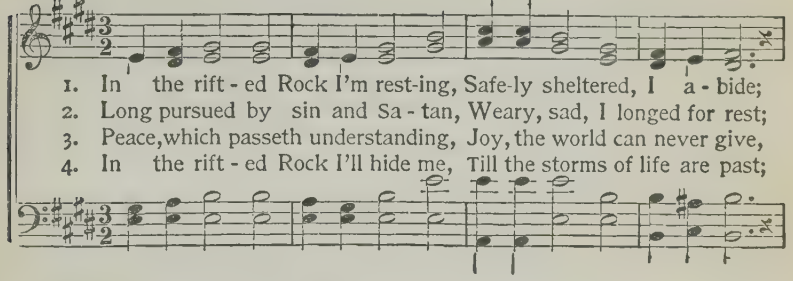
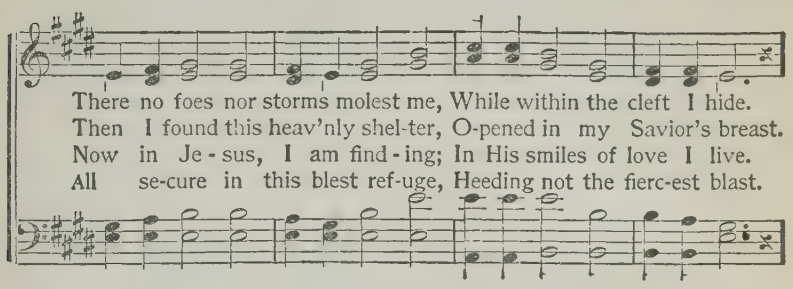
Work for the Master.

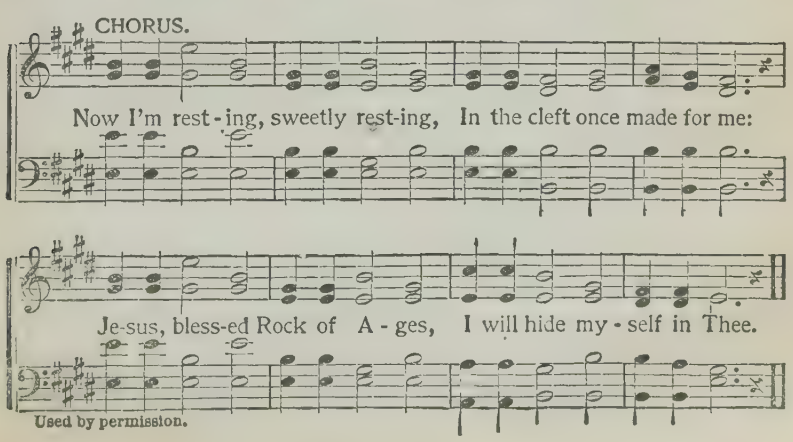


321 (17) Sweetly Resting.

MARY D. JAMES. W. WARREN BENTLY.







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322 (18) Sunshine All Along the Way.

E. E. Hewitt. E. C. Avis.

1. Leave the path that lies in shadow, and step up-ward in - to light;
2. Then we'll press along the highway lead-ing on-ward to the throne,
3. Let us trust in our Re-deem - er; He is a - ble to pro-vide

Love is beaming with a bright, cheering ray; For the Lord who died to
And the or-ders of our King we'll o - bey; He will safe-ly guide our
Grace suf-fi-cient for our needs, day by day; Earthly clouds may gather

save you, lives to help you with His might, And there's sunshine all a-
foot-steps, ev - er car-ing for His own; And there's sunshine all a-
round us, but His light will still a - bide, And there's sunshine all a-

CHORUS.

long the way. There is sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - -
There is sun-shine, blessed sunshine, There is sunshine, bless-ed

shine, Sun - shine all a-long the way; For there's peace and
sunshine, There is sunshine, blessed sunshine all the way;
all the way;

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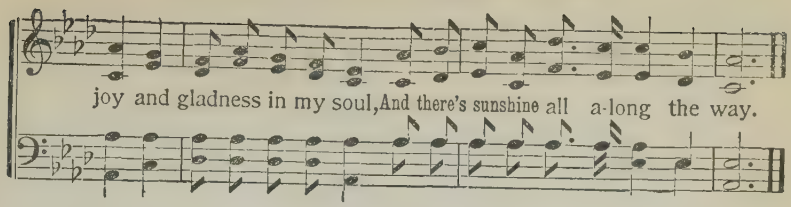
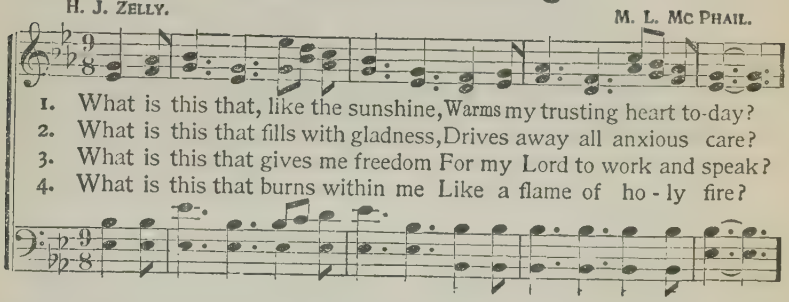
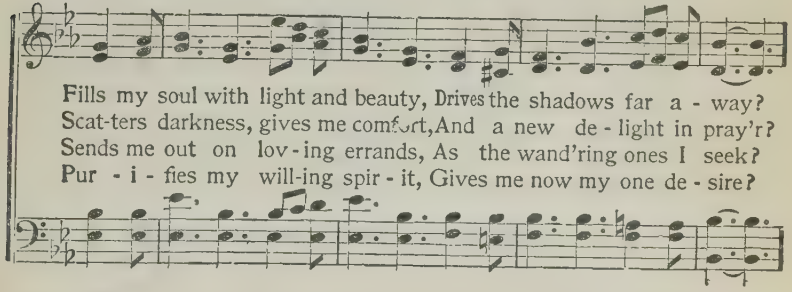
Sunshine All Along the Way.

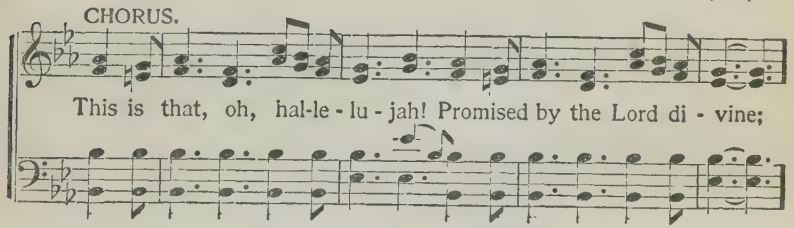


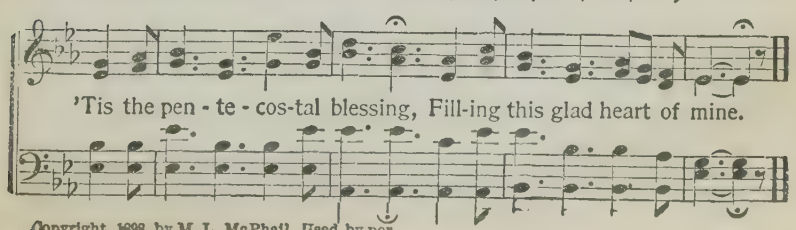
323 (19) Fullness of Blessing.

H. J. ZELLY. M. L. MC PHAIL.









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The Bolted Door.

JOHN PARKER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Do you know the bless-ed Savior's at the door? That He lin-gers
2. Do not keep Him long-er wait-ing at the door, Hear Him knocking,
3. Will you close your heart against Him at the door? Will He not be
4. Oh, to think that Je-sus waits outside the door! He may leave you

there to bless you more and more? Will you not in-vite Him in, And His
call-ing, loud-er than be-fore. Bid Him welcome now within, Turn a-
all you need for-ev-er-more? He will take away your pride, Be your
to re-turn, no, nev-er-more, Leave you hopeless and alone, With a

fel-low-ship be-gin? He is wait-ing, knocking, calling at the door.
way from ev-'ry sin, He will en-ter and the feast be ev-er-more.
nev-er-fail-ing guide To the mansions where the blessed ones a-dore.
heart as hard as stone, Haste to hear him now and o-pen wide the door.

CHORUS.

He is wait - ing, He is knocking at the door, He is wait -
Wait-ing, He is waiting, knocking at the door, Waiting, He is

ing, He is knocking at the door, He is wait - ing, He is
wait-ing, knock-ing at the door, Waiting, He is waiting,

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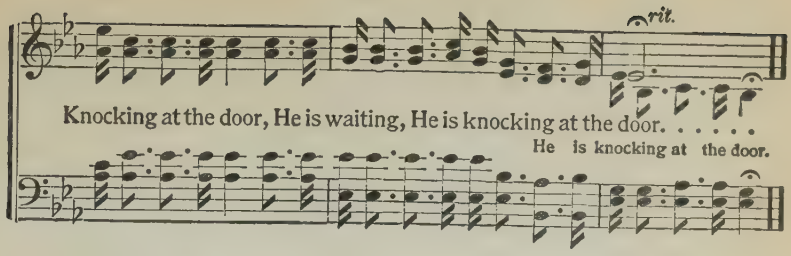
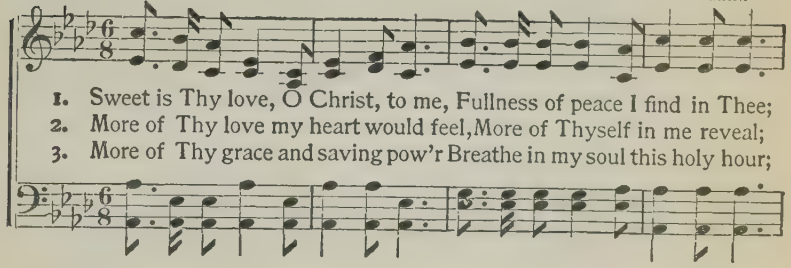
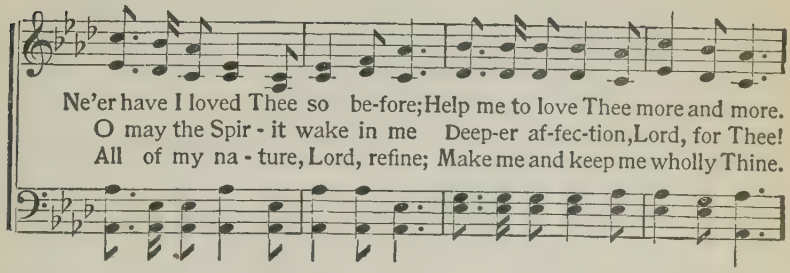
The Bolted Door.



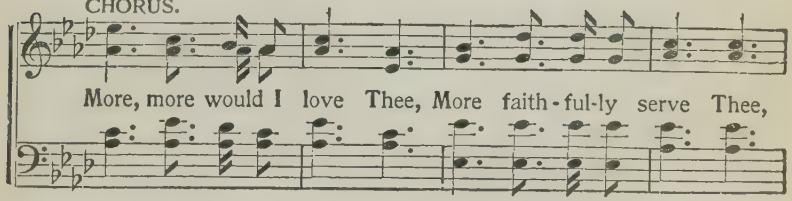
325 (21) More Would I Love Thee.

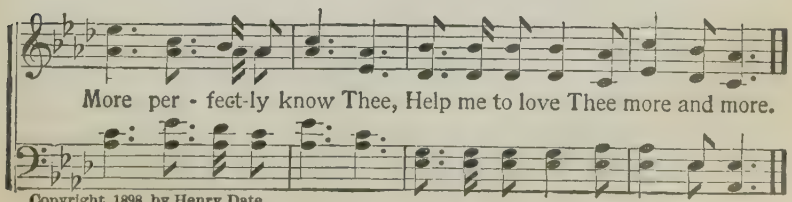
E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.





CHORUS.





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'Tis a Wonderful Story

I. N. McHose. I. N. McHose.

1. 'Tis a won - der-ful, wonderful sto - ry, I am hearing wher-
2. Of this gra-cious and wonderful sto - ry, E - ven an - gels are
3. But this sweet and this wonderful sto - ry, Is re - vealed in His
4. 'Tis this won - der-ful, wonderful sto - ry, I'm en - treat-ing you

ev - er I go, Of a Sav-ior who left His bright glory, To re-
longing to know; And they wonder how God, in His mercy, His sal-
gos-pel of love: That thro' faith in the blood of the Sav-ior We may
now to be-lieve; O my broth - er, accept God's free offer, And His

CHORUS.

deem a lost world from its woe.
va - tion to sinners can show.
en - ter the kingdom a - bove.
par-don and cleansing re - ceive.

'Tis a won - der-ful, wonderful

sto - ry, that tells of the love of our God, How He sent His dear

Son from yon glo - ry To re - deem a lost world by His blood.

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"Tick!" Said the Clock.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. C-L-O-C-K—"The world is like a shelf, Do you ev - er think
2. C-L-O-C-K—"My *face* is clean and bright, Hon-est all the time,
3. C-L-O-C-K—"What is it makes me do?—I've a hidden *spring;*
4. C-L-O-C-K—"What keeps the mainspring right? I've a trust-y *guide;*
5. C-L-O-C-K—"My *wheels* you cannot see, But they mind the spring;
6. C-L-O-C-K— "I heed my maker's plans; Sure-ly you should know
7. C-L-O-C-K—"And I've a loud a-larm; Conscience says, Wake up!

You should be like my - self? For I tick, tick, quick, quick,
And tells the truth at sight; O be true, true, you, you,
Let God put one in you; It is love, love, love, love,
You have one day and night,'Tis the Book, Book, look, look,
How ver - y like are we! You have tho'ts, tho'ts, tho'ts, tho'ts,
My wheels con-trol my *hands* As they go, go, so, so,
Sin wants to do you harm; Keep a - wake! wake! wake! wake!

CHORUS.

With a mer - ry chime working all the time. Tick!" said the clock;

"What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *tick* if you try."
"What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *face* if you try."
"What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *spring* if you try."
"What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *guide* if you try."
"What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *wheels* if you try."
"What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *hands* if you try."
"What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *'larm* if you try."

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328 (24) Lo, the Golden Fields Are Smiling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lo, the golden fields are smil-ing, Wherefore i-dle shouldst thou be?
2. Take the balm of con-so - la - tion, That so oft has cheered thy heart;
3. Go and gather souls for Je - sus, Pre-cious souls thy love may win;
4. Go then, work, the Master call-eth; Go, no long - er i - dle be;

Great the har-vest, few the workers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
Let some wea-ry broth-er toil - er In thy comfort share a part.
Lead them to the door of mer - cy, Tell them how to en - ter in.
Waste no more thy precious moments, For the Lord hath need of thee.

Go and work, the time is wan - ing, Let thy ear-nest heart re-ply
Go and lift the heav-y bur - den He has struggled long to bear;
Go and gath-er souls for Je - sus, Work while strength and breath re-main;
Once He gave His life thy ran - som That thy soul with Him might live,

ad lib. FINE.

To the call so oft re-peat - ed, "Bless-ed Mas-ter, here am I."
Go, and kneeling down be-side him, Blend thy faith with his in pray'r.
What are years of constant la - bor, To the joy thou yet shalt gain?
Now the serv-ice he de-mand-eth Can thy heart re-fuse to give?

D. S.–*Go and fill thy place a-mong them, For the Lord hath need of thee.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Hark, the song, the song of busy work-ers, In the fields so fair to see;

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329 (25) Winning Precious Souls to Thee.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

DUET. ALL.

1. Be with us, Lord, as forth we go, Winning precious souls to Thee,
2. Help us to la - bor faith-ful - ly, Winning precious souls to Thee,
3. We toil with fee-ble hands and weak, Winning precious souls to Thee;
4. As we each day our work pur-sue, Winning precious souls to Thee;
5. We need Thy help, O gracious Lord! Winning precious souls to Thee;
6. As we go forth in trust and love, Winning precious souls to Thee,

DUET. ALL.

And make our love and zeal to glow, Winning precious souls to Thee.
And gath - er ma-ny sheaves for Thee, Winning precious souls to Thee.
To us new faith and cour-age speak, Winning precious souls to Thee.
Our faith in-crease, our zeal re - new, Winning precious souls to Thee.
Go with us, and Thy aid af - ford, Winning precious souls to Thee.
Send down Thy blessing from a - bove, Winning precious souls to Thee.

CHORUS.

Winning precious souls, many precious souls, Jewels in Thy crown to be;

Help us bring them in from the ways of sin, Many precious souls to Thee.

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Not One Forgotten.

E. E. HEWITT. H. L. GILMOUR.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. There's a word of ten - der beau-ty In the say-ings of our Lord,
2. Tho' I'm least of all His chil-dren, So un-wor - thy of His love,
3. O the wounded hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con-trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak-ing gratitude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me, there's kind remembrance In the Fa - ther-heart a-bove;
Is there a - ny ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?

For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy-al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:
Let me, like the lit - tle spar-row, Trust Him where I can-not see,

CHO.-*In my Father's bless-ed keep-ing I am hap - py, safe and free;*

D. S. Chorus.

Bends to note a fall-ing spar-row, For 'tis precious in His sight.
For my Sav - ior gen-tly whis-pers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, Sing-ing "He will care for me."

While His eye is on the spar-row I will not for-got - ten be.

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Twilight.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest:
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home,
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all,
4. When for-ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night,

Wait and worship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps alight Thro'
Gath - er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For
Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our
Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And

FULL CHORUS.

p

all the sky.
Thou art nigh. Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and
hearts as - cend.
shad-ows end.

earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

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332 (28) Would You Shine for Jesus?

G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.

1. Would you shine for Jesus? Let His love im - part Ar - dor to your
2. Would you shine for Jesus 'Mid the careless throng? Im - i - tate His
3. Would you shine for Jesus As a mir - ror true? Im-age forth His

ac - tions, Com-fort to your heart; With your soul il - lum-in'd
grac - es As you pass a - long; Make no weak sur - ren-der
good-ness As re-veal'd in you. If you thus re - flect Him

By the Spirit's glow, You will be a beacon In this world of woe.
To the coarse and vile; Keep your tongue from evil, And your lips from guile.
Till this life is o'er; You will in His kingdom Shine for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing for Je - sus, Bringing light di-vine To the sad and
Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Je-sus,

erring, Thus for Je - sus shine; Shin - ing for Je - sus,
Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Je-sus,

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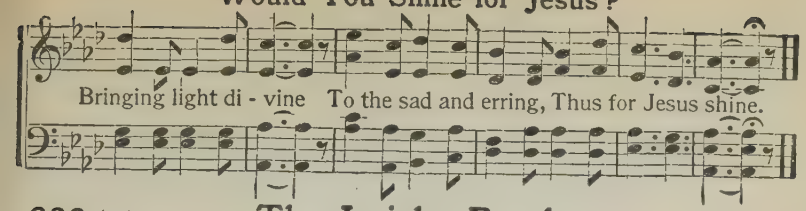
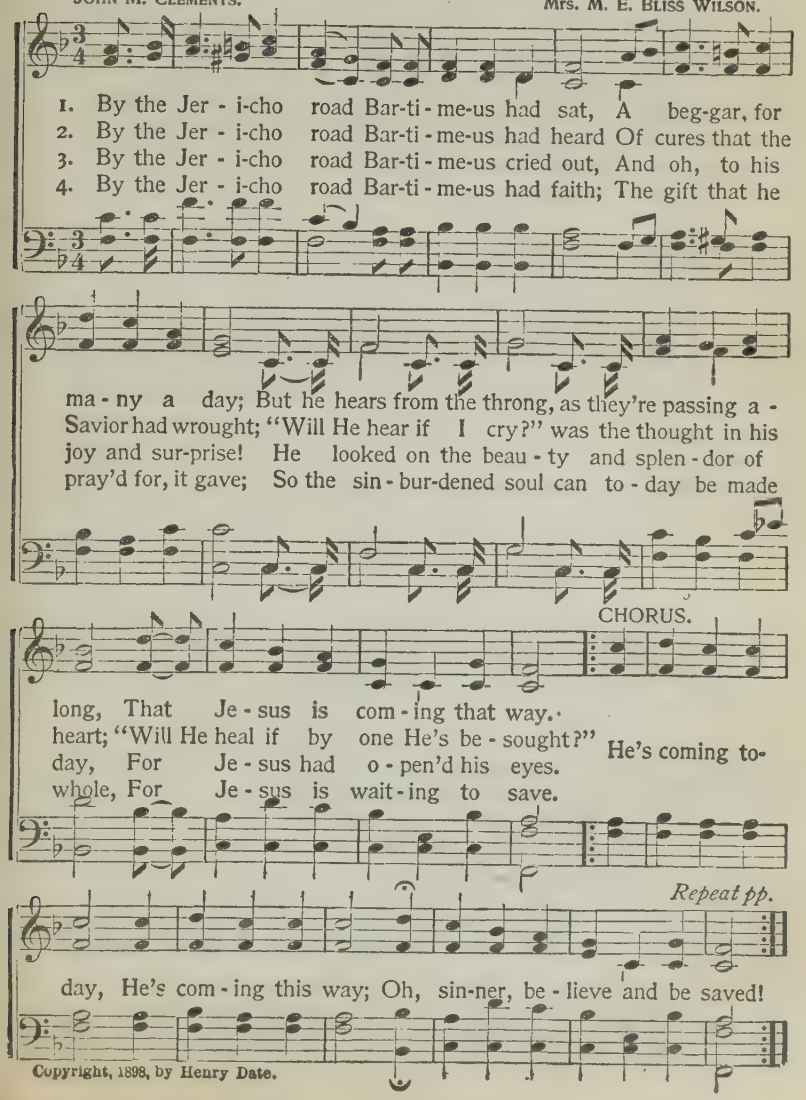
Would You Shine for Jesus?



333 (29) The Jericho Road.

JOHN M. CLEMENTS. Mrs. M. E. BLISS WILSON.



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A Shout of Victory.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. March on, march on, follow the Mighty Commander; March on, march on;
2. March on, march on, joy - ful-ly sing-ing ho-san-na; March on, march on;
3. March on, march on, still by His might o-ver-com-ing; March on, march on;

Je - sus our Cap-tain and Lord; March on, march on; see that your
fight-ing the bat - tle of faith; March on, march on; man - ful - ly
sing - ing His glo - ry and grace, March on, march on; till in the

steps nev - er fal - ter, March on, march on, heed-ing His ev - 'ry word.
bear - ing His ban - ner, March on, march on, faith-ful e'en un - to death.
heav - en - ly pal - ace, March on, march on, we shall be-hold His face.

CHORUS.

There's a song . . that blends with pray'r, . . There's a shout . . . up-
There's a song that blends with pray'r, There's a shout

on the air, ... 'Tis a song . . . . . of grace so
up - on the air, 'Tis a song

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A Shout of Victory.

free, ... 'Tis a shout . . . . of vic - to - ry (vic - to - ry.)
of grace so free, 'Tis the shout, the shout of vic - to - ry.

335 (31) I Left it All With Jesus.

MISS ELLEN H. WILLIS. *Tune:*—SECURITY.

1. I left it all with Je-sus, long a - go, All my sins I brought Him
2. I leave it all with Je-sus, for He knows How to steal the bit - ter
3. I leave it all with Je-sus, day by day; Faith can firmly trust Him,

and my woe, When by faith I saw Him on the tree, Heard His small, still
from life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop with His smile, Make the des-ert
come what may, Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest, In the calm sure

whis - per "'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur-den rolled a-way!
gar - den bloom a - while; When my weakness leaneth on His might,
ha - ven of His breast; Love es-teems it heav - en to a - bide

Hap-py day! From my heart the bur-den rolled a - way! Happy day!
All seems light; When my weakness leaneth on His might, All seems light.
At His side; Love es-teems it heav-en to a - bide At His side.

336 (32) God is Able to Deliver.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. From ev - 'ry danger, doubt and fear, God is a-ble to de - liv-er thee!
2. From fierce temptations' subtle snares, God is a-ble to de - liv-er thee!
3. In sor-row's dark and heav-y night, God is a-ble to de - liv-er thee!
4. Then trust Him e'en thro' flood and flame God is a-ble to de - liv-er thee!
5. When passing thro' the val-ley chill, God is a-ble to de - liv-er thee!

His might-y pres-ence ev - er near, God is a-ble to de - liv-er thee!
His love is swift-er than thy pray'rs, God is a-ble to de - liv-er thee!
His word commands the day-spring bright, God is a-ble to de - liv-er thee!
He liv - eth ev - er - more the same, God is a-ble to de - liv-er thee!
His love will be a - round thee still, God is a-ble to de - liv-er thee!

CHORUS.

He is a - - ble, He is a - - ble,
a - ble to de - liv-er, a - ble to de - liv - er,

A - ble to de - liv - er thee; He is a - - ble, He is
a - ble to de - liv - er,

a - - ble, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
a - ble to de - liv - er,

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337 (33) Since Jesus Spoke Peace to My Soul.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. The sun-shine cheers and il - lumes my way, Since Je - sus spoke
2. My doubts are van-ished, my fears are gone, Since Je - sus spoke
3. The path grows ev - er more fair and bright, Since Je - sus spoke
4. What wondrous treasures of love are mine, Since Je - sus spoke

peace to my soul; And all my darkness is turned to day, Since
peace to my soul; Oh! this is heav-en on earth be - gun, Since
peace to my soul; Each day brings with it some new de - light, Since
peace to my soul; What gracious measures of peace di - vine, Since

CHORUS.

Je-sus spoke peace to my soul. Since Je-sus spoke peace to my

soul, His won-der - ful peace to my soul, Sweet peace,

sweet peace, Since Je - sus spoke peace to my soul.

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338 (34) Speed Away! Speed Away!

EBEN E. REXFORD. I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way to the isles of the sea— To the
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way! There are souls to be won By the
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes-sage of love. There's grand

lands that are call-ing to you and to me, Where souls sit in
sto - ry of God and His Cru - ci - fied Son. Go, tell the good
work to be done for the Fa - ther a - bove. Go ye forth in His

dark-ness, yet long for the light Of the gos - pel of Je - sus to
news to the lands o'er the wave, And tell them that Je - sus is
name with the tid-ings He sends, Bear the news of God's love to earth's

scat-ter their night. Oh, hear them, and pit-y their pleading, I pray,
mighty to save! Oh, haste on the mission—there's death in delay,
ut - ter-most ends. For the sake of the souls that need saving to - day,

rit.

Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!

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339 (35) We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous-and sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet accord,
chil-dren of the heav-'nly King, But chil-dren of the heav-'nly King,
fore we reach the heav-'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav-'nly fields,
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi - on; We're
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi-on,

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Ere the Sun Goes Down.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have work enough to do Ere the sun goes down,
2. I must speak the loving word Ere the sun goes down,
3. As I jour-ney on my way, Ere the sun goes down,

ere the sun goes down,

For my - self and kin - dred too, Ere the sun goes down.
I must let my voice be heard Ere the sun goes down.
God's commands I must o - bey Ere the sun goes down.

ere the sun goes down.

Ev - 'ry i - dle whisper still-ing, With a purpose firm and will-ing,
Ev - 'ry cry of pit - y heed-ing, For the in-jured in - ter - ced-ing,
There are sins that need con-fess-ing, There are wrongs that need re-dress-ing,

All my dai - ly tasks ful - fill-ing Ere the sun goes down.
To the light the lost ones lead-ing Ere the sun goes down.
If I would ob - tain the blessing Ere the sun goes down.

ere the sun goes down.

CHORUS.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,

Ere the sun goes down. Ere the sun goes down.

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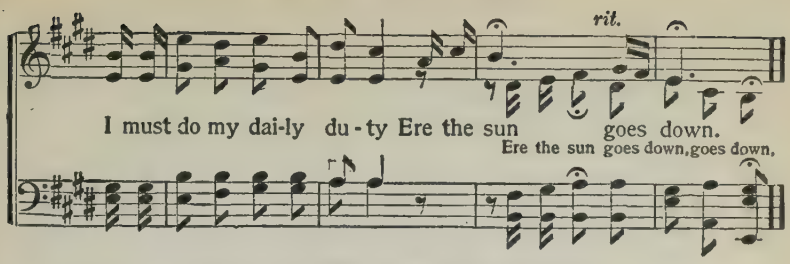
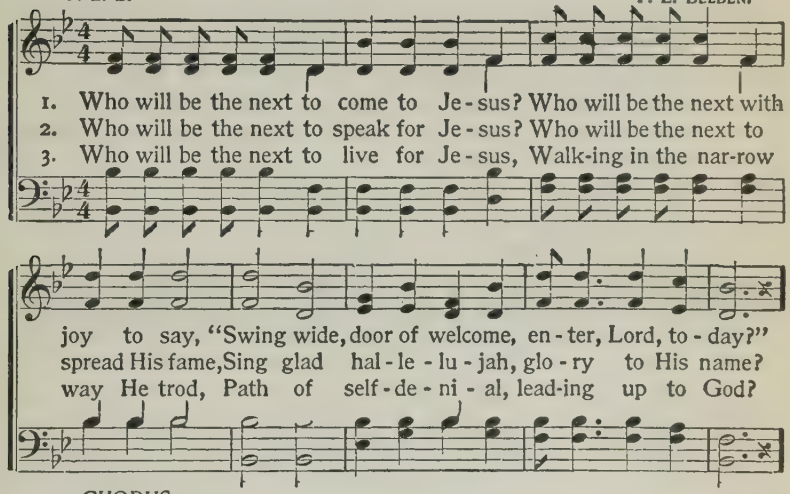
Ere the Sun Goes Down.

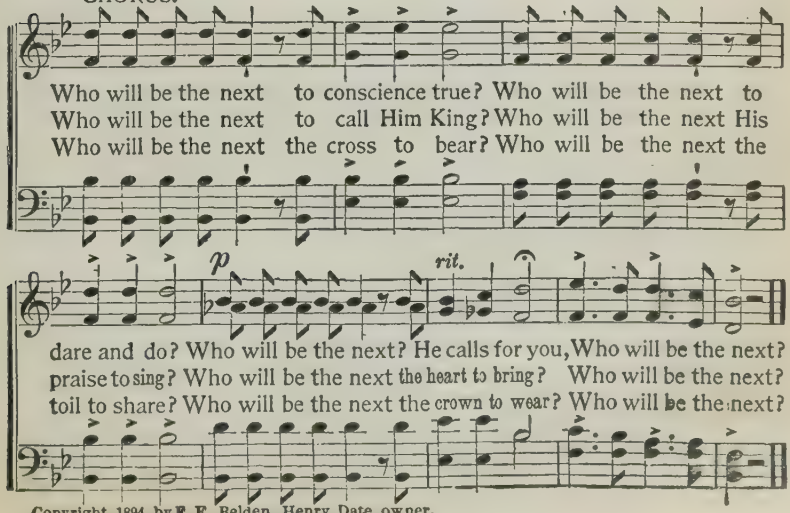


341 (37) Who Will Be the Next?

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.



CHORUS.



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Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I

told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I

REFRAIN.

arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend. near-er, near-er,
may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

near - er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near-er, near-er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

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Go Quickly.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Go quick-ly, go quickly, and bring them in, They wan-der in by-
2. Go quick-ly, go quickly, the hour is late; The Lord has command-
3. The glad in - vi - ta-tion rings out for all, There's room at the feast,
4. O glo - ri-ous day, when the gracious King Shall sit at the feast,

ways of want and sin; The souls which the Sav-ior has bid you seek,
ed, how dare you wait? You car - ry a light that will show the way;
in the ban-quet hall. But mul - ti-tudes nev-er have heard the word;
while the glad harps ring; But this is the day when the Lord a - bove

CHORUS.

O has - ten to find them, His message speak.
Go, bear it to those who have gone a-stray. All things are ready, Come
Go, car - ry the mes-sage, for you have heard.
Commissions His servants to tell His love.

in, come in, Come from the highways and byways of sin; Haste with the

message the straying to win, Je - sus is call-ing, Come in, come in.

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344 (40) Let Me Lean Harder on Thee.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Moderato. May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. Veiled is the fu-ture be - fore me; Life's checkered pathway I climb,
2. Earth's dearest ties must be broken, Time's sweetest roses de-cay;
3. Sometime, I'll come to a val - ley Where a grim shadow is thrown;

God in His good-ness re-veal - ing On - ly one step at a time.
Words of farewell must be spok-en, Evening will fol-low the day.
No hu-man friend can go with me, Leave me, O Lord, not alone!

Will the to - mor-row be cloud-ed? Will it bring sunshine to me?
Still, waves of joy roll a-round me, Swelling from love's boundless sea,
Till that bright, beau-ti-ful morning, When all the darkness shall flee,

Let me lean hard-er, dear Sav-ior, Let me lean hard-er on Thee.
While I lean hard-er, dear Sav-ior, While I lean hard-er on Thee.
Let me lean hard-er, dear Sav-ior, Let me lean hard-er on Thee.

CHORUS. *Much faster.*

Let me lean harder on Thee, . . Let me lean harder on Thee, Thro'
Let me lean harder, lean harder on Thee, Let me lean hard-er, lean harder on Thee,

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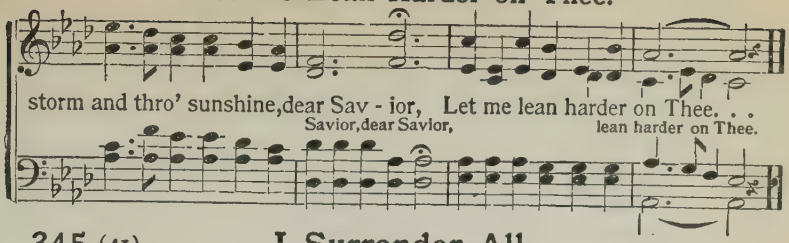
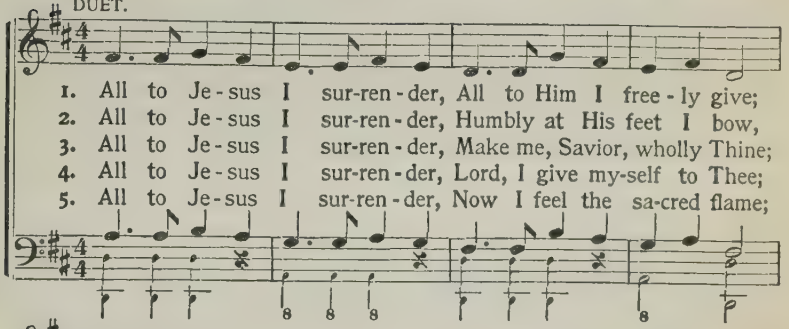
Let Me Lean Harder on Thee.

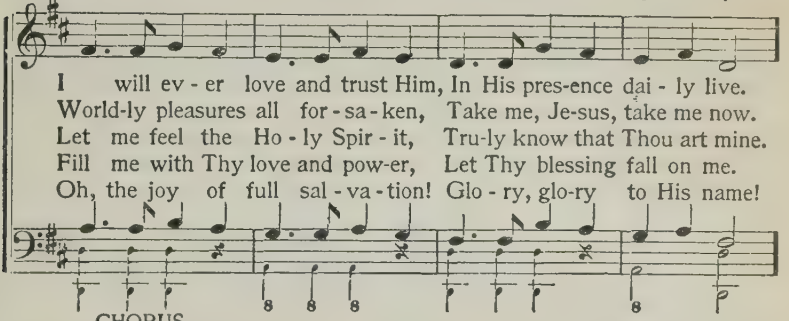


345 (41) I Surrender All.

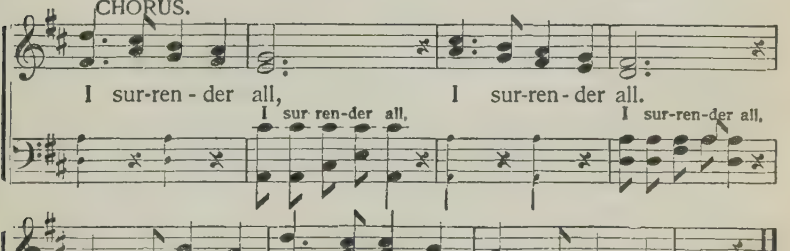
J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

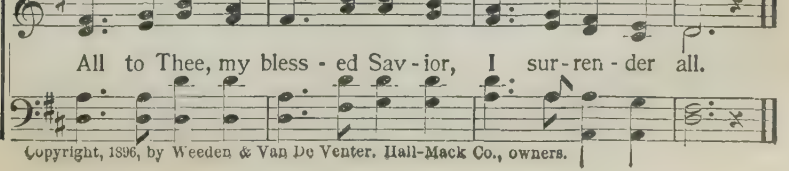
DUET.





CHORUS.





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Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en - treat, I wait, bless-ed
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient - ly wait, Come now, and with

ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast
make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
ev - er I know, Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
never said'st "No," Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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Some Glad Day.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Some glad morn not far a - way, Just be - yond this twilight dim,
2. Heart to heart and hand in hand, Love shall clasp a-gain her own,
3. Fade-less blooms Life's healing tree, Peaceful flows her sil-ver stream,
4. Time speed on e - ter - ni - ty; An-gels guide our wea-ry feet;

We shall greet the gold - en day With the ev - er - last-ing hymn.
In God's sin - less summer land Where good-bye is nev - er known.
Ra-diant shines her jas - per sea; Glory-crown'd her mansions gleam.
Pear - ly gate wide o - pen be; Fa-ther waits with welcome sweet.

REFRAIN.

p

Some glad day, where flow'rs shall bloom Nev - er - more
Some glad day, in beau-ty bloom Nev-er-more

to fade and die, ... Some glad day, ... be-yond the
to fade and die, Some glad day,

Rit.

tomb, ... We shall meet, . . . some golden day. . . . . .
be-yond the tomb, We shall meet, be-yond the sky.

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348 (44) Unspeakably Precious is He.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I have a dear Sav-ior, the best of my friends; No oth - er with
2. I sing of His grace and His goodness all day, The fa - vor and
3. His love is the light and the joy of my heart, And brings me con-

Christ can com-pare; Wher-ev - er the lot of my life may be cast,
beau-ty I share; For Je - sus il - lu-mines with sunshine my way,
tent-ment and peace; I nev - er could live from my Je - sus a - part;

CHORUS.

To com-fort and bless He is there.
And makes me the child of His care. Un-speak-a - bly pre-cious is
No, I am e - ter - nal-ly His.

He, . . . Un-speak-a-bly precious to me, . . . In song and ac-
is He, to me,

claim I praise the dear name So full of love's sweetness to me; In

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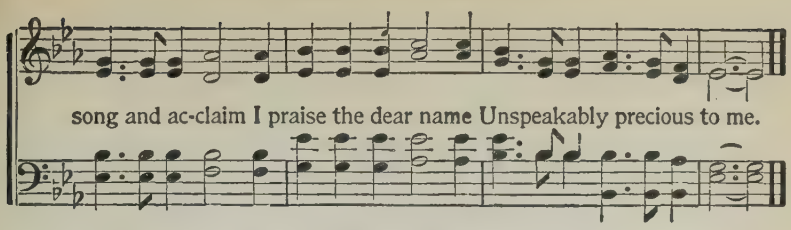
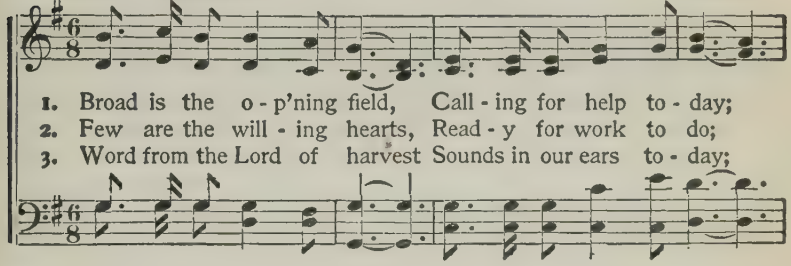
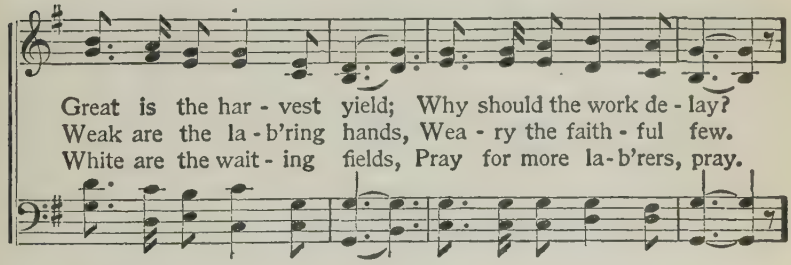
Unspeakably Precious is He.

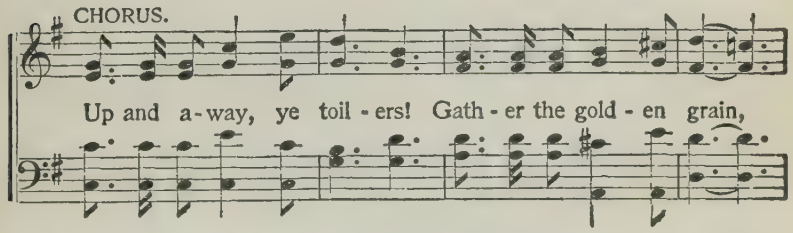


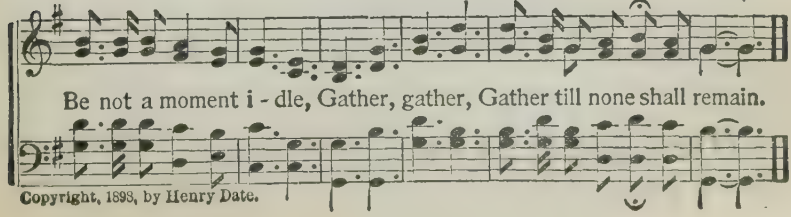
349 (45) Broad is the Opening Field.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.









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350 (48) O for a Heart Whiter Than Snow.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Kept, ev-er kept, 'neath the
2. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Calm in the peace that He
3. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! With the pure flame of the
4. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Then in His grace and His

life - giv-ing flow; Cleans'd from all passion, self - seek-ing, and pride,
loves to be-stow; Dai - ly re-freshed by the heav-en - ly dews,
spir - it a-glow; Filled with a love that is true and sin - cere,
knowledge to grow; Grow - ing like Him who my pat - tern shall be,

CHORUS.

Washed in the foun - tain of Cal - va - ry's tide.
Read - y for serv - ice when-e'er He shall choose. **O for a heart**
Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
Till in His beau - ty my King I shall see.

whit - er than snow! Sav-ior di - vine, to whom else can I go?

Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whiter than snow.

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Thinking To-Night.

B. A. R.
Effective as a Solo.

BYRON A. ROBINSON.

1. Thinking to-night of the world and its care; Thinking to-night of its pleasures so fair; Thinking of sin and its woe and despair;
2. Thinking of treas-ures I love here be-low, Treasures so fleeting the world doth bestow; Bit - ter the harvest from seed we thus sow;
3. Thinking of God and the man-sions of rest; Thinking of Je - sus the Sav - ior so blest, His love is pur-est and sweetest and best;

REFRAIN.

Of these I am thinking to-night.
Of these I am thinking to-night. Thinking, thinking, thinking to-night,
Of this I am thinking to-night.

Turn your feet to the paths of right; Thinking, think-ing, think-ing to-night, Heed ye God's message and come to the light.

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Labor On.

C. R. Blackall. W. H. Doane.

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the garner well, with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the gleaners' path may be rich reward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a-bove Shall be gained by each

and the reap - ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the workers true
and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night
and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His chosen shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,

CHORUS.

Heed the call that He gives to - day.
Take the place of the gold - en day. La - bor on! la - bor
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La - bor on!

on! Keep the bright re-ward in view; For the Mas - ter has
la - bor on!

said He will strength renew; La - bor on till the close of day!

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353 (51) Safe In the Life-Boat.

G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.

Not too fast.

1. Safe in the life-boat I joy-ful-ly ride Out on life's per-i-lous o-cean; Shutting my ears to the roar of the tide,
2. Safe in the life-boat I smile at the wave, Know no re-pin-ing or sad-ness; Since at my side stands the "Mighty to Save,"
3. Safe in the life-boat when tempests a-rise, Leav-ing His presence, no, nev-er; Je-sus, my Pi-lot, sees where danger lies;

CHORUS.

Peace-ful a-mid its com-mo-tion.
His pres-ence fills me with glad-ness. On to the ha-ven e-ter-nal, I glide, Tell-ing love's won-der-ful sto-ry; Je-sus, my Pi-lot, re-mains at my side, Fill-ing my soul with His glo-ry.
He will sus-tain me for-ev-er.

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354 (52) Beautiful Baby Hands.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

SOLO.

1. Beau-ti-ful lit-tle treas-ures, They were my heart's delight;
2. Try-ing to grasp the sunbeams Stray-ing a-bout the floor,
3. One day the laughing sun-beams, Bringing the morning's gold,

Hands like the spring-time blossoms, Dain-ti-est pink and white,
Glee-ful-ly pull-ing dai-sies Growing a-round the door,
Saw their fair playmates ly-ing Snow-y, and still, and cold.

Chubby, and warm, and dim-pled; Oh, could I feel them now!
Toss-ing with grace un-stud-ied; Oh, could I on-ly see
Oh, they have found the sun-shine, Dear, blessed ba-by hands!

Soft-ly my cheek ca-ress-ing, Pat-ting my ach-ing brow.
Sweet little hands ex-tend-ed, Ea-ger to come to me!
I, thro' the dark, catch glimpses, Knowing God un-der-stands.

CHORUS.

Dear little hands! Precious hands! Beau-ti-ful ba-by hands! I shall

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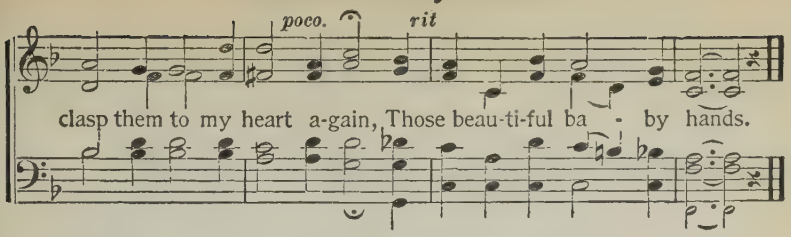
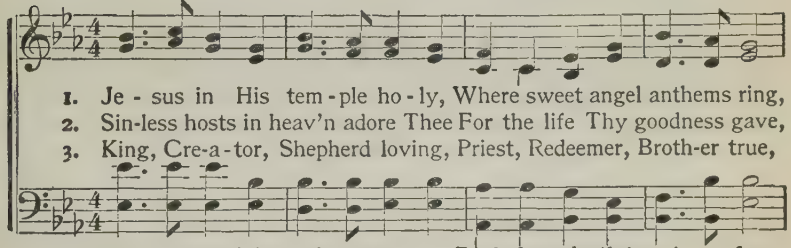
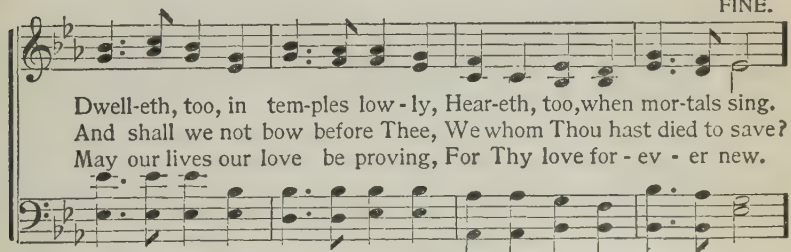
Beautiful Baby Hands.

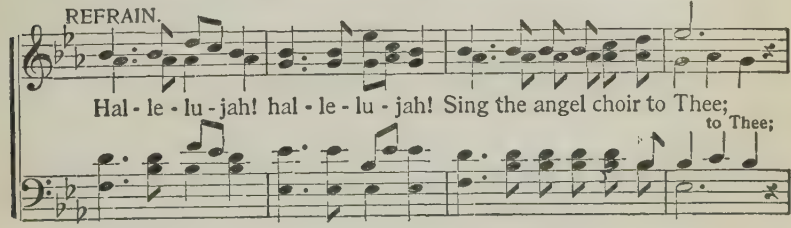


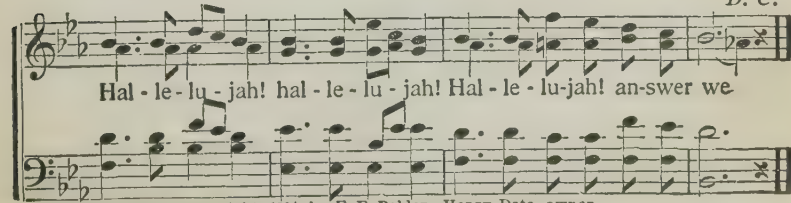
355 (53) Hallelujah! Answer We.

F. E. B. Arr. and chorus by F. E. BELDEN.









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356 (54) Our Christ is Strong to Save.

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates. *Tune:*—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

1. From the hills and from the valleys, Rings a glad, tri-umph-ant song;
2. He who died in pain and sorrow, That His peo - ple might be free;
3. O the grow - ing, widening wonder Of the gos - pel of His grace!
4. He will bid the pow'rs of e - vil Crumble to their fi - nal fall;

'Tis the hymn of hu - man progress, In its strife divine with wrong;
He who, conqu'ring death and ris - ing, Captive led cap-tiv - i - ty,—
In His world - en-circ - ling serv-ice, Ev-'ry work-er finds a place.
He will raise the bruised and broken, And set free each prisoned thrall;

'Tis the gold-en, heav'nly anthem, Which earth's faithful ones prolong, Our
He our glo-rious, liv - ing Leader, Calls us on to vic - to - ry— For
For we on - ly turn dark natures Toward the brightness of His face; And
Who is he that may not conquer Since his Lord has conquer'd all? And

CHORUS.

Christ is strong to save! Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah, Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-

lu - jah, Glo - ry, glory, hal-le - lu - jah, Our Christ is strong to save.

357 (55) Jesus Sets the Joy-Bells Ringing.

FANNY BOLTON. L. E. JONES.

1. Within my soul there rings a chime Of wondrous song that will not cease,
2. And day by day and hour by hour His wondrous love new songs shall claim;
3. While in my Savior's sweet control, Un-brok-en is my peace and rest;

My Mas-ter sets His love to rhyme In har-mo-nies of joy and peace.
I love to tell His saving pow'r, And sing the praises of His name.
The joy-bells ring with-in my soul, I en - ter-tain a heav'nly guest.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

Je - sus sets the joy - bells ring - ing, Jesus sets the
Je - sus sets the joy-bells ring-ing in my soul, He sets them ringing in my

joy-bells ringing in my soul. He takes my sin away, and
soul, He sets them ring - ing, He takes my sin a-way, and

sets the joy-bells ring-ing, yes, He takes my sins a-way, and

cheers me day by day, And He sets the joy-bells ringing in my soul.
cheers me day by day, And He sets the joy - bells

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358 (56) Our Friends Are Going With Us.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Our friends are go - ing with us, and one by one they come
To join the band of pil - grims who seek the heav'n-ly home;

2. An - oth - er soul has start - ed to live a chris-tian life;
The wea - ry strug-gle o - ver, and end - ed now the strife;

3. An - oth - er soul de - liv - ered from bond-age un - to sin,
And thro' the blood of Je - sus re - gen - er - ate and clean;

We wel - come them a - mong us, and pledge our warmest love
The grace of God has con-quered, a soul is saved from sin;
We give to God the glo - ry who, at this time and place,

To help them on the jour - ney to yon bright courts a - bove.
The love of God has tri - umphed, and Christ has en - tered in.
An - oth - er soul has ran - somed, a tro - phy of His grace.

CHORUS.

Our friends are go - ing with us, Thank God, they're going with us; For-
go with us to glo - ry, To go with us to glo - ry, To

1. 2.

saking sin, to Jesus Christ they come, To go with us to our e-ter-nal home.

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359 (57) I Would not Live Without Thee.

Mrs. Belle Kellogg Towne. S. W. Martin. Arr. by T. M. Towne.

1. I would not live without Thee, not a day (not a day;) I need thy
2. The world is full of sor-row and of fears (and of fears,) And ma-ny
3. The way is fraught with danger for us all (for us all;) O Sav-ior,
4. I fear no coming sorrow, light will shine (light will shine;) There comes with

strength to help me all the way (all the way;) I would not dare to wander
eyes are ev-er shedding tears (shedding tears,) And hearts are well nigh breaking
nev-er leave me lest I fall (lest I fall,) When Thou dost walk be-side me
ev-'ry mor-row help di-vine (help divine;) And when the journey's ended,

from Thy side (from Thy side,) For storm and danger threaten far and wide (far and wide.)
with their woe (with their woe,) And many struggle vainly here below (here below.)
I am strong (I am strong,) To fight the many battles all a-long (all a-long.)
then I know (then I know,) To realms of endless glory I shall go (I shall go.)

CHORUS.

I would not live with-out Thee, O Sav-ior, Thou art mine;

Thy love makes earth a heav-en, And life to me di-vine.

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Keep Step Ever.

C. R. Blackall. H. R. Palmer.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife?
2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quick-ly pass a - way;
3. Look be-yond the pres-ent hour; Nev-er yield to Sa-tan's power;

Hold your place thro' troubles rife? With the right keep step!
Use a - right each gold - en day; With the good keep step!
Tho' a - bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step!

Know the world is watch-ing you; Be sin - cere in all you do;
There are ear - nest pressing needs, Filled a - lone by pur - est deeds;
On - ward press! nor, on the way, Loi - ter once or waste the day;

With the good, the pure, and true, Ev - er firm keep step!
Hap - py he the call who heeds—With the true keep step!
God and truth and right all say: Strong in faith keep step!

CHORUS.

Keep step, keep step ev-er, Keep step, keep step ever,

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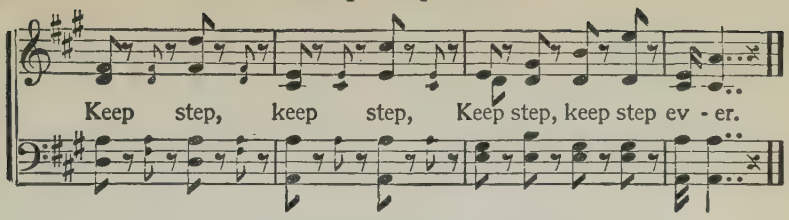
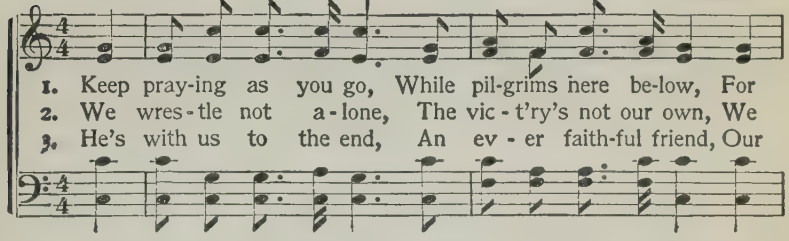
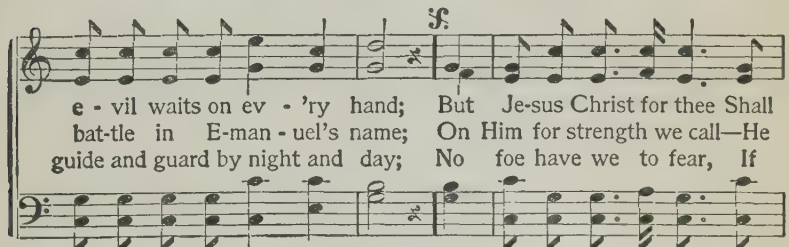
Keep Step Ever.



361 (59) Keep Praying as You Go.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.





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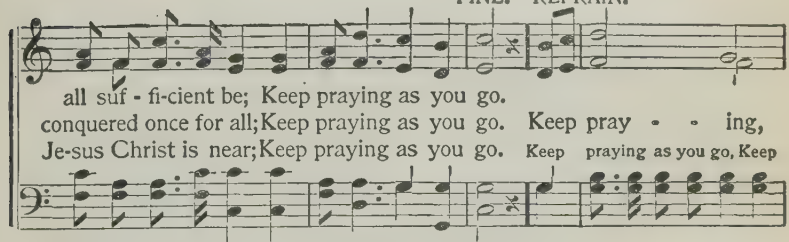

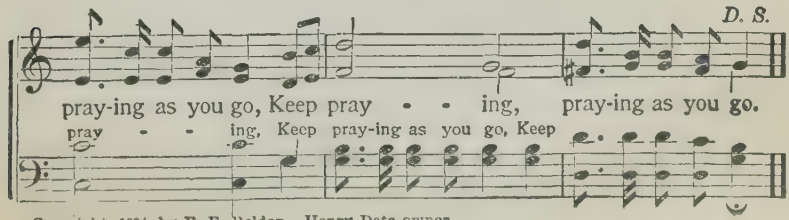

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Marching On to Canaan.

M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are marching on to Ca - naan, And Je-ho-vah is our Guide;
2. We are marching thro' the des - ert, And the manna all a - round
3. We are marching thro' the des - ert To the promised land divine,

We are marching thro' the des - ert, He is ev - er at our side;
With the dew of night is fall - ing, And is cov'ring all the ground;
To the land of milk and hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine;

DUET.

In the darkness or the dan - ger We can nev - er go a - stray,
From the smitten rock the wa - ters In their sparkling fullness flow,
We are marching thro' the des - ert; We approach the shining shore;

With Je - ho-vah for our lead - er And our guide up - on the way.
Thus de-light-ing and re-fresh - ing Us the wea - ry journey through.
From our home beyond the Jordan We shall wan-der nev - er more.

FULL CHORUS.

On, stead-i - ly on! Stead-i-ly marching to the hap-py land of
Marching on, marching on, we're

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Marching On to Canaan.

Ca - naan; On, stead-i - ly on! { Ver-i - ly guid - ed by Je-
marching on, Marching on, marching on, { Steadily marching to the

ho-vah's hand are we, hap-py land we go.
guid-ed are we, marching on.

363 (61) Home, Sweet Home.

DAVID DENHAM. HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul
2. Sweet bonds that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace! And thrice precious Je-
3. While here in the val-ley of con - flict I stay, Oh, give me sub-mis-

is com-mun-ion of saints; To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room,
sus, whose love cannot cease! Tho' oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
sion, and strength as my day; In all my af-flic-tions to Thee I would come,

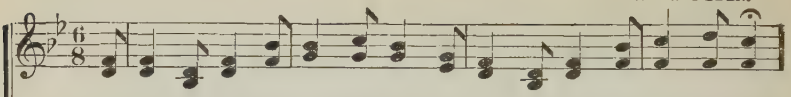
FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.
I long to behold Thee in glo - ry at home. Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
Re-joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri-ous home.

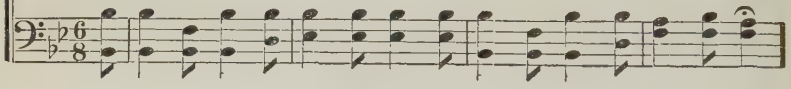
D. S.—*Prepare me, dear Savior, for glo-ry, my home.*

364 (62) O Light of Light, Shine In.

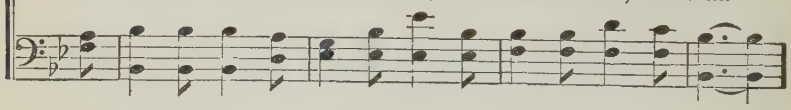
HORATIUS BONAR. Alt. W. A. OGDEN.



1. O Light of light, shine in, shine in; Cast out this night of gloom and sin;
2. O Joy of joys, come in, come in; And end this night of grief and sin;
3. O Life of life, come in, come in; Ex - pel this night of death and sin;



Cre - ate true day my soul with - in, O Light of light, shine in.
Cre - ate true peace my soul with - in, O Joy of joys, come in.
A - wake true life my soul with - in, O Life of life, come in.



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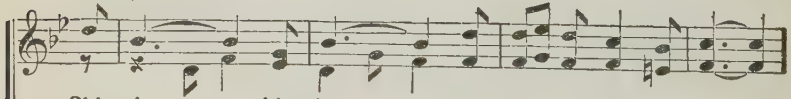
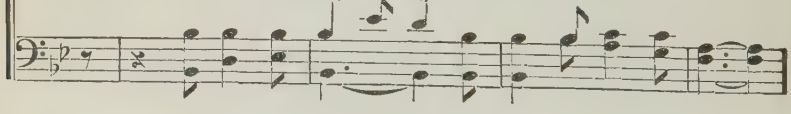
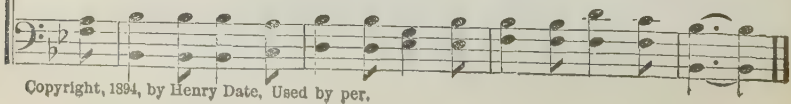


Shine in, ... shine in, ... O Light di-vine, shine in;
O Light shine in, shine in,
Come in, ... come in, ... O Joy of joys, come in;
O Joy of joys, come in,
Come in, ... come in, ... O Life of life, come in;
O Life of life, come in,



Cre - ate true day my soul with-in, O Light of light, shine in.
Cre - ate true peace my soul with-in, O Joy of joys, come in.
A - wake true life my soul with-in, O Life of life, come in.



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365 (63)

Sunlight.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je-sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And billows round me roll,
3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I sweet communion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tend - ed fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;

And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun - light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be-hind.
And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of His face, Thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Sun-light, sun-light in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun-light
to-day, yes,

all a-long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me,
nar - row way;

Took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.
load of sin,

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He Loves Me.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. The love of Je - sus is so sweet, And He loves me;
2. With man - na He my soul doth feed, For He loves me;
3. He leads me in the shin - ing light, For He loves me;
4. He takes the love of sin a - way, For He loves me;
5. What care I, tho' the world re - vile, While He loves me;
6. I walk with Je - sus in the light, And He loves me;

And fills my life with joy com-plete, For He loves me.
In pleas - ant pas-tures He doth lead, For He loves me.
En - robes my soul in garments white, For He loves me.
And keeps me saved from day to day, For He loves me.
I'm hap - py in my Sav-ior's smile, For He loves me.
In heav'n I'll walk with Him in white, For He loves me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus tru - ly loves me, ten - der-ly He loves me, Ho - ly is our fel - low-ship from day to day; And the path grows brighter, all its bur-dens light-er, As we walk to - geth-er in the King's high-way.

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367 (65) The Old Book Stands.

JOHN H. YATES. L. E. JONES.

1. From the Word of God light is shin-ing brightly out O'er life's
2. All its prom - is - es are more precious, far, than gold, Or than
3. In this pre-cious Book is the dear old sto - ry told Of the
4. Pre-cious Book of life, let us treasure each command, Heed-ing

o - cean, tem - pest - driven, Guid-ing past the rocks and the
pearls from deep - est sea; "Who - so - ev - er will" is the
Sav - ior and His love; And with joy we read of the
ev - 'ry pre - cept given, Till the strife is o'er and vic -

hid - den shoals of doubt To the bliss - ful port of heaven.
truth it doth un - fold, Pre - cious truth for you and me.
streets of pur - est gold, The Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.
to - ri - ous we stand With the blood-washed throng in heaven.

CHORUS.

The old Book stands! O yes, it stands! Firm as a rock 'mid shifting sands!

Billows may run high; tempests sweep the sky; Firmly the old Book stands!

Bil - lows may run high; tem - pests sweep the sky; the old Book stands!

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368 (66) The Promises of God.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I was wand'ring in a wil - der-ness of deep despair and sin,
2. I was fol-lowed by the tempter, as he watched me day by day,
3. Af - ter days of joy - ful dreaming, came a time of grief and care,
4. So I pave the path be - fore me with the prom-is - es of God,

And my feet were growing wea-ry of the road; But my sor-row,
While I sought the shining path my Sav-ior trod; But with pan - o -
When I sank be-neath the heav-y chast'ning rod; And the heart so
They have brightened ev'ry step my feet have trod; And this shin-ing,

doubt and care Fled when Jesus met me there, And I learned to trust the
ply and shield, And the Spirit's sword to wield, I have conquered thro' the
torn by grief Found its comfort and re - lief Only through the blessed
hap - py way Brightens in - to per - fect day, Thro' the nev-er fail - ing

CHORUS.

prom-is - es of God. I be-lieve the prom - is - es of God,

I can trust His nev - er-fail-ing Word: When earthly hopes shall fail, Or

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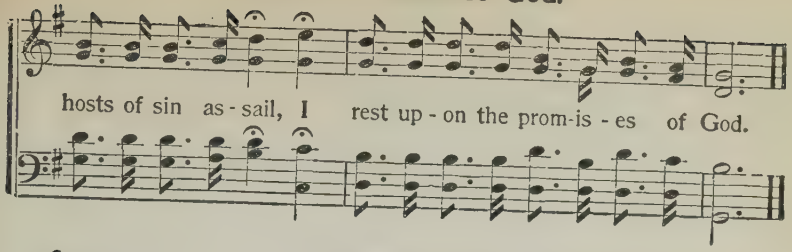

369 (67) Ever Will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fa-ther, in the morn-ing Un-to Thee I pray,
2. At the bus-y noon-tide, Press'd with work and care,
3. When the eve-ning shadows Chase a-way the light,
4. Thus in life's glad morn-ing, In its bright noon-day,

Let Thy lov-ing kind-ness Keep me through this day.
Then I'll wait with Je-sus Till He hear my pray'r.
Fa-ther, then I'll pray Thee, Bless Thy child to-night.
In the shadowy eve-ning, Ev-er will I pray.

CHORUS.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev-er will I pray;
I will pray, I will pray, ev-er will I pray;

Morn-ing, noon and eve-ning Un-to Thee I'll pray.
Un-to Thee I'll pray.

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370 (68) Treasure up the Sunbeams.

FANNIE BOLTON. L. E. JONES.

1. There are days of gold-en sunshine, When no shadow dims the blue,
2. There are days of ra-diant blessing, When the life is full of song;
3. Then let joy light up our fac-es, Tho' the day be e'er so drear,

When the leaves drink in the brightness, And the flow'rs take deeper hue,
When thy cour-age is un-daunt-ed, And thy heart with-in is strong;
Je-sus' love, like glowing hearth-fire, Fills the darkest day with cheer;

When the for-est stores the sunbeams For a shadowy win-ter day;
Heav-en's splendor shines a-bout you, Joy-ous seems the upward way;
With thy store of light and gladness Thou may'st clear the mists of doubt,

Then, O heart of mine, learn les-sons For thine own life's way.
Treas-ure up love's gold-en sunbeams For a shadowy day.
And the shades will van-ish as you Let love's sun-beams out.

CHORUS.

Let us treas - - ure up the sun - - beams That the
Treas-ure up the sunbeams, let us treas-ure up the sunbeams,

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Treasure up the Sunbeams.

Mas - ter sends in love, For they make . . . . . the
Mas-ter sends in love, that the Mas-ter sends in love, Make the path-way brighter.

path-way bright - er to the glo - ry land a - bove.
For they make the path-way brighter To the glo - ry land a - bove.

371 (69) More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTIS. W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ; More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whisper Thy praise, This be the

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee; More love to Thee.
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee; More love to Thee.
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee; More love to Thee.

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372 (70) We Will Scatter Sunshine.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. We will scat-ter sun-shine ev - 'ry-where we go, Light-en oth-er's bur-dens, lift the weight of woe, Singing songs of glad-ness with each pass-ing day, Driv-ing care and sor - row and dark-ness a - way.
2. We will light the path-way for the weak and lone, And make God's sweet mes-sage of sal-va-tion known; We will tell the sto - ry of re - deeming love, Pointing all earth's pil-grims to heav-en a - bove.
3. We will cheer the wea-ry all the way a - long, Thrill their hearts with cour-age and in - spir - ing song; Comfort them and bless them, love and help be-stow; Tell the love of Je - sus wher - ev - er we go.

CHORUS.

We are the chil - dren of the Prince of Peace, Scatt'ring the sunshine o - ver this world of His, Cheer-ing and bright'ning the

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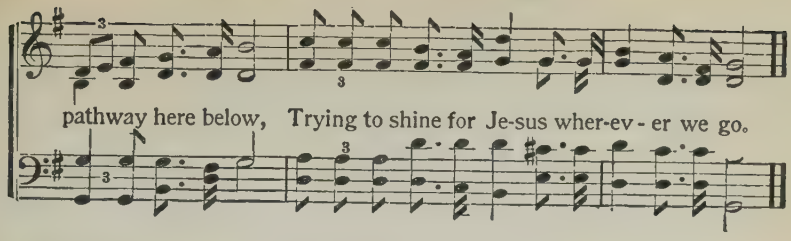
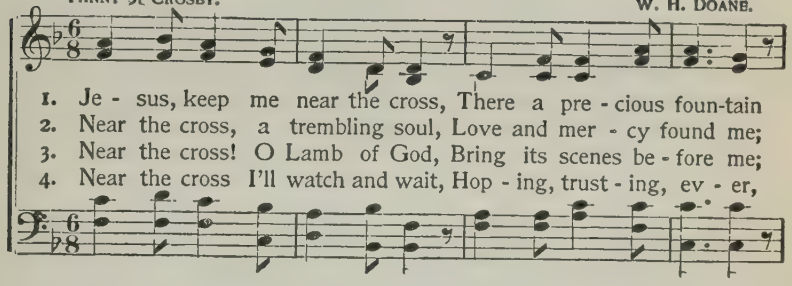
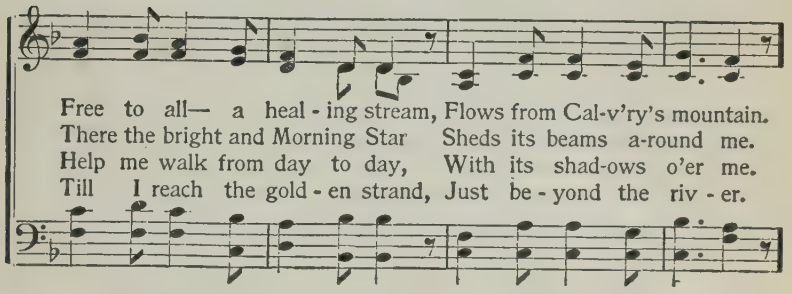
We Will Scatter Sunshine.



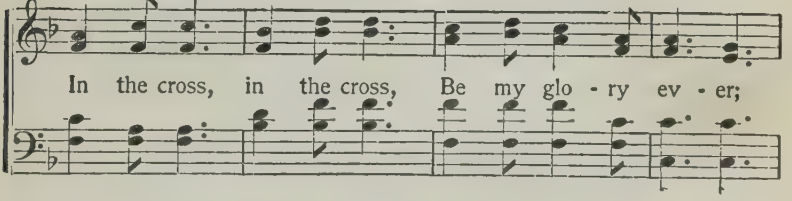
373 (71) Near the Cross.

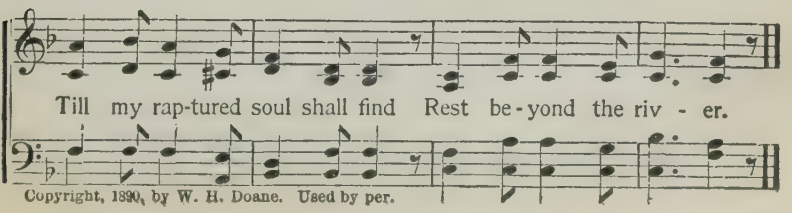
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.





CHORUS.





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We March to Victory.

G. MOULTRIE. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be -

fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His

1, 2, 3, Last. FINE.

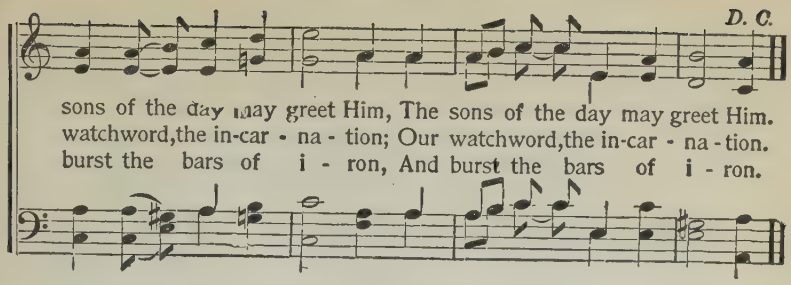
ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us; o'er us.

His arm

1. We come in the might of the Lord of Light, With ar - mor bright to
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met His sal-
3. And the choir of angels with song a-waits Our march to the golden

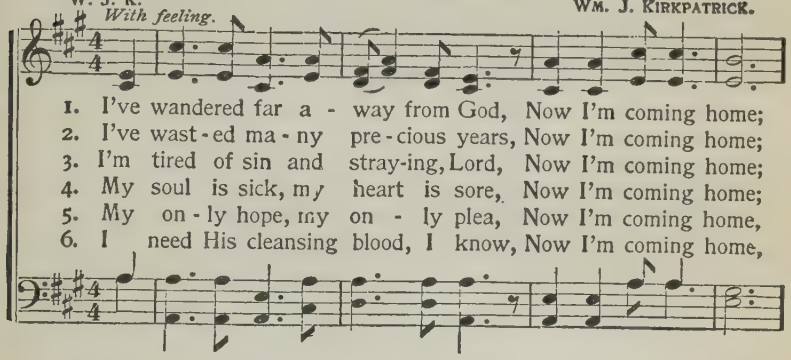
meet Him; And we put to flight the ar-mies of night That the
va - tion; Our ban-ner the cross of Cal - va - ry; Our
Zi - on; For our Cap-tain has broken the bra - zen gates, And

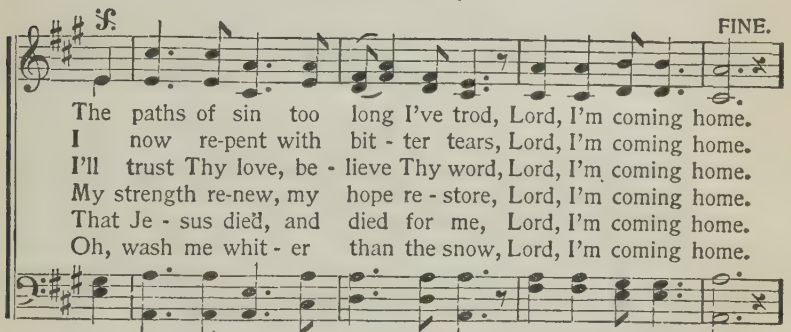
We March to Victory.



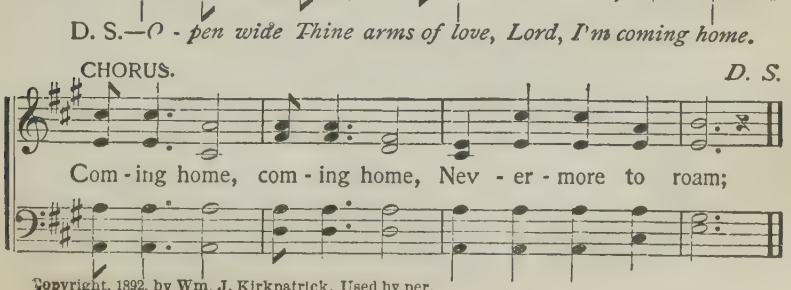
375 (73) Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. *With feeling.* Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.*



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376 (76) Keep Tenting Toward the Highlands.

F. E. B.
All Soprano and Tenor voices

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Are you tenting on the low-lands Of the fa - ted, flow-'ry plain?
2. Does old Sod-om in her glo - ry Beckon you with ease or gain?
3. To the mountains of sal - va-tion! Hear the an-gel, Mer-cy, call;

Dim.

Are you near-ing life's high mountains, As the night comes on a - gain?
Heed her aw - ful judg-ment sto - ry; Linger not, her joys are vain.
Do not tar - ry! look not backward! Hasten on ere vengeance fall.

CHOIR.

Keep tent - ing toward the high - lands, ... Each
Keep tent - ing toward the high - lands of life,

eve-ning near - er home; Keep tent-ing toward the
sweet home; Keep tent-ing toward the

high - lands, . . . Keep tent-ing near - er home. . . . .
high-lands of life, heav'nly home.

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377 (77) Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv-ants, Whether it be
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching,
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

rit. REFRAIN.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
Will He an-swer thee— Well done? Oh, can we say we are
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?

read-y, broth-er? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find

you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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378 (78) What a Wonderful Savior!

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
4. He walks be-side me in the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

We are redeemed! the price is paid, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
That rec-on-ciled my soul to God, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And now He reigns and rules there-in, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And keeps me faith-ful day by day, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

CHORUS.

What a won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Je-sus!

What a won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Savior!
And triumph in each conflict hour,
What a wonderful Savior!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Savior!
The world shall never share a part,
What a wonderful Savior!

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379 (79) For Christ and the Church.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. For Christ and the church let our voic-es ring, Let us hon - or the
2. For Christ and the church be our earnest pray'r, Let us fol - low His
3. For Christ and the church willing off'rings make, Time and talents and
4. For Christ and the church let us cast a - side, By His con-quer-ing

name of our own blessed King, Let us work with a will in the
ban - ner, the cross dai - ly bear, Let us yield, whol-ly yield, to His
gold, for the dear Master's sake; We'll re-mem-ber the best we can
grace, chains of self, fear and pride; May our lives be en-riched by an

strength of youth, And loy - al - ly stand for the king-dom of truth.
Spir-it's pow'r, And faith-ful - ly serve Him in life's brightest hour.
bring to Him, The heart's wealth of love, that will nev - er grow dim.
aim so grand, Then hap - py the call to the Sav-ior's right hand.

CHORUS.

For Christ our dear Re-deem-er, For Christ who died to save,
For Christ For Christ

For the church His blood hath purchased, Lord, make us pure and brave.
For the church

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The Evergreen Shore.

WM. APPEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sail - ing life's tem-pest - uous sea, (tem-pest - uous sea,) We be-
2. Where the bil - lows fierce-ly roll, (so fierce - ly roll,) And we
3. Tho' the clouds be dark as night,(be dark as night,) Tho' our
4. When at last we reach the land, (we reach the land,) Where the

hold (we be - hold) be-yond the lea (be-yond the lea) Heaven's
fear (and we fear) the treach'rous shoal,(the treach'rous shoal,) Faith be-
barque (tho' our barque) be frail and light, (be frail and light,) We shall
saints (where the saints) in glo - ry stand, (in glo - ry stand,) On the

bright and ev-er-green shore, (o - ver there,)Where the tempests rage no more.
holds the ev-er-green shore, (o - ver there,)Where the storms alarm no more.
reach the ev-er-green shore, (o - ver there,)Where all danger will be o'er.
tran - quil ev-er-green shore, (o - ver there,)We shall sin and sigh no more.

CHORUS.

ev - er-green shore, ev - er-green shore,
Evergreen shore, ... ev-er-green shore; . . . . . We be-

We be-hold the ev - er-green shore, Evergreen shore. . . . .
hold, ... the evergreen shore, ... ev-er-green shore.

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The Evergreen Shore.

ev-er-green shore, ... Where the tem - pests rage no more.

ev-er-green shore, Where the tempests rage no more.

381 (81) 'Tis Better on Before.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. I. N. McHOSE.

1. God's love has sweetened all my life With gladness more and more;
2. So blest am I, my cup of joy Is dai - ly run - ning o'er;
3. For God's sweet gift of per-fect peace His good-ness I a - dore,
4. It does not seem that my dear Lord Of love could give me more,

And still, tho' bright the days have been, 'Tis bet-ter on be - fore.
And yet I learn, with each new day, 'Tis bet-ter on be - fore.
And on - ward reach to deep-er joys; 'Tis bet-ter on be - fore.
But lar - ger meas-ures He be - stows; 'Tis bet-ter on be - fore.

CHORUS.

'Tis bet-ter . . . . still bet-ter, . . . Far bet-ter on be - fore;

on be-fore, on be-fore,

'Tis bet-ter, . . . yes, bet-ter, . . . 'Tis bet-ter on be - fore.

on be-fore, on be-fore,

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382 (82) While the Days are Passing By.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. There are lives our love may brighten, While the days are passing by;
2. Some are faint-ing on the high-ways, While the days are passing by;
3. Souls for love and help are pray-ing, While the days are passing by;

There are cares that we may light-en, While the days are pass-ing by.
Some are fall - ing in the by-ways, While the days are pass-ing by.
Should our help be still de - lay-ing, While the days are pass-ing by?

For a - round us ev - 'ry-where, Men their sins and bur - dens bear,
Wea-ry wan-der - ers in sin To the Sav - ior we may win;
Up, ye faith - ful souls and true, There are calls to me and you!

f *ff* FINE.

And these bur-dens we may share, While the days are pass-ing by.
Shall we help to bring them in, While the days are pass-ing by?
Much of good we all may do, While the days are pass-ing by.

D.S.–*O the good we all may do, While the days are pass-ing by!*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Passing by, pass-ing by, While the days are passing by,
pass-ing by, pass-ing by,

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Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most; I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my
2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most; Je - sus is near, Keep-ing me
3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most; this I can say, Once all was
4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most; cheer-ful - ly sing Loud hal - le -

Sav - ior, sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a
safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust-ing His prom - is - es,
dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
lu - ias to Je - sus, my King! Ransom'd and par-don'd, re -

wit-ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don and sav-ing from sin.
how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright-ness re-veal'd un-to me.
deem'd by His blood, Cleans'd from un-right-eous-ness, glo-ry to God!

REFRAIN.

Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter-most; Sav'd, sav'd, by pow-er di - vine;

Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter-most; Je - sus, the Sav-ior is mine.

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384 (84) The Cross is not Greater.

B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsemane.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bringing, It a-lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

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385 (87) Lovingly, Tenderly Calling.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Je-sus, the lov-ing Shepherd, Calleth thee now to come In - to the
2. Je-sus, the lov-ing Shepherd, Gave His dear life for thee; Ten-der - ly
3. Lin-ger-ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are abroad to-day, Seeking the

fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of
now He's calling, "Wan-der-er, come to me:" Haste! for with-out is
sheep who're straying, Seek-ing the lambs to slay; Je - sus, the lov-ing

man-hood, Come in the morn of youth, En-ter the fold of safe-ty,
dan - ger, "Come," cries the Shepherd blest, En-ter the fold of safe-ty,
Shepherd, Call - eth thee now to come, En-ter the fold of safe-ty,

CHORUS.

Enter the way of truth.
Enter the place of rest. Lovingly, tenderly calling is He, "Wanderer, wanderer, Where there is rest and room.

Rit.

come unto me;" Patiently waiting, there standing I see Jesus, my Shepherd divine.

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Perishing Souls.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There are souls, perishing souls, o-ver the sea, Per-ish-ing
2. Bless-ed work, beau-ti-ful work, children of light, Grate-ful-ly
3. Lift the cross, Calvary's cross! near and afar, Numberless

o - ver the sea,

souls in our own na-tive land; Bearing the mes-sage of love ev - er -
tell of the Mas-ter we love, Witnessing dai - ly of Him who hath
hearts shall acknowledge its pow'r; Hasten the day when the nations shall

last - ing and free, Let us reach them a kind, help - ing hand.
scat - tered our night, And pre-pares us for man - sions a - bove.
fol - low His star, Hail the dawn of the bright, gold-en hour.

CHORUS.

Per - ish-ing souls, o - ver the sea; Ju - bi-lant
per - ish-ing souls, o - ver the sea;

songs floating o-ver the waves, Carry the joy, won-der-ful
Car-ry the joy,

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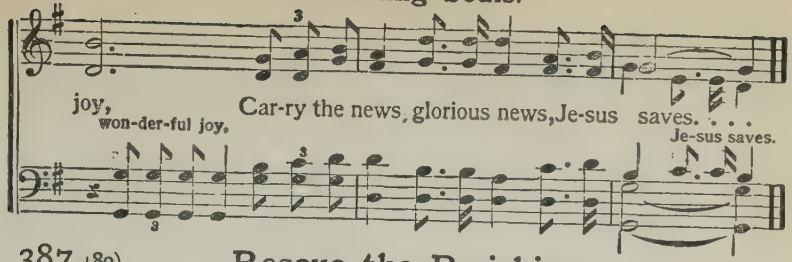
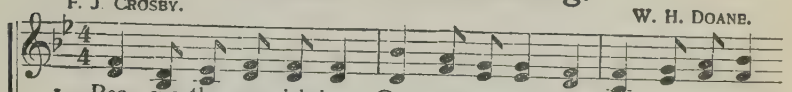
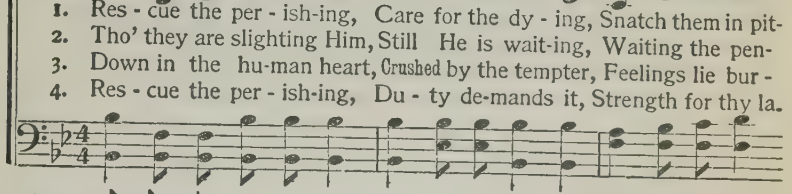


387 (89) Rescue the Perishing.

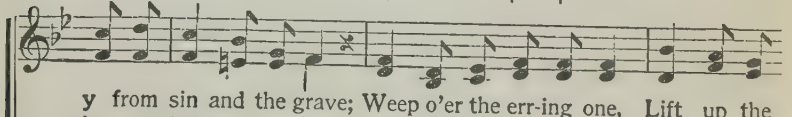
F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



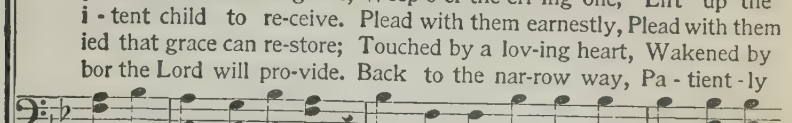
1. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit-
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Waiting the pen-
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur -
4. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it, Strength for thy la-



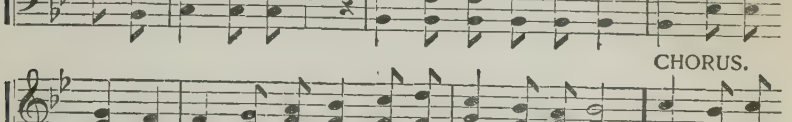
y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the
i - tent child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them
ied that grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by
bor the Lord will pro-vide. Back to the nar-row way, Pa - tient - ly

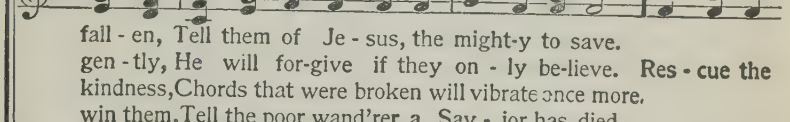


CHORUS.

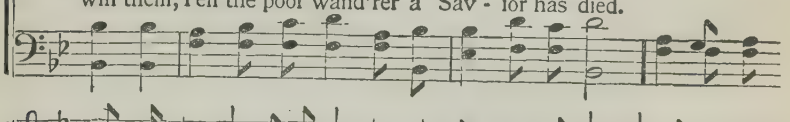


fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the might-y to save.
gen - tly, He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. **Res - cue the**
kindness, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
win them, Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - ior has died.





per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Jesus will save.



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Love's Reason.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.

Not too fast.

1. Some mortals may wonder how heav-en can bend Down, down to the
2. Sin - ful and un-worth-y all men we be - hold, Guilt - y of trans-
3. Where now are the treasures of heart and of mind, Once lavished up-
4. Love ten - der-ly pleadeth, "Soul, o-pen the door! Thy Savior would

low - ly and speak as a friend; Some ask 'us the ques - tion
gres - sion, strayed far from the fold; Why should they be ransom'd
on thee by heav-en so kind? Why seeketh the Sav - ior
en - ter to leave thee no more." All heav-en is wait - ing

how jus-tice can spare; Go, search in the Scriptures, Love's reason is there.
at in - fi-nite cost? Why should the Good Shepherd seek aft-er the lost?
a heart so de - filed? Why yearns He to save thee, O prod-i - gal child?
thine answer to know; How can'st thou re-fuse Him Who loveth thee so?

CHORUS.

Love's rea-son is am-ple, Love's measure is full; Sins deep-er than

scar-let shall be white as wool. Come, wash in the foun-tain

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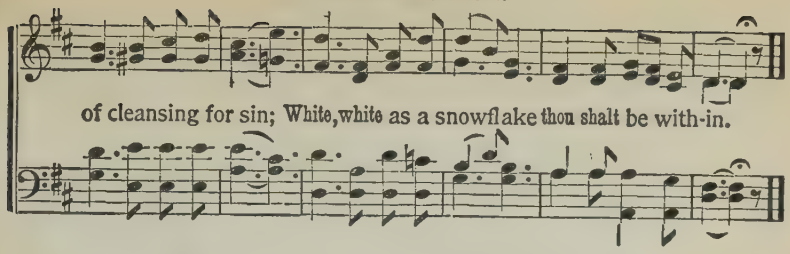
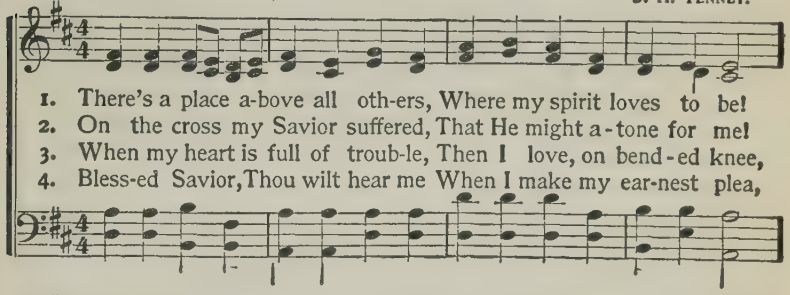
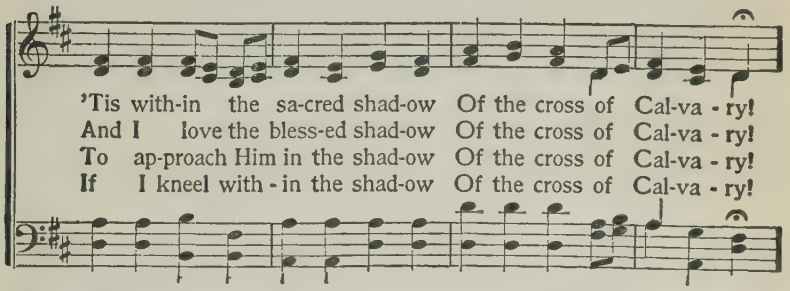
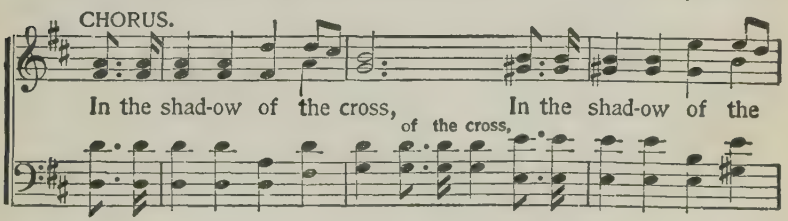


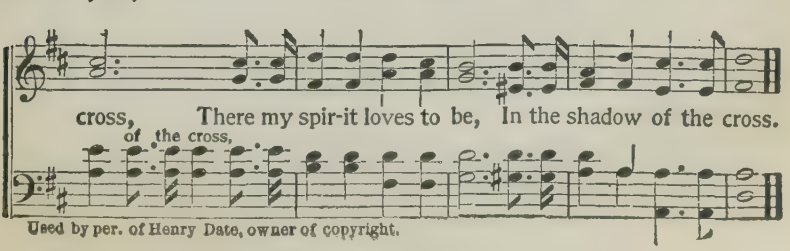
389 (91) In the Shadow of the Cross.

E. R LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.









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Toil Faithfully On.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Ye toil - ers for Je - sus, be earnest to - day, Toil faith-ful-ly on; The har - vest is read - y, then has - ten a - way; The
2. The cry of the sad and the sor-row-ing hear, Toil faith-ful-ly on; A woe you may light - en and ban - ish a tear, Or
3. To Je - sus be loy - al, to Je - sus be true, Toil faith-ful-ly on; Seek dai - ly some work in the vine-yard to do; The

D. S.—*Toil on till the la - bor of life shall be done, And* sheaves must be garner'd, oh, why should we stay? Go gather the souls that have brighten a life that is lone-ly and drear, There's many a heart you may har-vest is great and the lab'rers are few, And Jesus has need, earnest *many to Christ and His kingdom be won, To shine with a glory more*

FINE. CHORUS.

wander'd a - stray, Toil faithfully on. Toil patiently on, ...
com-fort and cheer, Toil faithfully on.
toil - er, of you, Toil faithfully on. pa-tient-ly on,

bright than the sun, Toil faithfully on.

D. S.

Toil faithfully on, . . . Toil earnestly on, ... Toil lovingly on;
faith-ful-ly on, ear-nest-ly on,

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391 (93) He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won-der-ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der - ful
2. A won-der-ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num-ber-less blessings each moment He crowns, And filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness, transported I rise To meet Him in

Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
full-ness di - vine, I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo - ry to God For
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll

CHORUS.

riv - ers of pleas-ure I see.
giv - eth me strength as my day. He hid - eth my soul in the
such a Re-deem - er as mine!
shout with the mill-ions on high.

cleft of the rock That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the

depths of His love, And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

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392 (94) He Took My Place.

W. S. M. W. S MARTIN.

1. In won-drous grace, He took my place Up - on the cru - el tree;
2. From heav'n above, in wondrous love, To save the lost He came;
3. We hail the hour of wondrous pow'r When from the grave He rose,

He bore my guilt, His blood He spilt From sin to set me free.
The Lamb of God! He shed His blood Up - on the cross of shame.
And rent in twain sin's might - y chain, And triumphed o'er His foes.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, ... my Sav-ior is He! . . . . . .
Glo - ry to God, my Sav - ior is He!

In His great love. . . . . He saves e - ven me! . . . . . Soon I shall
In His great love, saves e - ven me!

see. . . . . Him face to face, Praise Him in heav'n for all of His grace.
Soon I shall see

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393 (95) I Need Thee, Lord.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. When cherished joys have tak-en wing, And sorrow wounds me
2. When sin dis-turbs my ho-ly peace, And leaves my soul in
3. When longs my soul for deep-er rest, To be with all Thy
4. When strong temp-ta-tions me as-sail, And o'er my will al-
5. I need Thee, dear-est Lord, just now While at Thy throne of

with its sting, Then to Thy cross for help I cling, For
sore dis-tress, To be re-stored to hap-pi-ness, I
full-ness blest, To be of per-fect peace pos-sessed, Oh,
most pre-vail, Lest faith and cour-age then should fail, I
grace I bow; To help me pay to Thee my vow, I

CHORUS.

then I need Thee, Lord!
need Thee, precious Lord.
then I need Thee, Lord. I need Thee, precious Lord! I have no help be-
need Thee, gracious Lord.
need Thee, my dear Lord.

side; In ev-'ry time of need, Dear Christ, with me a-bide!

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394 (96) Just the Same To-day.

EBEN E. REXFORD. M. L. MCPHAIL.

Not too fast.

1. There are times when we grow weary Of the bur-dens of the day,
2. Oh, the thought is full of com-fort To the heart that's weary grown.
3. Heart of mine, what are thy burdens To the bur-den of the Cross?

When we long to have them lightened, Or be lift-ed quite a-way.
He who knew and bore men's sorrows, Leaves us not to walk a-lone.
Canst thou not be strong-er, braver?—Better bear earth's pain and loss?

f.

Then a sweet voice seems to whisper, "All the load up-on me lay.
His great heart is touched with pity, And He wipes our tears a-way;
Oh, re-mem-ber and take courage, He is nev-er far a-way

D. S.—*All our burdens and our sorrows Will be lift-ed quite a-way,*

FINE.

When on earth I bore men's burdens—I am just the same to-day!"
Oh, this Christ who wept with Mary—He is just the same to-day!
Whom they called the Friend of sinners—He is just the same to-day!

If we on-ly trust in Je-sus, For He's just the same to-day.

CHORUS.

He is just the same to-day, Yes, He's just the same to-day,

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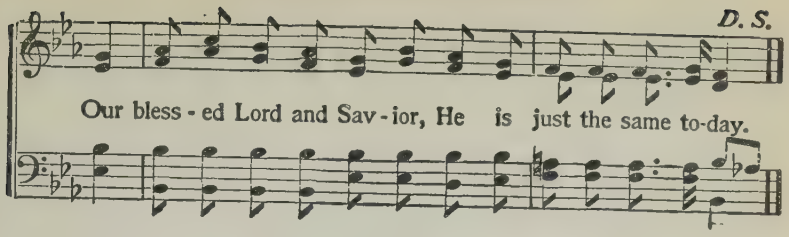
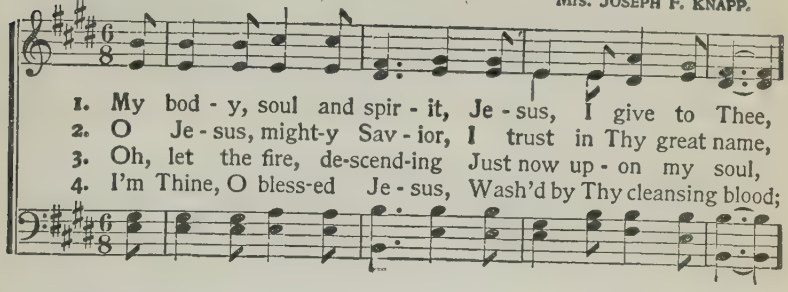
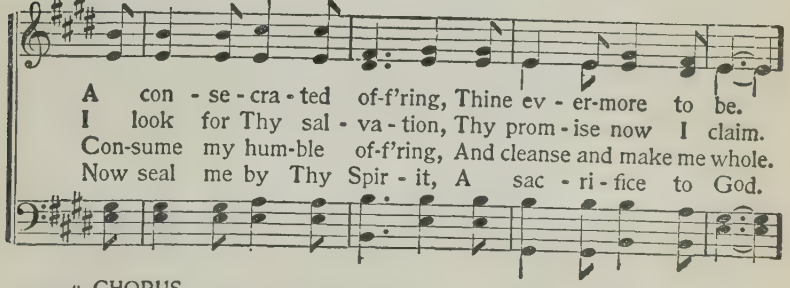
Just the Same To-day.

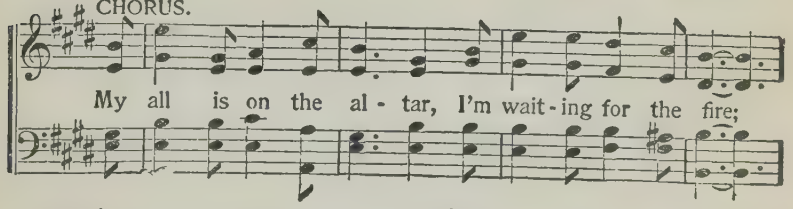


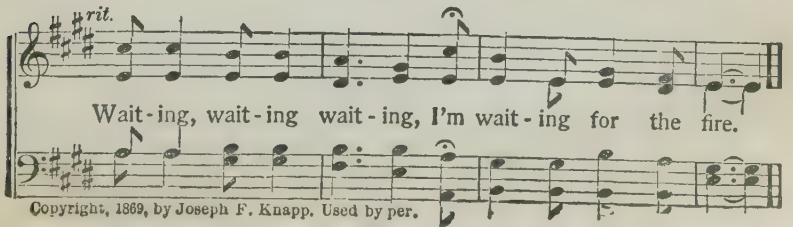
395 (97) My Body, Soul and Spirit.

MARY D. JAMES. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.









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396 (98) Go Tell the World of His Love.

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Heirs to the kingdom of Je - sus the Lord, Go tell the world of His
2. Think how He la-bor'd that we might have rest, Go tell the world of His
3. Plead with the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of His

love; Pub-lish the bless-ings that flow from his word, Go tell the
love; Think how He suf-fer'd that we might be bless'd, Go tell the
love; Je - sus is wait - ing, He'll save them to - day, Go tell the

world of His love; Love that has pur-chased re-demp-tion from sin,
world of His love; Saved by His mer - cy, up - held by His care,
world of His love; Love that is near - est when earth joys are past,

Love that makes hap - py the spir - it with - in, Love that will
Tell of the good - ness we con - stant - ly share; Fill'd with His
Light - ing our path-way by clouds o - ver - cast; Love that will

D. S.—*Heirs to the*

FINE.

help us our conquest to win, Go tell the world of His love.
full - ness, no long-er for-bear, Go tell the world of His love.
bring us to glo - ry at last, Go tell the world of His love.

king-dom of Je - sus the Lord, Go tell the world of His love.

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Go Tell the World of His Love.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of His love, . . . of His love.

397 (99) Savior, Take Me.

JOHN BURTON. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-ior, while my heart is ten - der, I would yield that heart to Thee;
2. Take me now, Lord Je-sus, take me, Let my wayward heart be Thine,
3. Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me, On - ly do Thou guide my way;
4. Let me do Thy will, or bear it, I would know no will but Thine;
5. Thine I am, O Lord, for - ev - er, To Thy serv-ice set a - part;

All my pow'rs to Thee sur-ren - der, Thine and on - ly Thine to be.
Thy de - vot - ed serv-ant make me, Fill my soul with love di - vine.
May Thy grace thro' life at-tend me, Glad-ly then shall I o - bey.
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it, I that life to Thee re - sign.
Suf - fer me to leave Thee nev - er, Seal Thine im - age on my heart.

CHORUS.

Sav - ior, take me, Sav-ior, take me, Make and keep me all thine own,

Till Thy per - fect likeness wear-ing, I shall stand be-fore Thy throne.

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398 (100) Rally Round the Standard.

L. E. JONES. Alt. L. E. JONES.

1. There is need of val-iant sol-diers in the ar - my of the Lord,
2. Strongly guarded and de - fend-ed are the bat - tle-ments of sin;
3. All good an-gels will go with you, and the Cap-tain of the host;

To ral - ly round the standard of the cross; With a ho - ly con - se-
Oh, ral - ly round the standard of the cross! But with Christ our blest Com-
Then, ral-ly round the standard of the cross! And your crown be gemm'd with

cra-tion and un-wav-'ring faith in God, Oh, ral - ly round the standard
man-der, we the vic - to - ry shall win; Oh, ral - ly round the standard
jew - els for the res - cue of the lost; Then, ral - ly round the standard

CHORUS.

of the cross! Round the standard ral-ly, at the Master's word; It must

nev - er know de-feat or suf - fer loss; Round the standard ral - ly

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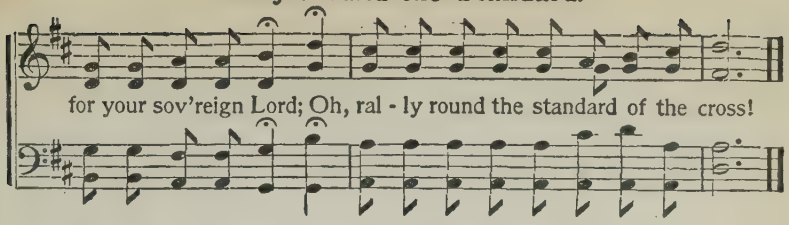
Rally Round the Standard.



399 (101) Yield not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. { Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will
Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions subdue, Look ev - er to

2. { Shun e - vil com-pan-ions; Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in
Be thoughtful and ear-nest, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to

3. { To Him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will
He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will renew; Look ev - er to

1 2

help you Some oth - er to win.
Je - sus, *Omit.* . . . . . } He'll car - ry you through.
rev'rence, Nor take it in vain.
Je - sus, *Omit.* . . . . . } He'll car - ry you through.
con-quer, Though oft-en cast down.
Je - sus, *Omit.* . . . . . } He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you,

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

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400 (102) My Mother's Bible.

M. B. WILLIAMS. C. D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which re-
2. There she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls the hap-py days of long a - go, When I stood at moth-er's knee,
suf-fer'd, bled and died up-on the tree, Of His heav - y load of care;
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Then she dried my flowing tear With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my mother taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words abide.

CHORUS.

Blessed book, ... precious book, . . . On thy dear old tear-stain'd
Bless-ed Book, pre-cious Book,

leaves I love to look; . . . . . Thou art sweet-er day by day,
love to look;

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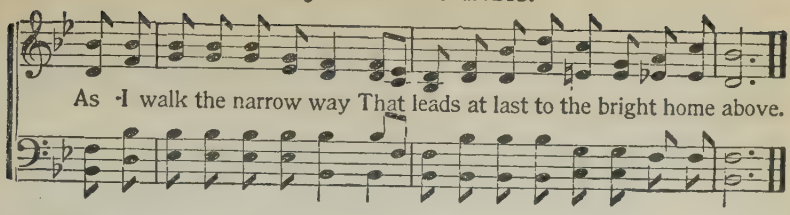
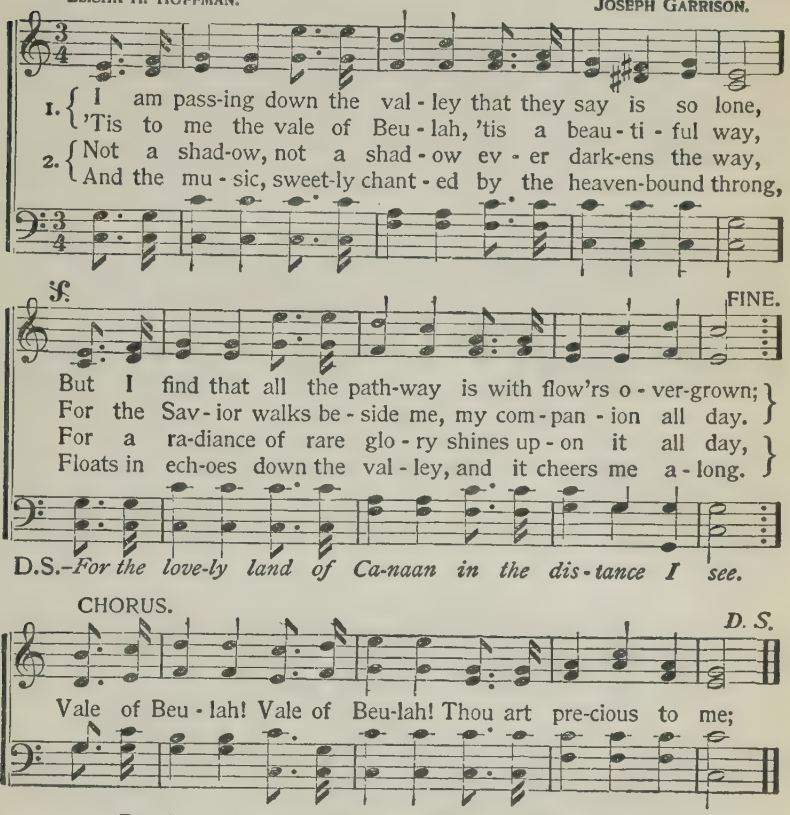
My Mother's Bible.



401 (103) Vale of Beulah.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. JOSEPH GARRISON.



3 Day by day I feel the presence of the dear Savior near,
And each moment fills with gladness as His kind voice I hear;
For He comforts and He helps me by the words that He saith,
And He kindles love within me, and He strengthens my faith.

4 So I journey with rejoicing t'ward the City of Light,
While each day my joy is deeper, and the path grows more bright,
And I near the open portals of the kingdom above,
For this highway leads to Canaan, to the kingdom of love.

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402 (104) When the Saints are Marching In.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shin - ing gate, Where the an - gels wait, When the
2. Part - ed friends shall meet On the gold - en street, When the
3. Ev - 'ry tongue and race Shall ex - tol God's grace, When the
4. To the Lamb once slain, But who lives a - gain, When the

saints . . . . . are march-ing in, ... The re -
saints . . . . . are march-ing in, ... Spot-less
saints . . . . . are march-ing in, ... And the
saints . . . . . are march-ing in, ... We shall

When the saints are march-ing in.

deemed shall come And be crowned at home, When the saints . . . are
robes shall wear, Victors' palms shall bear, When the saints . . . are
blood-washed throng Shall re - peat the song, When the saints . . . are
of - fer praise Thro' e - ter - nal days, When the saints . . . are

When the saints

CHORUS.

marching in. When the saints . . are marching in, When the

When the saints are marching in.

saints . . are marching in, What a won-der-ful cho-rus

When the saints are marching in.

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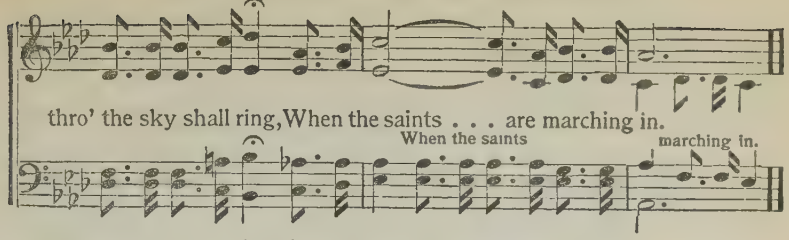
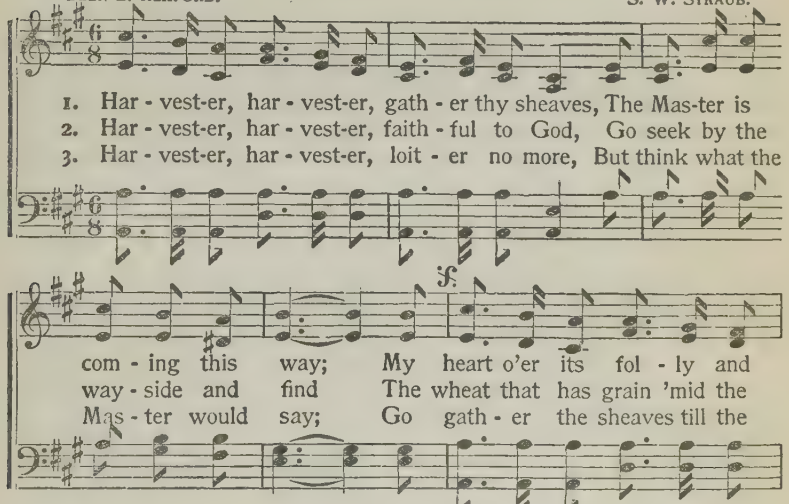
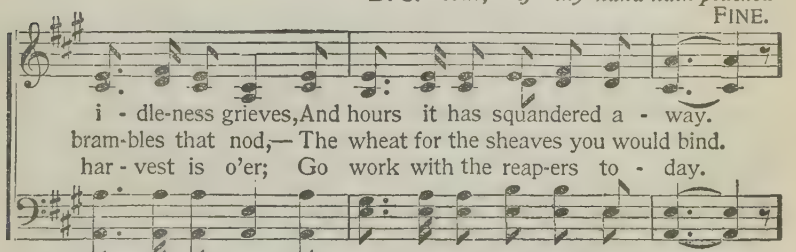
When the Saints are Marching In.

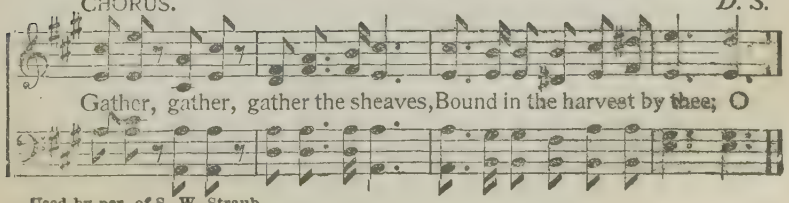


403 (105) Gather the Sheaves.

EBEN E. REXFORD. S. W. STRAUB.







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404 (106) Where His Voice is Guiding.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hark, 'tis the Master! He's calling you to-day, Follow where His voice is guiding;
2. New fields of blessing will open to your view, Follow where His voice is guiding;
3. What tho' temptations may beckon you aside? Follow where His voice is guiding;

Look for His footprints along the heav'nward way, Follow where His voice is guiding.
Seeking His Spirit, your dai-ly strength renew, Follow where His voice is guiding.
Un-der His banner in loy - al-ty a - bide, Fol-low where His voice is guiding.

He . . . who lives for-ev - er-more, Trod this earthly path be-fore,
Press - ing onward, glad and free, Sweet - er will His service be,
Though the way seem hard and long, Faith will sing her cheery song;

Knows its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.
Rich - er His re-wards of love, Foretastes of the feast a - bove.
Soon we'll lay the burdens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

CHORUS.

Follow, fol-low where His voice is guiding, Follow, follow where His voice is
Fol - low where His voice is guid-ing, Fol - low where His voice is

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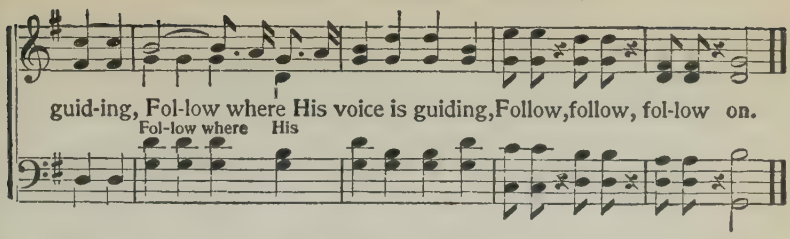
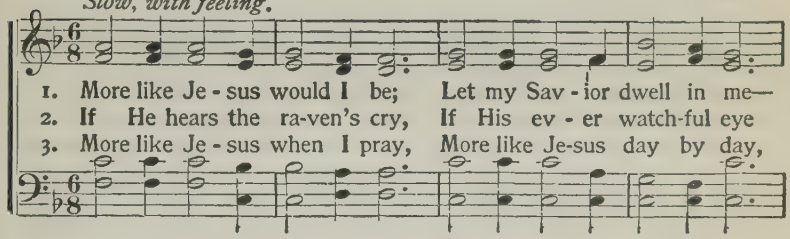
Where His Voice is Guiding.

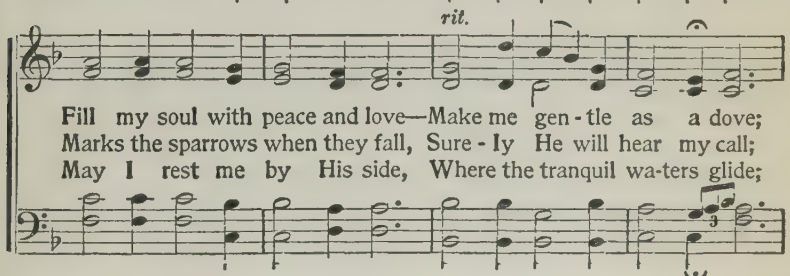


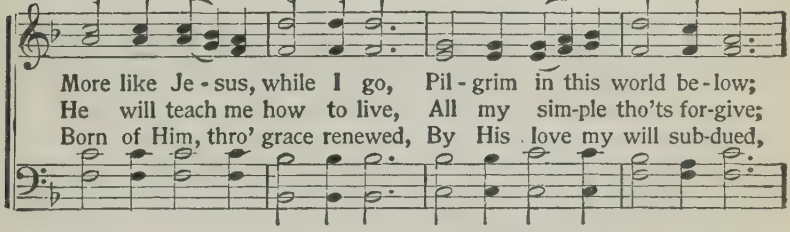
405 (107) More Like Jesus.

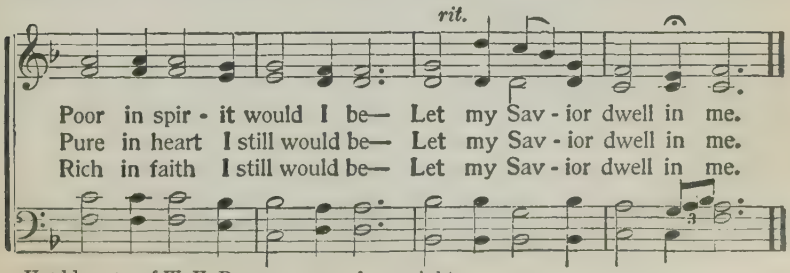
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Slow, with feeling.









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406 (108) I Go to Prepare a Place.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Bless-ed prom-ise of the Mas-ter, faith-ful, true in ev - 'ry line,
2. Ma - ny sad ones look with longing to the land from sorrow free,
3. At the dawn-ing of the morning when the bells of heav-en ring,

Com - ing from a heart of mer - cy, spok-en by the lips di-vine,
To the bright, e - ter - nal country just beyond death's narrow sea,
And the Sav-ior comes in glo - ry home His faith-ful ones to bring,

Cheer-ing hearts for comfort seeking, mak-ing earth with hope to shine:
To the promise which assures them that His own with Him shall be:
They will reign with Him for-ev - er, 'tis the prom-ise of the King:

CHORUS. *Jno. 14:3.*

"I go to prepare a place for you." And if I go . . . . and prepare a
"I go to prepare a place for you."
"I go to prepare a place for you."

And if I go and prepare a

place for you, I will come a-gain, I will come a-gain and re-

I will come a-gain, I will come a-gain,

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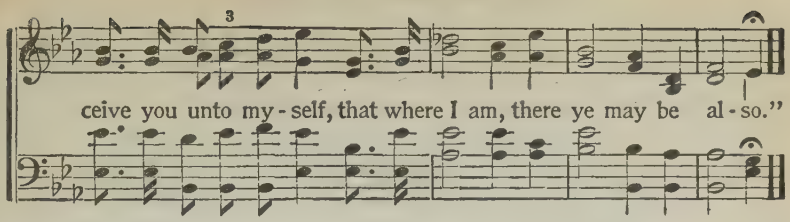
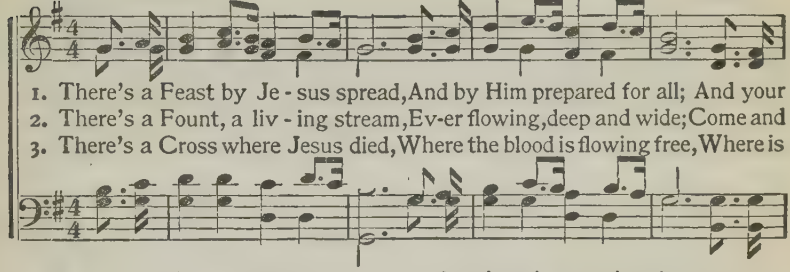
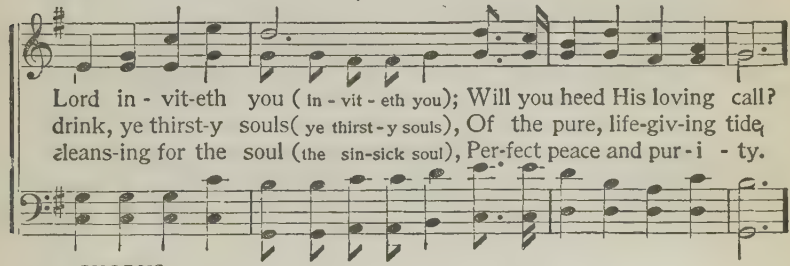
I Go to Prepare a Place.



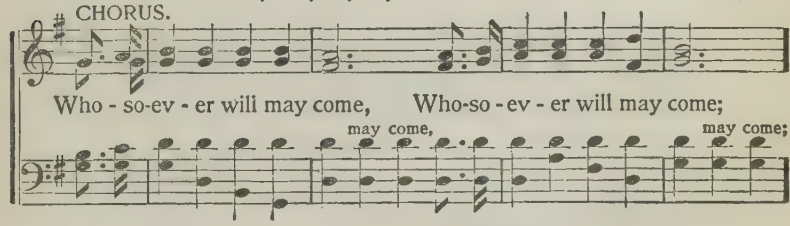
407 (109) Whosoever Will May Come.

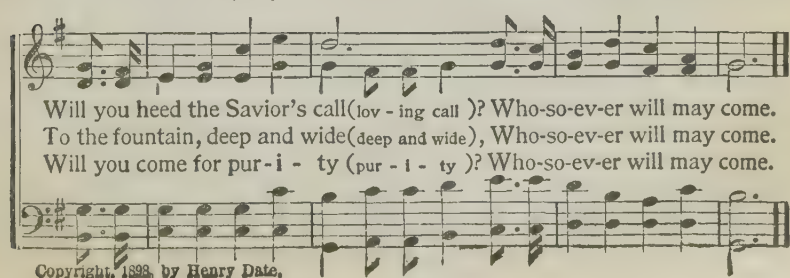
E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.





CHORUS.





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Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds A-long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live;
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful har-vest yield.
Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
With joy un - told, your sheaves of gold Will all be gar-nered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day . . . . . a-long your way, ... The seeds of
Then day by day a-long your way,

prom - - ise cast, . . . That ripened grain . . from hill and
The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain

plain . . . . Be gathered home . . . . at last. . . . . .
from hill and plain Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last. . . . . .

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409 (III) For God So Loved the World.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. O hear the mes-sage glad and sweet! He who on Christ be-liev-eth,
2. O hear the mes-sage once a - gain, The message of sal - va-tion,
3. O hear the mes-sage fraught with joy! God His dear Son has giv - en,

And trust-eth Him with all the heart, E - ter - nal life re - ceiv-eth.
Of par - don free to sin - ful men Of ev - 'ry land and na-tion.
That all who come to Him in faith Shall reign with Him in heav-en.

CHORUS.

For God so lov'd the world That His on - - ly
For God so lov'd the world That His on - ly

Son He gave That who - so - ev - - - - - er on His
Son He gave That who - so - ev - - er on His

name be - lieves, Ev - er - last - ing life shall have.

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410 (112) Hallelujah for the Prospect!

G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail

1. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry Of a bet - ter world a-bove;
2. By the crys-tal flow - ing riv - er, All its rip-ples flashing bright,
3. There will be no un-filled long-ing, Nor an un - a - vail-ing pray'r;

'Tis a par - a - dise of glo - ry Fill'd with endless peace and love;
There the sav'd shall dwell for-ev - er, Clad in garments pure and white;
Ev - 'ry heart will thrill with gladness, Joy will ban-ish pain and care;

All the fruit-age of its bow - ers, All its fragrant flow-ers rare,
There are leaves of wondrous heal - ing Growing by the riv - er - side,
There the seek-er finds his treas-ure, There the pilgrim finds his goal,

All its rich delights are prom-ised To the saints who gather there.
Per - fect health and beauty yield-ing Un - to those who there a-bide.
God will sat - is - fy His chil - dren In the home-land of the soul.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah for the pros - pect
Hal - le - lu - jah for the pros-pect! Hal - le - lu - jah for the pros-pect

Copyright, 1898, by Henry Date.

Hallelujah for the Prospect!

That when du - - - ty's path is trod,
That when du - ty's path is trod, That when du - ty's path is trod,

We shall dwell . . . . . a - mid the splen - dors
We shall dwell a - mid the splen-dors, We shall dwell a - mid the splen-dors

Rit.

Of the par - - - a - dise of God.
Of the par - a - dise of God, Of the par - a - dise of God.

411 (113) I'm Going Home.

WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

CHO. { *I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more!*
To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er-
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

412 (114) Stepping in the Light.

E. E Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to
2. Press-ing more closely to Him who is lead - ing, When we are
3. Walking in foot-steps of gen - tle for-bear-ance, Foot-steps of
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up-ward, still

fol-low our Savior and King; Shaping our lives by His bless-ed ex-
tempted to turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to de-
faithfulness, mercy, and love, Looking to Him for the grace free-ly
upward we'll follow our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His

CHORUS.

am-ple, Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.
fend us, Happy, how hap - py, our praises each day. How beautiful to
promised, Happy, how hap-py, our jour-ney a - bove.
beauty," Happy, how hap-py, our place at His side.

walk in the steps of the Savior, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light;

How beautiful to walk in the steps of the Savior, Led in paths of light.

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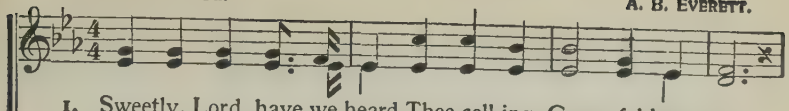
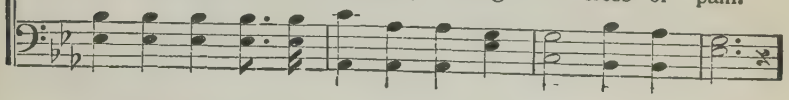
413 (115) Footsteps of Jesus.

MARY B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

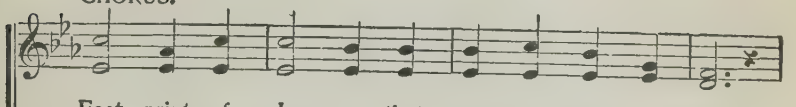


1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol-low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho-ly, Preaching the word;
4. Tho', dear Lord, in Thy path-way keep-ing, We fol-low Thee
5. If Thy way and its sor-rows shar-ing, We go a-gain,

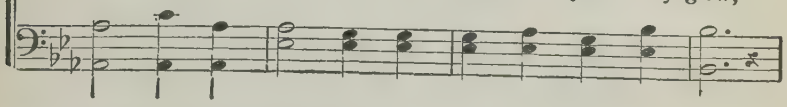
And we see where Thy foot-prints falling Lead us to Thee.
Or a-long by Si-lo-am's fountains, Help-ing the weak.
Or in homes of the poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord.
Thro' the gloom of that place of weep-ing, Geth-sem-a-ne!
Up the slope of the hill-side, bear-ing Our cross of pain.



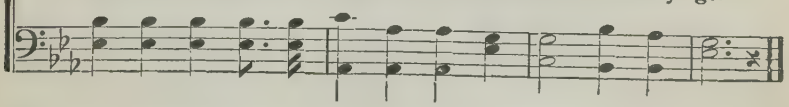
CHORUS.



Foot-prints of Je-sus, that make the path-way glow;



We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus wher-e'er they go.



6 By and by, through the shining por-
Turning our feet, [tals
We shall walk, with the glad immor-
Heaven's golden street. [tals,

7 Then at last, when on high He sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at His throne.

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414 (116) Lay Hold on the Life-Line.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

UNISON.

1. O ye who are drifting on the swift tides of sin, Near, near is the life-boat! Will ye not en - ter in? Wild storms are around you raging, why then de-lay? Why do you not grasp the line for rescue to-day?
2. See! there is a signal gleaming bright from the shore; Hark! voices are call - ing 'mid the loud tem-pest's roar; Look! there is a life-line floating close by your side, This, this is your only hope, there's no help beside.
3. Soul, you are in reach of safety, helpers are near; This faith should your courage strengthen—lo! God is here; While now there is hope of rescue, reach forth the hand, Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's command.

INST.

CHORUS.

{ Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Christ can save the per - ish-ing from sinking 'neath the wave; }
{ Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Je - sus Christ can res - cue you, for (*Omit.*) . . . . . }
He has pow'r to save.

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415 (117) J. W. V.

Looking This Way.

SOLO OR DUET

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O - ver the riv - er, fac - es I see, Fair as the morn-ing,
2. Fa-ther and moth-er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat-man
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet little dar - ling, light of the home, Look-ing for some one,
5. Je - sus the Sav-ior, bright Morning Star, Look-ing for lost ones

look-ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair,
wait for the sail, Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide,
com-ing some - time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow,
beck - on - ing come; Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew,
stray-ing a - far; Hear the glad mes -sage; why will you roam?

CHORUS.

Waiting and watch-ing pa-tient-ly there.
In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Watching for dear ones wait-ing be - low. Looking this way, yes,
Anx-ious-ly look - ing, moth-er, for you.
Je - sus is call - ing, "Sin-ner, come home."

looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way; Fair as the

morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry, looking this way.

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416 (118) Hosanna! Hosanna!

E. E. Hewitt. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. "Ho - san-na! ho - san-na!" the children were singing, Sing-ing in
2. Ho - san-na! ho - san-na! the birds in the wild-wood Hon-or their
3. Ho - san-na! ho - san-na! the palm waved before Him, Green, bud-ding

Zi - on, the cit - y so fair; "Ho - san - na! ho - san-na!" glad
Mak - er with car - ols of glee; Ho - san - na! ho - san-na! the
branches were strewn in His way; Ho - san - na! ho - san-na! we,

ech - oes were ring-ing, Cheer - i - ly float-ing up - on the soft air.
voic - es of childhood Blend in a chorus more joy - ous and free.
too, would a-dore Him, Grate-ful - ly bringing love's offering to-day.

Beau - ti - ful blos-soms the breez-es per - fum-ing, Sprang at His
"Who's this that com-eth, so meek and so low - ly?" Mul - ti - tudes
Glo - ry for - ev - er to Thee, ris - en Sav - ior! Still in Thy

feet, as the Mas - ter passed by; But lil - ies far sweet-er for
ques-tion; and chil - dren re - ply, "'Tis Je - sus of Naz - a - reth,
tem - ple the lit - tle ones sing; Now smile on our prais-es and

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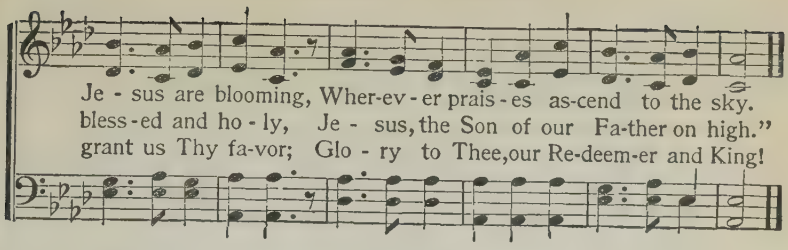
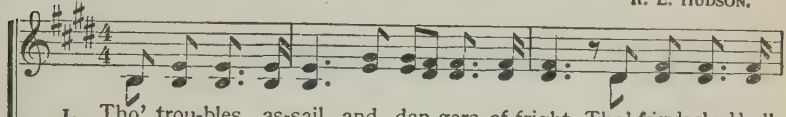
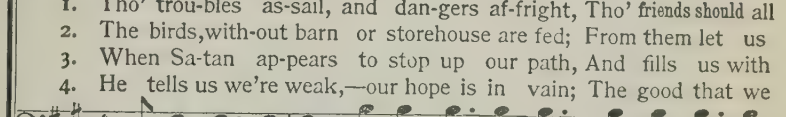
Hosanna! Hosanna!

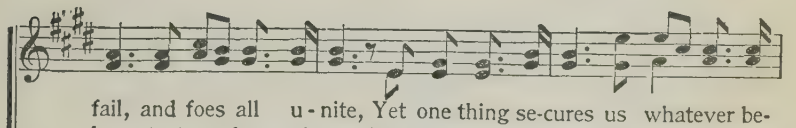


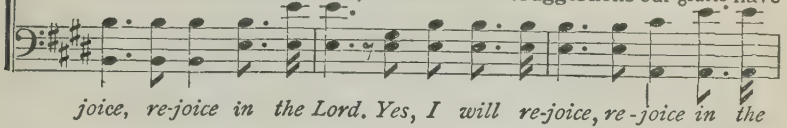
417 (119) Rejoice Evermore.

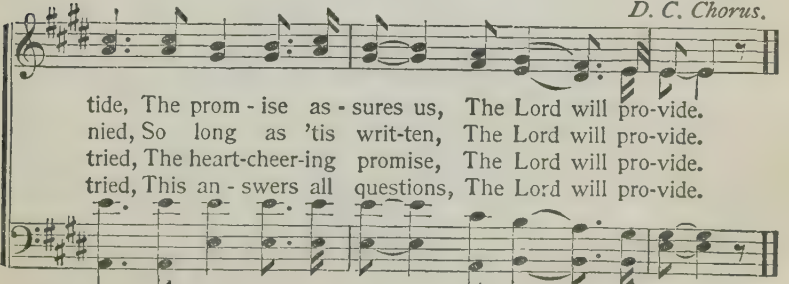
JOHN NEWTON. R. E. HUDSON.











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418 (120) He Never Will Forsake Me.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus is mine, He never will forsake me; Je-sus is mine, no e - vil
2. Je-sus is mine, He never will deceive me; Je-sus is mine, His words shall
3. Je-sus is mine, He never will de-sert me; Je-sus is mine, no grief can
4. Je-sus is mine, He never will re-ject me; Je-sus is mine, His blood will

can o'er-take me; I seek His kind - ly face, I trust Him for His
nev - er grieve me; I know His love is true, And what He says, He'll
ev - er hurt me; For on His throbbing breast I can most sweetly
e'er pro - tect me; And when be-fore the throne, I shall not stand a-

CHORUS.

grace, O no, He never will forsake me. No, no, no, He never will forsake
do, O no, He never will deceive me. No, no, no, He never will deceive
rest, O no, He never will de-sert me. No, no, no, He never will de-sert
lone, O no, He never will re-ject me. No, no, no, He never will re-ject

me; No, no, no, no e - vil can o'er-take me; His love will ev - er
me; No, no, no, His words shall never grieve me; I know His love is
me; No, no, no, no grief can ev - er hurt me; For on His throbbing
me; No, no, no, His blood will e'er pro-tect me; And when be-fore His

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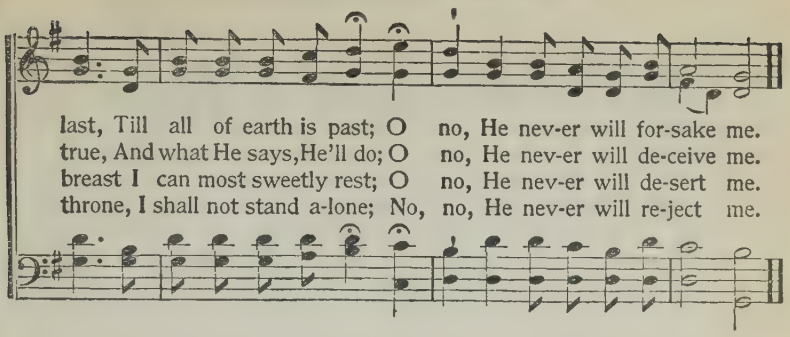
He Never Will Forsake Me.



419 (121) Battling for the Lord.

T. E. PERKINS.

SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. We've 'list-ed in a ho - ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter - nal
2. We've gird-ed on our ar-mor bright, Battling for the Lord! Our Captain's
3. We'll stand like heroes on the field, Battling for the Lord! And no - bly
4. And when our glorious war is o'er, Battling for the Lord! We'll shout sal-

CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

life our guiding star, Battling for the Lord!
word our strength and might, Battling for the Lord! We'll work till Jesus comes,
fight, but nev-er yield, Battling for the Lord!
va - tion ev - er - more, Battling for the Lord!

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

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He Healeth To-Day.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. As mul - ti - tudes thronged the dear Sav - ior one day, A wo-man press'd near to His side, And tho' but the hem of His gar-ment she touched, Was filled with a life - giv - ing tide.
2. So hearts that are brok - en a - gain may be whole, The burdened may find a re - lease, The bat - tle with self, and the tu - mult with - in, Be hushed by His in - fi - nite peace.
3. The Lord is un-change - a - ble, ev - er the same; He heal - eth to - day as of old; Then seek Him, ye wea-ry, and trust-ing His love, Re - ceive of His rich - es un - told.

CHORUS.

Touch with faith the liv - ing Sav - ior, Touch and be made whole;

Rit.

Find in Christ e - ter - nal life, And heal - ing for thy soul.

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421 (123) I Have Precious News to Tell.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu-jah! Christ has come with
2. It was Christ's redemption blood, hal - le - lu-jah! That re-stored my
3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu-jah! On whose help I

me to dwell, hal - le - lu-jah! By His grace and pow'r di-vine, He has
soul to God, hal - le - lu-jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
can de-pend, hal - le - lu-jah! Since He took my sins a - way, He has

D. S.—*joic-ing night and day, As I*

FINE.

changed this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
from His wounded side; I am saved and jus - ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!

walk the nar-row way, For He washed my sins away, hal-le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - - jah! I'm re - deem'd!
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re-deem'd! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re - deem'd!

D. S.

Oh, so won - - drous-ly re-deem'd! I'm re -
Oh, so won-drous-ly re-deem'd, yes, oh, so won - drous-ly re-deem'd!

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Glad Crowning Day.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. By thousands now re-ject-ed, By few is Je-sus own'd; The
2. Be-hold the Man of Sor-rows In an-guish on the tree! For
3. Lay down your pride and pleasure, Lay down your sin and shame; Ac-

mul-ti-tude to pleasure turns a-way; But there's a morn ex-pect-ed
you He left His glorious home a-bove; Why longer anguish borrow,
cept the gra-cious of-fer while you may; There's peace that passeth measure,

When He shall be enthron'd, The King Emanuel's glorious crowning day.
If He has made you free By off'ring up Him-self in ten-der love.
Be-liev-ing on His name, There's safe-ty in the glorious crowning day.

CHORUS.

That dread-ful day is com-ing, That fear-ful day is com-ing; O

sin-ner, dare you still de-lay? That joy-ful day is com-ing,
why de-lay?

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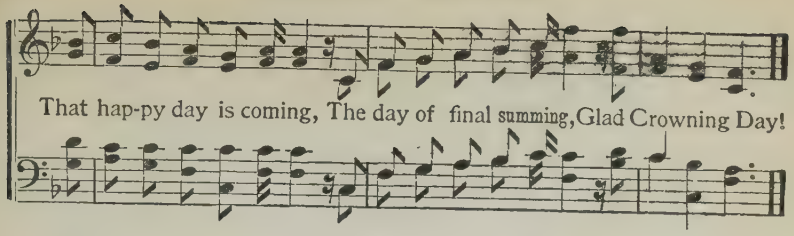
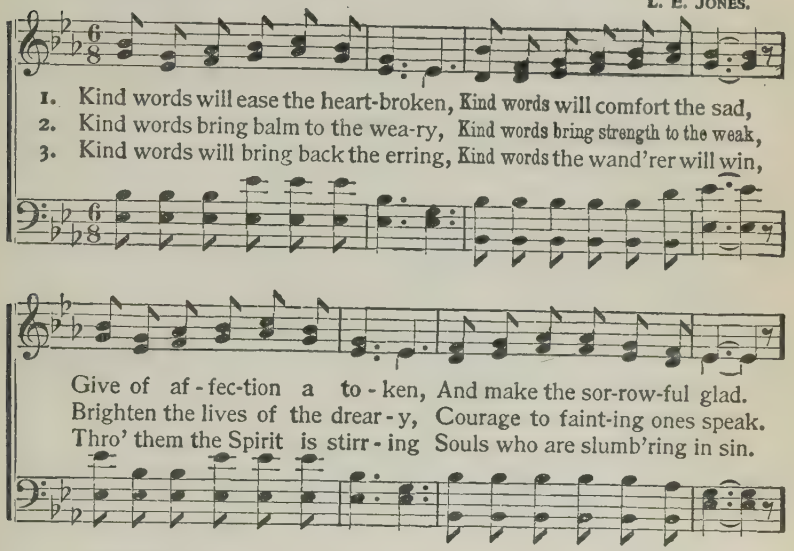
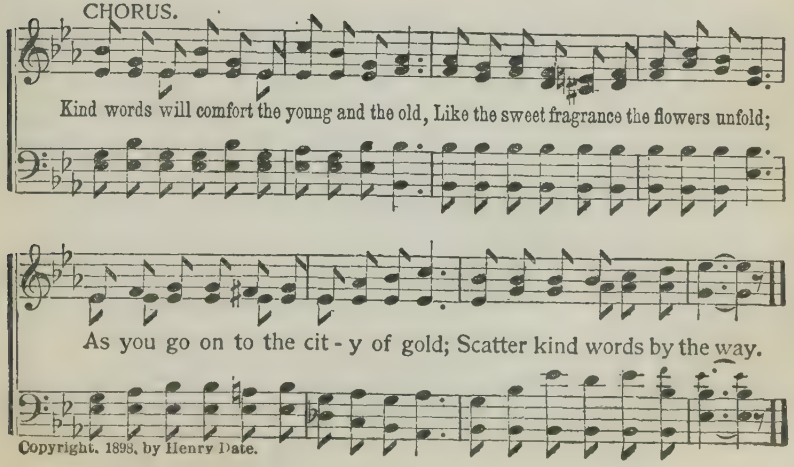
Glad Crowning Day.



423 (125) Scatter Kind Words.

FANNY BOLTON. L. E. JONES.





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424 (126) I Will Follow On.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Where my Savior leads me in this changing world below, I will follow on,
2. Tho' the world entreat me and tho' pleasure bid me stay, I will follow on,
3. Tho' my friends forsake me and I seem to be a - lone, I will follow on,
4. Tho' He leads in sunshine till I walk on earth no more, I will follow on,

I will follow on; While He walks before me, tho' the way I do not know,
I will follow on; Tho' the road be rugged, and tho' thorny be the way,
I will follow on; Knowing that my Sav-ior can for ev-'ry-thing a-tone,
I will follow on; Or tho' darkness hide me, till I reach the gold-en shore,

CHORUS.

I will follow on, follow on. Fol - low on, Fol - low on,
Fol-low on, fol - low on, I will fol - low on,

Follow where the Savior in the way before has gone, Till I rest be-
Fol - low

ritard.

side Him, up in heaven's golden dawn, I will fol-low on, fol-low on.
fol - low, fol - low on,

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He Has Come.

Mrs. J. H. Knowles. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. He has come! He has come! My Redeemer has come, He has tak-en my
2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev'ry tho't of my
3. He has come to a-bide, And ho-ly must be The place where my

heart as His own chosen home; At last I have given the welcome He sought;
be-ing is sway'd by His word; He has come, and He rules in the realm of my soul,
Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord, since Thou art come,

CHORUS.

He has come, and His coming all gladness has bro't.
And His scep-tre is love; O bless-ed con-trol! Joy; joy is mine! my
Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.

Sav-ior di-vine Comes to a-bide with me, with me, Comes to a-bide,
with me,

rit.

Ev-er to a-bide, My own lov-ing Savior a-bid-eth with me.

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Meet Me Over There.

FANNIE BOLTON. I. N. MCHOSE.

1. In the glorious world on high, Fill'd with light and love and joy, We shall
2. Soft will be the balm-y air Of the hills and valleys fair, Rich will
3. Nev-er tear will dim the sight, Never care will fall to blight, We shall

gath-er by and by o - ver there; We shall strike the harp and sing,
be the mu-sic rare o - ver there; We shall clasp the hand and greet
walk with Christ in white o - ver there; No more wea - ry will we rove,

And make wondrous music ring, As we praise our Savior King o-ver there.
Loved ones on the golden street, Cast our crowns at Jesus' feet o-ver there.
But, renewed in youth a-bove, Dwell for-ev - er in God's love o-ver there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, In that home so bright and fair, Meet me there,
Meet me there, meet me there, Meet me there,

Meet me there, meet me there, And redemption's treasures share over there.
Meet me there, meet me there, over there.

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427 (131) Though Your Sins be as Scarlet

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And re-member them no more;

Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow;
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
He'll for - give your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . . like crim-son, They shall be as wool!"
He is of great . . . . . com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un-to Me, ... ye people," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,

f Ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem-ber them no more, And re - mem-ber them no more.

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428 (132) Look Beyond.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When the clouds are hanging low, Look beyond, look beyond; Soon the
2. When the "bro-ken cisterns" fail, Look beyond, look beyond, Liv-ing
3. When the road is rough and wild, Look beyond, look beyond, God is

skies will o-ver-flow With the sunlight's cheery glow, Look be-yond,
fountains glad-ly hail, Sparkling springs in Baca's vale, Look be-yond,
watching o'er His child, Mer-cy on thy pathway smil'd, Look be-yond,

look beyond. Hope is sing-ing her re-frain, Joy will come to you a-
look beyond. Riv-ers of sal-va-tion pour From the Ev-er-last-ing
look beyond. When the Pearly Gates unfold, Thou shalt tread the streets of

rit.

gain, Clearest shin-ing af-ter rain, Look beyond, O look be-yond.
Shore, Free-ly drink, and thirst no more, Look beyond, O look be-yond.
gold, "Ma-ny mansions" there behold, Look beyond, O look be-yond.

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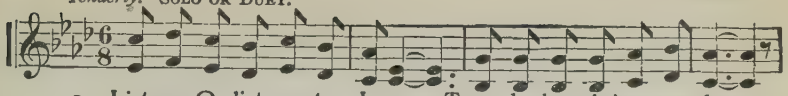
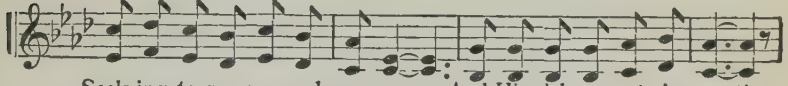
429 (133) What Will You Do in That Day?

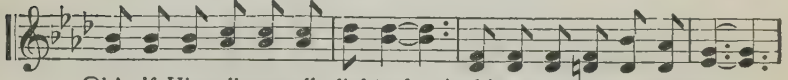
T. B. W. *Tenderly.* SOLO OR DUET. T. B. WEAVER.



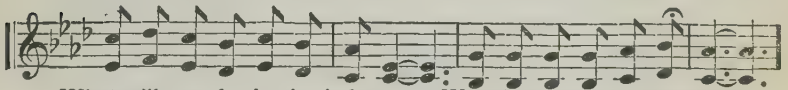
1. List-en, O list-en to Je-sus, Ten-der-ly ask-ing your heart,
2. Christ is a ref-uge for sin-ners, Flee to the arms of His love;
3. Toiling for wealth that will perish, Charmed with the toys that de-cay,
4. Think of the loved ones in heaven, In yon-der cit-y of light,



Seek-ing to res-cue and save you, And His rich grace to im-part!
If you neg-lect this sal-va-tion, How can you meet Him a-bove?
Blind-ed by sin and by fol-ly, Sinning from day un-to day,
Waiting for you at the por-tal; What if your soul take its flight?

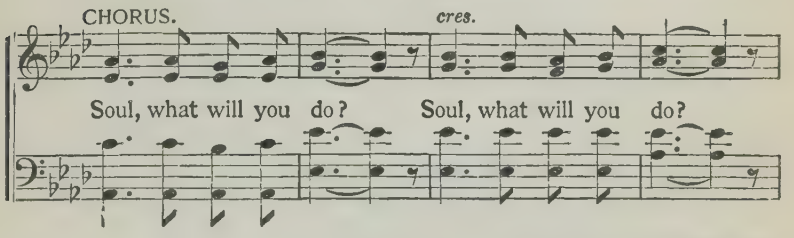


Oh! if His calls are all slight-ed, And in your sins you still go,
Can you not give up your pleasures, Turn from earth's trifles a-way?
Sin-ner, just think of the wa-ges You for your sin shall re-ceive!
Would you be ready to greet them, Anxious the gates to pass thro'?

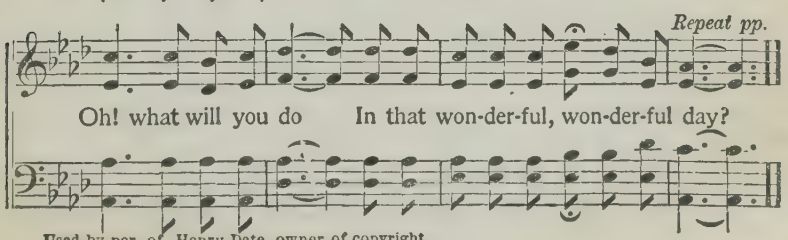


What will you do in the judg-ment, Won-der-ful days of great woe?
Oh! if you cling to your i-dols, What will you do in that day?
Turn to the dear, lov-ing Sav-ior, Humb-ly confess and be-lieve!
If you have no hope in Je-sus, Sin-ner, then, what will you do?

CHORUS.



Soul, what will you do? Soul, what will you do?



Oh! what will you do In that won-der-ful, won-der-ful day?

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430 (134) Trust and Be Encouraged.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Trust, for the Lord is with thee, be not a - fraid; He will help and
2. His love will never fail us, nor us for-sake; His e - ter-nal
3. He strews the way be-fore us with rich sup-plies; For the poor and
4. Faith brings the vic - to - ry each pass - ing hour, Girding us with

He will strengthen, be not dis-mayed; He ev - er will up-hold thee
cov - e - nant He nev - er will break; Safe are the prom-is - es, and
need - y liv-ing streams will a - rise; For all the sad and sin-ful
cour-age and with con - quer-ing pow'r, Keep-ing our spir-its ho - ly

with His right hand; Thou art called and chosen in His presence to stand.
sweet is His Word; So we trust with confidence in Je-sus the Lord.
grace will be found; For the faint and feeble perfect strength will abound.
and free from blame, Helping us to o - ver-come the world in His name.

CHORUS.

Trust . . . . . and be en - cour - - aged,
Trust and be en - cour - aged, Trust and be en - cour - aged,

1 2

Trust . . . in Christ the Lord; Trust in Jesus and His Word.
Trust in Christ the Lord, in Christ the Lord;

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431 (135) Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the footsteps of Je-sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
2. 'Tis the voice of the Savior, Whose mer-ci-ful call Freely of-fers sal-
3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpow'red by your sin? While the waters are
4. Bless-ed Sav-ior, as-sist us To rest on Thy Word; Let the soul-healing

wounded, Healing all who ap-ply; As He spake to the suff'rer Who
va-tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each
troubled, Can you not en-ter in? Lo, the Sav-ior stands waiting To
pow-er On us now be outpour'd; Wash away ev-'ry sin-spot, Take

FINE.

lay at the pool, He is saying this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin-taint-ed soul, And lov-ing-ly ask-ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is ear-nest-ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per-fect con-trol, Say to each trusting spir-it, "Thy faith makes thee whole."

D. S.—*cleansing wave roll; Step in-to the current and thou shalt be whole.*

CHORUS.

Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, weary

D. S.

suf-f'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flowing, See the

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Homeward Bound.

W. F. WARREN. C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound,
2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound,
3. In - to the har - bor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last,

home-ward bound; Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide,
home-ward bound; Look! yon-der lie the bright, heav-en - ly shores,
home at last; Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide,

We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, quiet harbor we
We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the
We're home at last, home at last. Glo - ry to God! all our dangers are

rode, Seek-ing our Fa-ther's ce - les - tial a - bode, Prom-ise of
wheel, Stead-y! we soon shall out-weath-er the gale; Oh, how we
o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore; Glo - ry to

which on us each He be-stowed; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
fly 'neath the loud-creak-ing sail; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
God! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, home at last.

433 (137) I Belong to Him.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. These two lit-tle hands were giv - en, Whether at work or play,
2. These two lit - tle feet were giv - en, Will-ing - ly to o - bey,
3. These two lit - tle lips were giv - en, On - ly kind words to say,
4. These two lit - tle ears were giv - en, Nev - er to try to hear
5. These two lit - tle eyes were giv - en, Nev - er to look at wrong,

To do lit - tle things for Je - sus, Thro' all this day.
And hast - en on lov - ing er - rands, Thro' all this day.
And nev - er to talk of e - vil, Thro' all this day.
Bad words that are sometimes spok-en To play-mates dear.
But stud - y the words of Je-sus; This makes me strong.

REFRAIN.

For I be - long to Him, Yes, I be - long to Him;

These two lit-tle hands for Je - sus, For I be-long to Him.
These two lit - tle feet for Je - sus, For I be-long to Him.
These two lit - tle lips for Je - sus, For I be-long to Him.
These two lit - tle ears for Je - sus, For I be-long to Him.
These two lit-tle eyes for Je - sus, For I be-long to Him.

NOTE:—Children may be taught to present hands, look at feet, touch lips, ears and eyes, as each is referred to in the song.

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434 (138) Oh, It is Wonderful.

E. C. GREEN. Alt. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Can it be that Je-sus bought me, And on the hallowed cross a-
2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Sav'd me from wandering and
3. It was years He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the
4. From that hour He has been seeking How He may fill me with His
5. As I think of all, I mar-vel Why in such pa-tience He my

toned for me, Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a
brought me near; Dai-ly now His grace be-stow-ing, Je-sus is
pre-cious hour, When I should at last be yield-ing, Yielding to
pre-cious love, How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the
good has sought, And bestowed His grace up-on me, And in my

CHORUS.

precious, precious Friend is He!
grow-ing un-to me more dear.
Je-sus ev-'ry ransom'd pow'r. Oh, it is won-der-ful, very, very
fel-low-ship of saints a-bove.
spir-it such a change has wrought.

1 2

wonderful, All His grace so rich and free!
Omit. . . . . . } That my Savior so loves me!

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435 (139) Jesus Will Help You.

WM. STEVENSON. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin - ner— Urg - ing you
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, oh,
3. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, wan - d'rer— Points you to
4. There's dan-ger in long - er de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the

now to draw nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him;
why will you die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior;
man-sions on high; Re - turn to the path that leads homeward;
moments pass by; If now you will come, there is mer - cy;

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will

help you, Help you with grace from on high; The weak - est and

poor-est the Sav - ior is call-ing; Je - sus will help if you try.

Used by per.

436 (140) Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is-es, Kind is the word, Dear-er far than
2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je-sus hath shown, Sweeter far than
3. List to His loving words, "Come un-to me," Wea-ry, heav-y

a-ny mes-sage man ev-er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
a-ny love that mortals have known; Kind to the err-ing one,
lad-en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom-is-es,

Sin-less I see; He the great ex-am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faith-ful is He; He the great ex-am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean upon thy Savior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Where . . . . . He leads I'll fol - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol-low, Where He leads I'll fol-low,

1 2

Fol - low all the way, Follow Jesus ev'ry day.
Fol-low all the way, yes, follow all the way.

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437 (141) Some of These Days.

F. L. S. and E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Some of these days the skies will be brighter; Some of these days the
2. Some of these days, in des-erts up-springing, Fountains will flash, while
3. Some of these days we'll bur-y our sor-row; Out of the fu-ture,
4. Some of these days God's wondrous salvation Will, in its love, em-

burdens be light-er; Hearts will be happier, souls will be whit-er,
joy-bells are ring-ing, Earth will be full of joy and of sing-ing,
light we may bor-row; There will be joy and hope in the mor-row,
brace ev-'ry na-tion; All then shall hail our King's cor-o-na-tion,

rit. CHORUS.

Some of these days, Some of these days. Some of these days all sin will be

banished, Some of these days all e-vil have vanished, Earth will be

rit.

brighter, hearts will be lighter, Souls will be whiter Some of these days.

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438 (142) Be Ready When He Comes.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Do you love the serv-ice of the King? Can you from the heart His
2. Are your ma-ny sins all wash'd a-way? Are you walking in the
3. Do you tru-ly love the Ho-ly One? Day by day is some new

prais-es sing? Have you gath-ered gold-en sheaves to bring
light al-way? Do you ev-'ry mo-ment watch and pray,
vic-t'ry won? Is His will each mo-ment in you done?

CHORUS.

To your Mas-ter, should He come? Read-y, wait-ing,
Read-y, wait-ing, should He come?
Are you read-y, should He come? Read-y be, and wait-ing, watching.

Watch-ing for the com-ing of the King of kings to reign;

Read-y, wait-ing, Read-y when he comes a-gain.
Read-y be, and wait-ing, watching.

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439 (143) Only Christ Can Save.

W. S. MARTIN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Weeping will not save you; Tho' you weep for days and years,
2. Working will not save you; Tho' you toil with might and main,
3. Waiting will not save you; You will nev - er bet - ter be,

Tho' you shed most bit - ter tears, This will not re-move your fears;
This will not re-move your stain, For you must be born a - gain;
Tho' you wait e - ter-nal - ly, On - ly Christ can make you free;

CHORUS.

Weeping will not save you. Christ alone can save from sin,
Working will not save you.
Wait-ing will not save you. Christ a - lone can save from sin, can save from sin,

Christ a - lone can make you clean, Naught that
Christ a - lone can make you clean, can make you clean, Naught that you have

you have done or been, On - ly Christ can save you.
done or been, have done or been, On - ly Christ can save you, can save you.

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440 (144) Wonder of Wonders.

I. N. McHose. I. N. McHose.

1. Won-der of won-ders that Je-sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
2. Won-der of won-ders, He car-eth for me, Car-eth for me,
3. Won-der of won-ders, Christ suffered for me, Suffered for me,
4. Won-der of won-ders that Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves me,

Je - sus loves me! Wonder of wonders, O how can it be? Jesus loves
Car-eth for me! Wonder of wonders, His goodness I see, Dai-ly He
Suffered for me! Wonder of wonders, O how could it be? Suffered for
Je-sus saves me! Wonder of all that He died on the tree, Died to save

CHORUS.

e - ven me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Je-sus loves e-ven me;
cares for me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Careth for e - ven me;
e - ven me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Suffered for e - ven me;
e - ven me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Jesus saves e - ven me;

Wonder of wonders, O how can it be? Je-sus loves e - ven me!
Wonder of wonders, His goodness I see, Dai-ly He cares for me!
Wonder of wonders, O how could it be? Suffered for e - ven me!
Wonder of all that He died on the tree, Died to save e - ven me!

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God's Promises.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, glo-rious prom-is - es of God! Each one a price-less gem!
2. No fail - ure in His prom-is - es, But stead-fast, firm and sure,
3. Be - liev - ing them the Spir-it's pow'r Re - news and pu - ri - fies,

The rich - est diamonds of the earth Are naught compared to them;
The Word of our unchanging God For - ev - er shall en - dure.
Thro' Christ's all-cleansing, precious blood, Our per - fect sac - ri - fice.

Most bless - ed boon to mor-tals giv'n, To cheer life's drear-y way;
Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass a-way, And all we love may die,
Oh, glo - rious leg - a - cy of heav'n, So rich, so vast and free,

f. FINE.

Bright lights let down to show the path To ev - er - last - ing day.
God's prom - is - es to us re-main,—On these we may re - ly.
These pre-cious prom-is - es di - vine, Se - cur - ing all to me.

D. S.—*these I'm rich, with these se - cure, While end - less a - ges roll.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Sweet prom-is - es! God's prom-is-es! Dear treasures of my soul; With

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442 (146) 'Tis Sabbath In My Soul.

F. G. BURROUGHS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. "We who have be-lieved do en - ter in - to rest;" Not an anx-ious
2. "We who have be-lieved do en - ter in - to rest;" Oh, how free we
3. "We who have be-lieved do en - ter in - to rest;" Ev-'ry day is

care dis-turbs the trustful breast; From all un - be - lief for - ev - er-
are from all that once depressed! What a blessed fore-taste of the
ho - ly, ev - 'ry hour is blest; Ef-fort ceas-ing, rest-ing now in

more we cease, Kept by pow'r di - vine in sweet and per-fect peace.
peace to come, Where we all shall gath - er in our heav'nly home!
God are we; To His name the glo - ry ev - er-more shall be.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed rest, Oh, this is blessed rest! Tho' the waves of trouble roll,
Blessed rest, Oh, this is blessed rest! Tho' the waves, the waves of trouble roll,

Faith has reach'd the haven of the blest, 'Tis Sabbath, Sabbath in my soul.
Faith has reach'd the haven of the blest; 'Tis

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443 (147) Jesus is Able to Save.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sin - ner, un-done thy con - di - tion, Thou art of Sa - tan the slave; Yet thou canst hope for sal - va - tion; Je - sus is a - ble to save. . . . . A - ble to save, ... a - ble to save,
2. If thou wilt seek Him in ear - nest, Thou His for-give-ness shalt have; Thou shalt be freed from thy bondage; Je - sus is a - ble to a - ble to save. A - ble to save.
3. How He, on Cal - va-ry's moun - tain, Pray'd for His foes, and for- gave! He will not slight thy pe - ti - tion; Je - sus is a - ble to
4. Think how the mighty Re - deem - er Triumphed o'er death and the grave; Seek Him, oh, seek Him or per - ish! Je - sus is a - ble to

CHORUS.

Je-sus is a - ble and willing to save, A - ble to save, . . . A - ble to save, a - ble to save, Je-sus is a - ble and will - ing to save.

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Wonderful Peace.

W. D. CORNELL. Alt. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won-der-ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort or rest, March-ing

mel - o - dy sweeter than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul; So se-cure that no pow - er can
sweet - ly in Je - sus' con-trol; For I'm kept from all dan-ger by
Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time? Make Je-sus your friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
ran - somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king-dom shall be:—
shad-ows grow dark; Oh, ac-cept this sweet peace so sub - lime.

CHORUS.

Peace! peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father above; Sweep

o-ver my spir-it for-ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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445 (149) My Savior First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view His blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus-ter of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
parting at the riv-er I re - call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepare for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min - gle with delight; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

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Pilot of Galilee.

Duet. Tenor and Alto voices preferred. Tenor taking lower part as if written an octave higher.

GRACE DUFFIE ROE. JAY ARTHUR FORD.

1. Daylight is past, Shad-ows are cast O-ver the sea and
2. Once down our path, The storm in wrath Lashed the wild foaming
3. O Helmsman true, The voyage through, May we but trust Thy

land; Down in the glade, Night's peaceful shade
wave; Dark-ness and dread Gathered o'er-head,
hand! Thine are the isles Where pleasure smiles,

Li - eth so near at hand. Full are the nets we've
No hu-man arm could save. Drift-ing and lost we
Thine the fair Beu - lah land. Each strange, new morn un-

drawn to shore; Joy's measure pressed to o - ver - flow;
heard with fear The break-ers' roar where rocks did hide;
veils the way To unknown seas where we must go;

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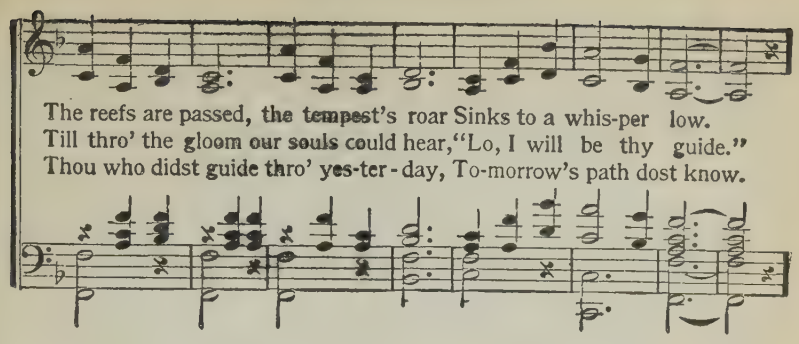
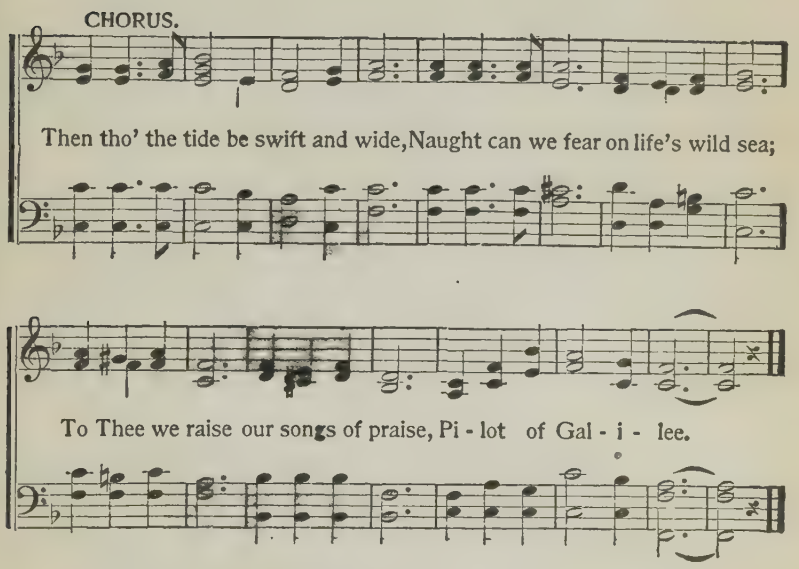
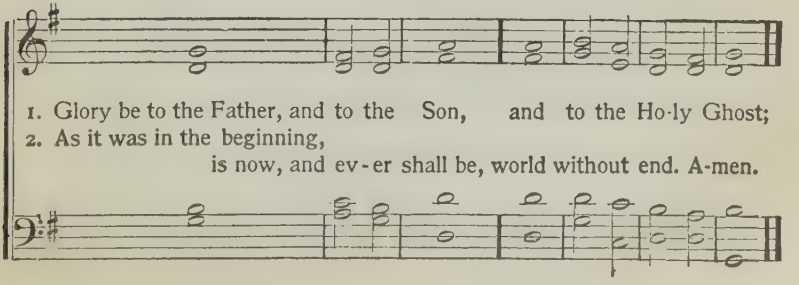
Pilot of Galilee.





447 (151) Gloria Patri.



On to the Harvest.

FANNIE BOLTON. L. E. JONES.

1. Lo, the harvest fields are wav-ing With the gold-en grain to-day,
2. Stay not from the fields of har-vest In the burning noon-tide's heat,
3. Bind the sheaves as ev'ning gathers, Let not one be cast a-way;

Up, ye reap-ers, take your sick-les, And the Mas-ter's call o - bey.
For the Mas-ter will re - fresh you As you bind the bearded wheat:
Each is pre-cious to the Mas - ter, La - bor on till close of day.

Forth in - to the rip'ning har - vest At the ten-der dawn of light,
For the har-vest is the sow - ing Of His own dear love and tears,
And thy soul with great re-joic - ing At thy Master's word shall come,

Lest the gold - en grain be wast-ed, For the world's broad fields are white.
And the wheat the souls He died to Save for ev - er - last - ing years.
And He'll crown thee true and faithful When the sheaves are garner'd home.

CHORUS. *f* *m* *p*

"On to the harvest," the Spirit breathes, Hasten a-way nor i - dle
On, on, on, the Spirit breathes,

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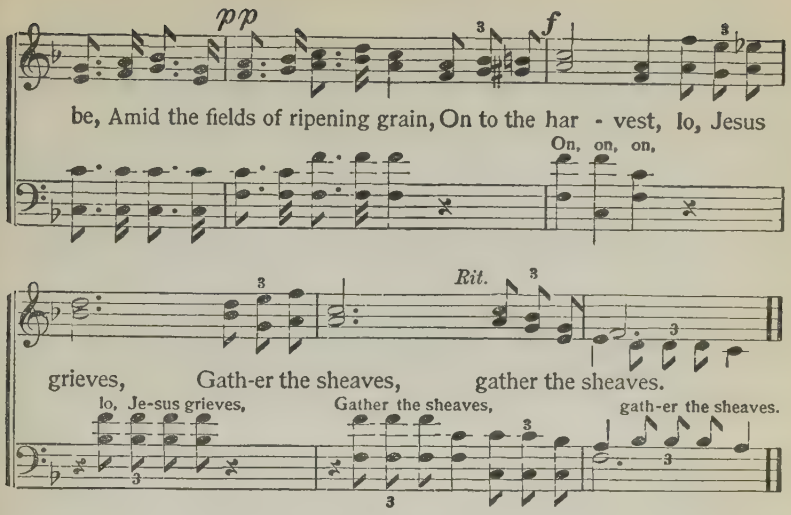
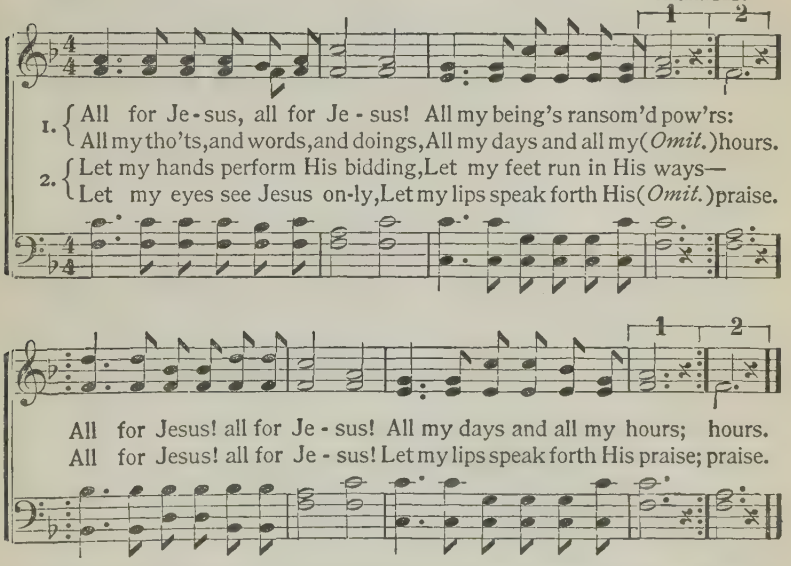
On to the Harvest.



449 (153)

All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. ARRANGED.



3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings. :‖

450 (154) Abiding and Confiding.

A. B. SIMPSON. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I have learned the wondrous secret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord;
2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je-sus, And He lives and dwells in me;
3. All my cares I cast up - on Him, And He bears them all a - way;
4. For my words I take His wis-dom, For my works His Spirit's pow'r,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-fid-ing in His word,
I have ceased from all my struggling,'Tis no long - er I, but He;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day;
For my ways His gracious Presence,Guards and guides me ev'ry hour;

I have tast-ed life's pure fountain, I am trusting in His blood,
All my will is yield-ed to Him, And His Spir-it reigns with-in,
All my strength I draw from Jesus, By His breath I live and move;
Of my heart He is the Por-tion, Of my joy, the ceaseless Spring;

I have lost my-self in Je-sus, I am sink-ing in - to God.
And His precious blood each moment Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.
E'en His ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
Sav - ior, Sanc-ti - fi - er, Keep-er, Glorious Lord and com-ing King.

CHORUS.

I'm a - bid - - ing in the Lord, And con-
I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid-ing in the Lord, And con-

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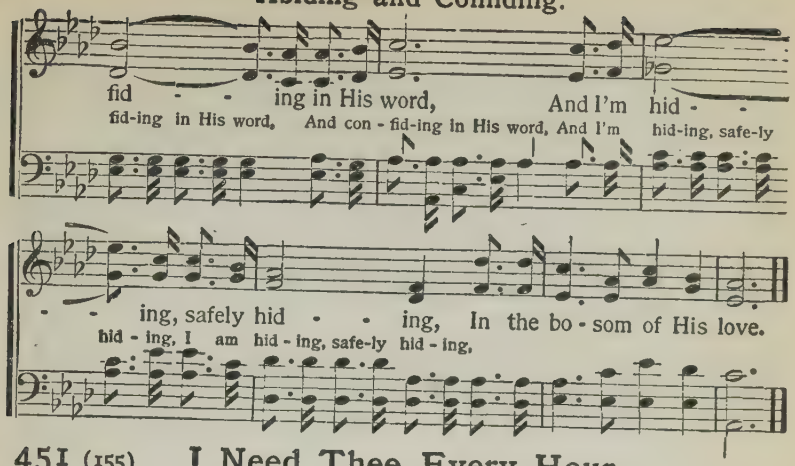
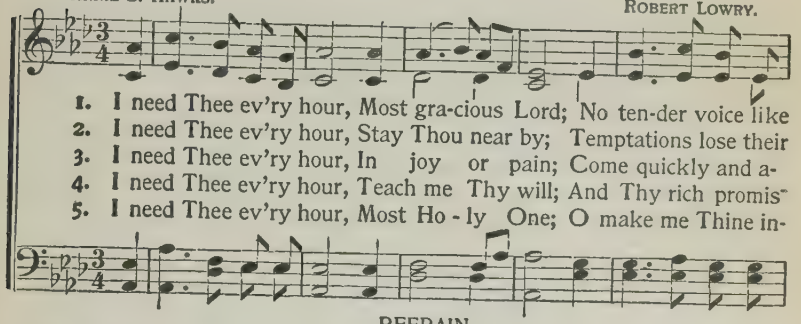
Abiding and Confiding.



451 (155) I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.



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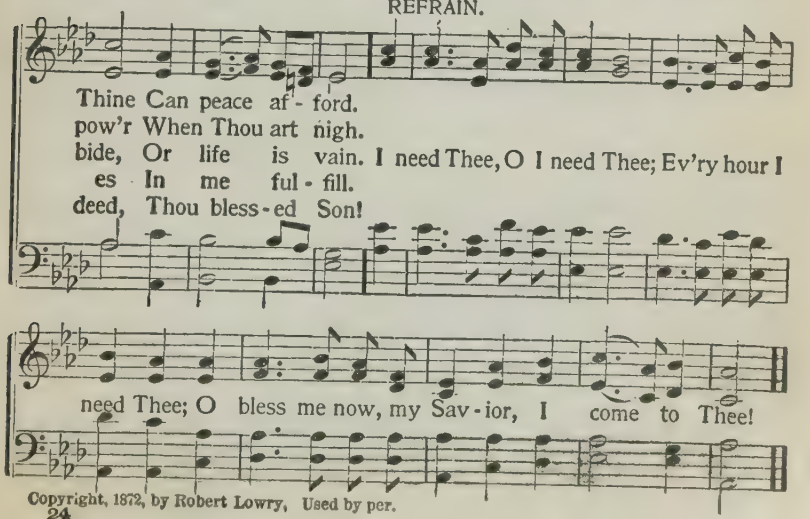

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452 (156) There is None Like Jesus.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. There is none, O Je-sus, like Thee, None so faith-ful and so true,
2. Nev - er have I found an - oth-er Kind and lov - ing as Thou art;
3. It was love that sought and found me, It was grace that ransomed me,
4. Why should I not love Thee ev - er, And go with Thee all the way?

None so full of ten - der pit - y, And compassion ev - er new.
Thou art dear-er than a broth - er, Near-er, dear-er to my heart.
Broke the chains of sin that bound me, And for-ev - er set me free.
Je - sus, I will leave Thee nev - er; From Thy side I will not stray.

CHORUS.

Je - - sus, Je - sus, Je - - sus, Je - sus,
Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus, Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus,

I have never known so true a Friend be-fore; Je - - sus, Je-sus,
Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus,

Je - - sus, Je - sus, Dai - ly will I love Thee more and more.
Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus,

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453 (157) Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless - ed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels descending, bring from a-bove Ech - oes of
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

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454 (158) Jesus is Passing This Way.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Is there a sin-ner a-wait-ing Mer-cy and par-don to-day?
2. Brother, the Mas-ter is wait-ing, Waiting to free-ly for-give;
3. Yes, He is com-ing to bless you While in con-tri-tion you bow;

Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je-sus is passing this way!"
Why not this moment ac-cept Him, Trust in His grace and live?
Com-ing from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;

Coming in love and in mer-cy, Par-don and peace to be-stow,
He is so ten-der and pre-cious, He is so near you to-day;
Can you re-fuse the sal-va-tion Je-sus is of-fer-ing here?

Com-ing to save the poor sin-ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.
O-pen your heart to ad-mit Him, While He is com-ing so near.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is passing this way . . . . To-day, to-day, ...
Je-sus is pass-ing this way, To-day is pass-ing to-day!

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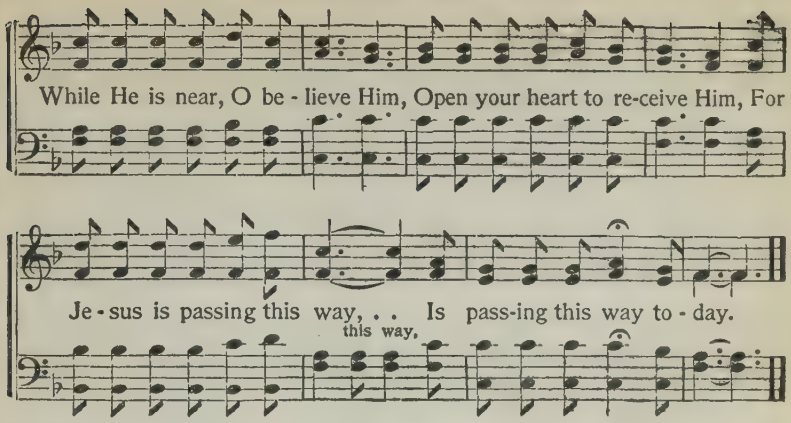
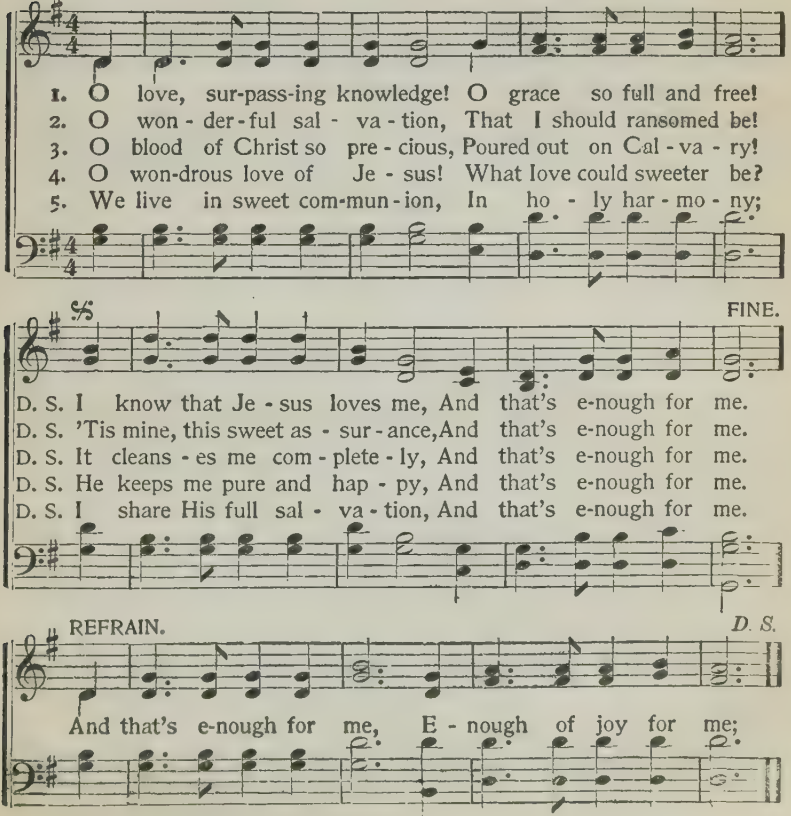
Jesus is Passing This Way.



455 (159) That's Enough for Me.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



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Watch and Pray.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch and pray that when the Master com - eth, If at morn - ing,
2. Watch and pray; the tempter may be near us; Keep the heart with
3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev - er wea - ry; Je - sus watched and
4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of du - ty, Till we hear the

noon or night, He may find a lamp in ev - 'ry window, Trimmed and
jeal - ous care, Lest, the door a mo-ment left un-guard - ed, E - vil
prayed a - lone, Prayed for us when on-ly stars be-held Him, While on
Bridegroom's voice; Then, with Him the marriage feast par-tak-ing, We shall

CHORUS.

burn-ing clear and bright. Watch and pray, ... the Lord com-
thoughts may en-ter there.
Ol - ive's brow they shone.
ev - er-more re - joice. Watch and pray the Lord com-mand-eth, Watch and

mand - - eth; Watch and pray, ... 'twill not be
pray the Lord com-mand-eth; Watch and pray, 'twill not be long, Watch and

long; Soon He'll gath - - - er home His
pray, 'twill not be long: Soon He'll gath - er home His loved ones, Soon He'll

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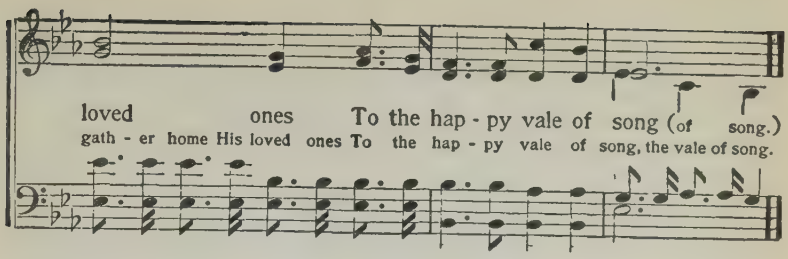
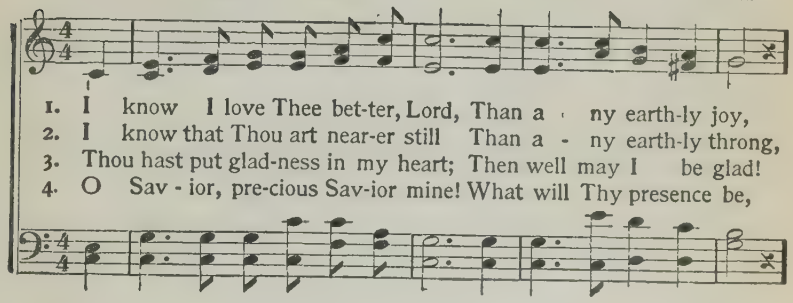
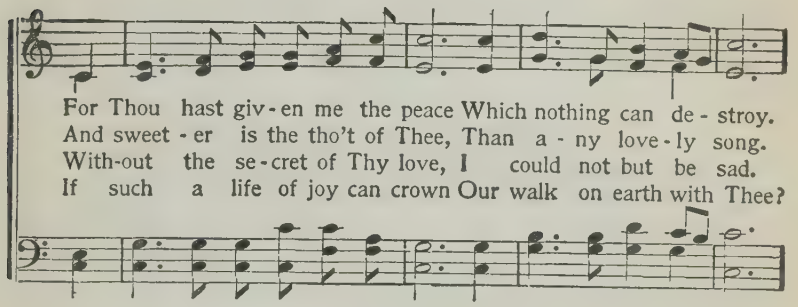


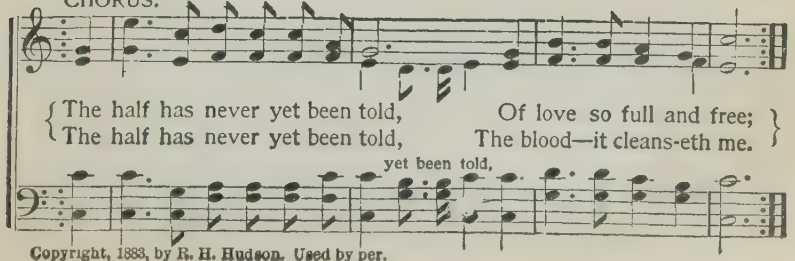
457 (161) The Half Has Never Been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.





CHORUS.



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458 (162) I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

DUET. SOP. AND TENOR.

1. Back to the cold world I will not go, Back to the old paths of
2. Back on the night shrouded sea to die? Back, where the breakers of
3. Back to the boon friends of former days, Still walk-ing on in their

pain and of woe, Back to the old life of sin, O no! I've had a
sin toss on high? Back, 'mid the billows of doubt? Not I! I've had a
old, sin-ful ways? Back with a mes-sage of love and grace; I've had a

DUET. SOP. AND ALTO.

glimpse of Je - sus. I've found a life that is sweet-er to me,

Sweeter with peace, from un-hap-pi-ness free, Full - er of joy than the

CHORUS.

old life could be; I've had a glimpse of Jesus. { Back to the cold world I
Back to the old life of

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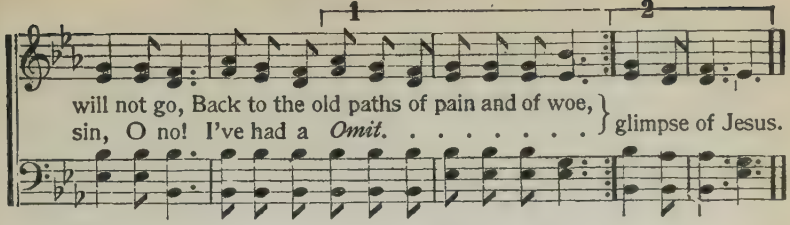
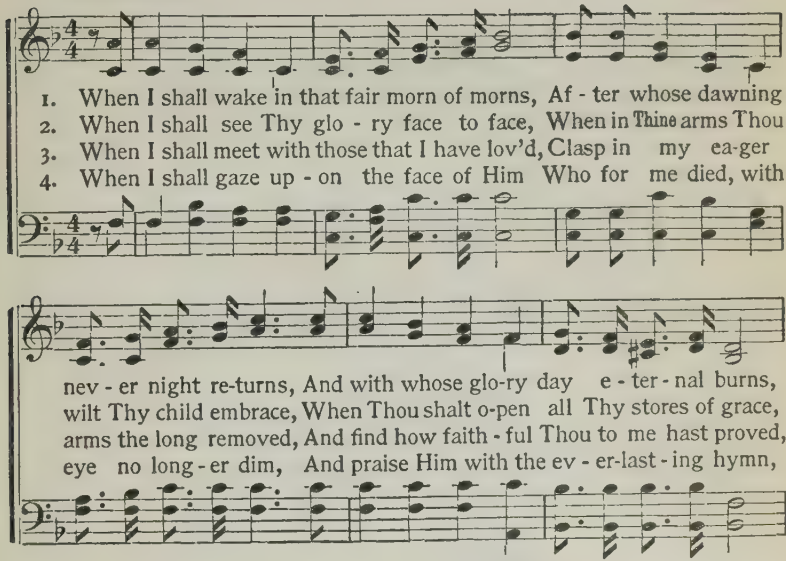
I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus.

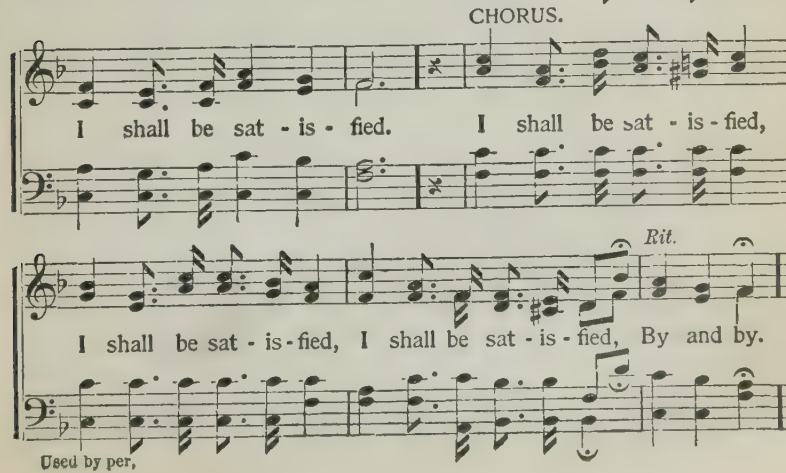


459 (163) I Shall be Satisfied.

HORATIUS BONAR. T. C. NEAL.



CHORUS.



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Never Alone.

EBEN E. REXFORD.
Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

ARR. by M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. How ma - ny times, dis - cour - aged, We sink be - side the way;
2. Oh, soul, hast thou for - got - ten The ten - der word and sweet
3. Take cour-age, way-worn pil - grim! Tho' mists and shadows hide

A - bout us all is dark - ness, We hard - ly dare to pray.
Of Him who left be - hind Him The print of bleed-ing feet?
The face of Him thou lov - est, He's ev - er at thy side.

Then, thro' the mists and shad-ows, The sweet-est voice e'er known
"I nev - er will for - sake thee, Oh, child, so wea - ry grown;
Reach out thy hand and find Him, And lo, the clouds have flown;

Says, "Child, am I not with thee, Nev-er to leave thee a - lone?"
Re - mem - ber, I have prom - ised Nev-er to leave thee a - lone."
He smiles on thee who prom - ised Nev-er to leave thee a - lone.

CHORUS.

No, nev - er a - lone, ... no, nev - er a - lone! He

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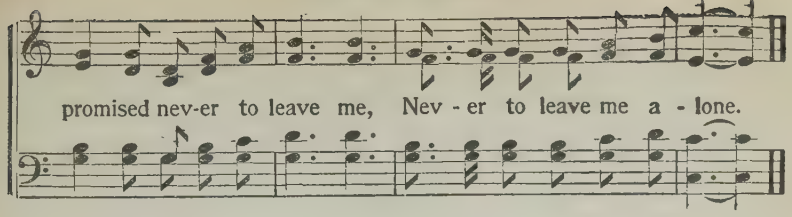
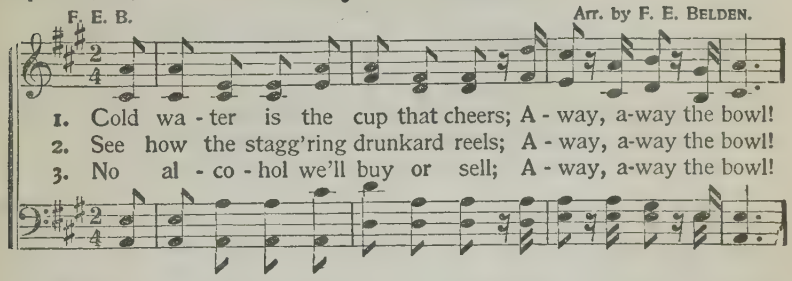
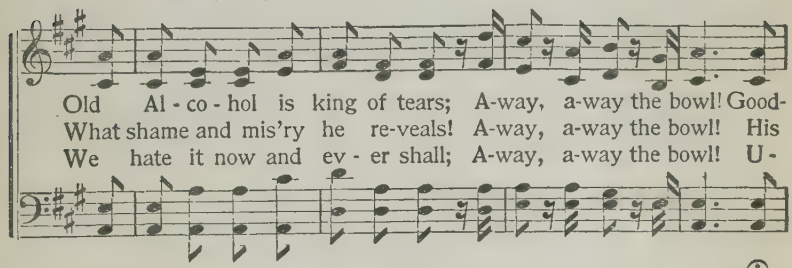
Never Alone.

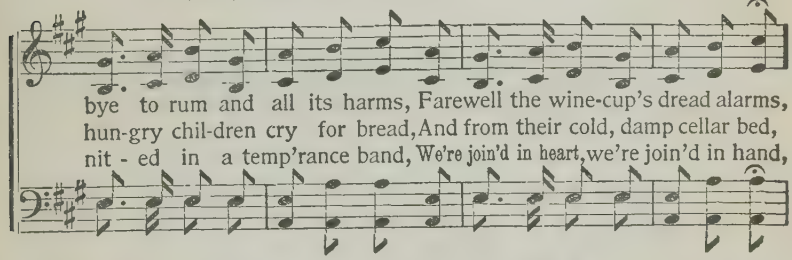


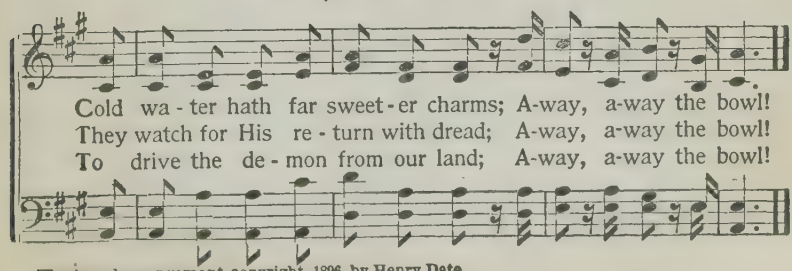
461 (165) Away the Bowl!

F. E. B. Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.









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Still Out of Christ.

W. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Still out of Christ, when so oft He has called you; Why will you longer re-
2. Still out of Christ, and the moments so precious; Night is approaching; oh,
3. Still out of Christ, yet for you there is mer-cy, If you are will-ing to
4. Still out of Christ and the love He has promised; How you are longing that

fuse to be-lieve? What can you hope from the world or its pleas-ure?
what will you do? Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the fountain,
turn from your sin; Yon-der He stands at the door of sal-va-tion,
love to re-ceive! Haste where the star of your faith is di-rect-ing,

REFRAIN.

How can you trust them when both will deceive?
Free are its wa-ters, and flow-ing for you. Come, come to Je-sus,
Wait-ing to par-don and wel-come you in.
Haste, and this mo-ment re-pent and be-lieve.

wea-ry, heavy-hearted, Come, come to Jesus while you may; Now He is

wait-ing, waiting to re-ceive you, Hark! He is call-ing you to-day.

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463 (167) Draw Me Closer to Thee.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Clos-er to Thee, my Father, draw me, I long for Thine embrace;
2. Clos-er to Thee, my Savior, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more;
3. Clos-er to Thee, sweet Spirit, draw me, Till I am whol-ly Thine;

Clos-er with-in Thine arms en-fold me, I seek a rest-ing place.
Sigh-ing to feel Thine arms a-round me, And all my wand'rings o'er.
Quick-en, re-fine, and ful-ly cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall shine.

CHORUS.

Clos - - er with the cords of love, Draw me
Clos-er, clos-er with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to Thy-

to Thy-self a-bove; Clos - - er
self a - - bove; Clos-er with the cords of love,

draw me To Thy-self a-bove.
Draw me to Thy-self a-bove, Draw me to Thy-self a-bove.

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Look to the Hill-Tops.

FANNIE BOLTON. I. N. McHOSE.

1. Look to the hill-tops, the morn-ing is break-ing, Sun - shine and glad-ness the wait-ing world cheer, O - ver the val - ley the glo - ry is streaming, Shadows depart when the sun-rays ap-pear.
2. Look to the hill-tops, the dark-est clouds brighten, Col - ors re - splen-dent tint ev - 'ry dark hue; E'en so your God shall your life-shad-ows light-en, Showing His peace and His comfort to you.
3. Look to the hill-tops, the ver-dure is ver - nal, That which was hid - den is com - ing to view; Lift up your eyes to the mountains e - ter - nal, Heav-en is call-ing and beck-on - ing you.
4. Look to the hill-tops where God's angels ral-ly, Strength'ning your cour - age and help - ing you rise; No long-er look to the shades of the val - ley, Learn to the hill-tops to lift up your eyes.

CHORUS.

Look, look! look to the hill-tops, See the shadows de - part; Christ as the morning Will, in the glad dawning,

Look to the hill-tops, O Look to the hill-tops, See

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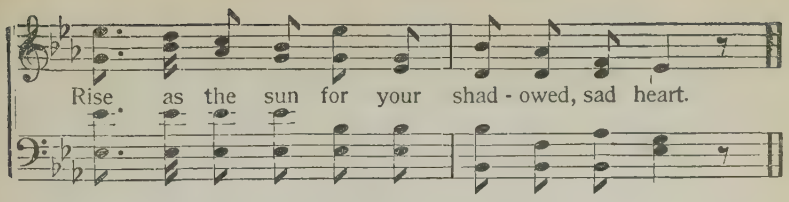
Look to the Hill Tops.



465 (169) "Here Am I, Send me."

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Hear the voice of love and du - ty, Call - ing thee; call - ing thee;
2. Shall the Mas-ter ask un-heed - ed, "Who will go, who will go?"
3. Liv - ing coals from God's own al-tar, Touch our lips, purge our sin;

There is work to do for Je - sus, Here and o'er the sea.
When the Bread of Life is need - ed Ev - 'ry-where be - low.
Love di - vine the lost ones seek - ing, Make thy home with-in.

CHORUS.

Here am I, send me, I would toil for Thee;
Here am I, O Lord, I know Thy voice, Here am I, O Lord, Thou art my choice;

I have heard Thy call, and with joy re-ply, "Dear Savior, here am I."
I have heard Thy call,

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466 (170) The Old Fountain.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. *Effective as a Solo.* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. By Sa - ma - ria's way-side well, Once a bless - ed mes-sage fell
2. And a lit - tle cap-tive maid, By a lep - er un - dis-mayed,
3. And a wo - man in a crowd, Without word or cry a - loud,

On a wo-man's thirst - y soul, Long a - go; And to
Told to him a sim - ple sto-ry, Long a - go; That the
Just stooped down and touched His garment, Long a - go; As her

eyes that long were sealed Was the glo-rious light re-vealed, Thro' a
stream where he might lave Had a - lone the power to save, Thro' his
ur - gent need appealed, So her sin - ful soul was healed, In that

CHORUS.

fountain that was o-pened Long a - go.
trust in that old fountain, Long a - go. There's a fountain that was
fountain that was o-pened Long a - go.

opened Long a - go, Long a - go, For the heal-ing of the na - tions

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The Old Fountain.

Is its flow; A-long the line of a - ges The prophets and the

sages Caught the singing of its wa-ters, Long a - go (Long a - go.)

4 As the eunuch tried to read
Philip taught him of his need,
And baptized him in the stream,
Long ago;
As the outward seal and sign
Of an inward work divine,
That was wrought thro' that old fountain,
Long ago.

5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,
Flowing from the wounded side
That was pierced for our redemption,
Long ago;
In thy ever-cleansing wave
There is found all power to save,
'Tis the power that healed the nations,
Long ago.

467 (171) I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!*

Chorus D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now, henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

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468 (172) A New Heart He Gave Me.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I think of my Savior, His love and His fa - vor, And all of His
2. The moment so precious, So ho - ly and gracious, I think of it
3. How close was the union, And rich the com-mun-ion Be - tween the dear
4. In glad ex - ul - ta-tion O'er conscious sal-va-tion, I praise His a-

mer-cy di - vine; A new heart He gave me, And thus did He save me,
joy-ful - ly still, When Jesus re-newed me, With power endued me,
Lord and my soul; 'Twas joy full of sweetness My heart, in completeness,
dor - a - ble name; A new heart He gave me, And thus did He save me,

CHORUS.

This won-der - ful Sav-ior of mine.
And hum-bled my heart to His will. A new heart He gave me, a
To yield to His ho - ly con - trol.
And I will His goodness pro - claim.

new heart of love; By grace He renewed me, by grace from above; My soul He trans-

Rit.

formed by His power divine, This won-der-ful Je-sus, this Sav-ior of mine.

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469 (173) I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHERINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things above, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der-ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold - en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest, And when, in

tell the sto-ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is-fies my
tell the sto-ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto-ry, For some have nev - er heard The message of sal-
scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

CHORUS.

long-ings As noth-ing else can do.
rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the story, 'Twill
va-tion From God's own holy word.
sto-ry That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glory To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Jesus and His love.

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470 (176) God is on His Throne.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Let not your heart be troub-led, Neith - er be a-fraid; If ye be-lieve in God, be-lieve al - so in me; I will not leave you com-fort-less, I will come to aid; A Friend and Helper I will be.
2. Let not your heart be troub-led! Noth - ing can be-tide To do you ill and harm, to fill you with a-larm; For in His bless-ed fel - low-ship, safe you shall abide, Se-cure beneath His shelt'ring arm.
3. Temp - ta-tions may be - set you, Tri - als ver - y sore With ev-'ry dawning day may meet you on the way; Let not your heart be troub-led, but trust Him more and more, For He will be with you alway.

CHORUS.

Fear not, fear not, God is on His throne; Trust Him, He who car - eth for His own; He is a faith - ful Friend, and

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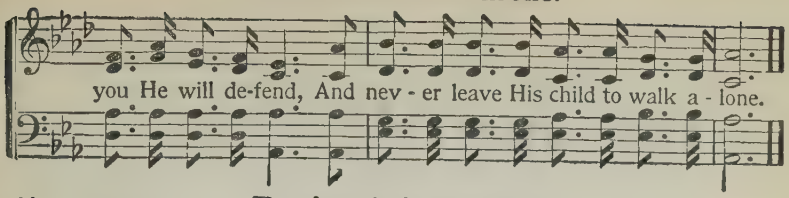
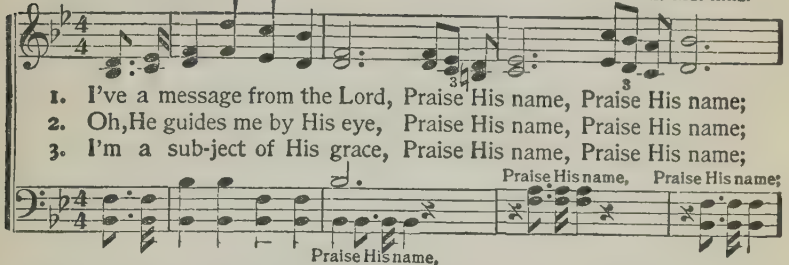
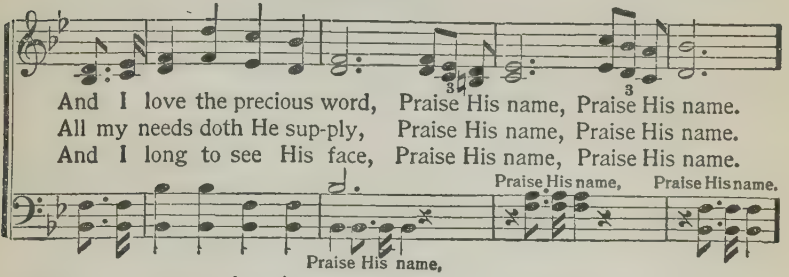
God is on His Throne.

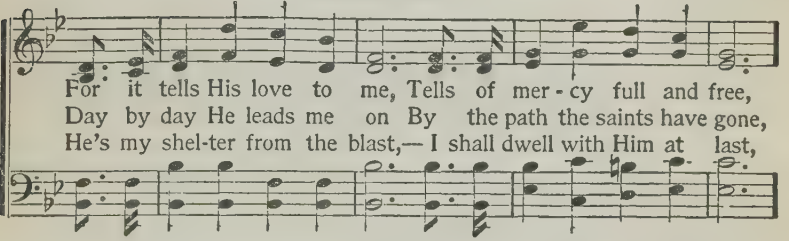


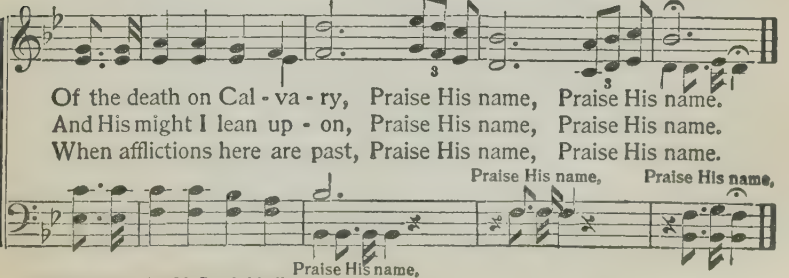
471 (177) Praise His Name.

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. McPHAIL.









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472 (178) Loyalty to the Master.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Loy-al-ty to the Master, loy-al - ty to the King; Loy-al - ty now and ev - er cheer-i - ly let us sing; Wholly at His commandment, let ev-'ry sol - dier be, Joy - ful - ly serv-ing Je - sus, serving with loy-al - ty.
2. Loy-al-ty to the Master; letting Him lead the way; Glo-ri-ous is His ban-ner, follow it ev - 'ry day In - to the midst of bat-tle, conquering as we go, Vic - to - ry He has prom-ised o - ver the dead-ly foe.
3. Loy-al-ty to the Master; looking to Him a - lone, Turning a-way from e - vil, Jesus will keep His own; Onward, still onward pressing, seeing the star - ry prize Waiting for all the faith - ful, meeting beyond the skies.

CHORUS.

Loy - al soldiers, let us joy-ful-ly march a-long, For - ward, for - ward, with a triumphant song; On - ward, on - ward, a stead-i - ly march, Joy-ful - ly march.
Joy-ful-ly, march, stead-i-ly march, stead-i-ly march,

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Loyalty to the Master.

happy and loyal throng, Loy-al to our Sav-ior and our King. . . . . .
to our Sav-ior and our King.

473 (179) Stand Like Caleb.

F. E. Belden. *With energy.* — Edwin Barnes.

1. Stand like Ca-leb, tho' the world oppose; Vic-t'ry's key-note is be-liev-ing; There's no dan-ger from ten thousand foes, God's al-might-y pow'r re-ceiv-ing.
2. Are there gi-ants in the upward way? Are their cities "walled to heaven?" Glo-rious vic-t'ry shall be ours each day, Trusting God by whom 'tis giv-en. Stand like Caleb! fear no foe, Trust, ye doubting, in Je-hearted? On Je-ho-vah's strong assurance rest, Sin's defense is now de-part-ed.
3. There's a land with "milk and honey" blest, Why be faithless and faint-hovah's might; God is leading, forward go, Never fal-ter in the cause of right.

CHORUS.

cres *ff*

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474 (180) Stand by the Bible.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. We'll stand by the Bi - ble, God's message to man, Re-veal-ing His
2. No book so a-bound-ing in won-der-ful truth, No guide so un-
3. Thro' a-ges when Faith spurn'd the fetters of Might, It shone like a
4. We'll fol-low thy teachings, blest word from a-bove, We'll live by thy

love in Redemption's great plan; It tells how death entered with
err - ing for child-hood and youth, No coun-sel so need - ed by
star on the bo - som of night; Its word was the rule of the
Pat - tern of in - fi - nite love. Be - liev - ing, o - bey-ing, and

sin and the fall, Of life free-ly of-fered thro' Je - sus to all.
man in his bloom, No com-fort so sweet on the verge of the tomb.
mill-ions who bled, Its hope was their stay when the last pray'r was said.
watching with pray'r, Till grace shall for heaven our spir-its pre - pare.

REFRAIN.

{ Stand by the Bi - ble, walk by the Bi - ble, Teach by the
{ Stand by the Bi - ble, stud - y the Bi - ble, Live by the

1 2

Bi - ble, re - veal-ing God's plan;
Bi - ble, *Omit.* . . . . . } God's message to man.

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475 (181) The Story That Never Grows Old.

JOHN H. YATES. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that
2. It came to my heart when, all fettered by sin, I sat in the
3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my
4. When sor-row is mine, and on pil - lows of stone My ach-ing head
5. When down in the "valley and shad-ow of Death," I en - ter the

ev - er is new, The message that saints of all a-ges have told,
pris-on of doubt: Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in
way-wea-ry feet; It tells of the Rock that is high-er than I,
seeks for re - pose, This story brings comfort and peace from the throne,
gloom of the grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat-est breath,

CHORUS.

The message so ten-der and true.
And led me tri-umph-ant-ly out.
And leads to its bliss-ful re - treat. The sto - ry that nev-er grows
My des-ert blooms forth like the rose.
Of Christ and His power to save.

old, ... Though o - ver and o - ver 'tis told: . . . . The
nev-er grows old, 'tis told:

story so dear, bringing heav'n so near, Sweet story that never grows old.

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476 (223) Follow All the Way.

E. W. Blandy. Alt. Arr. by M. L. McPhail.

1. I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing, I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, Tho' He leads me thro' the valley,
3. Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, Tho' He leads me thro' the garden,

CHO.–*Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will follow,*

I have heard my Savior calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Arrangement copyright, 1898, by Henry Date.

Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 ‖:Tho' He leads me to the conflict,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖:Tho' He leads thro' fiery trials,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖:He will give me grace and glory,:‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

7 ‖:Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,:‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

477 (224) To-Day the Savior Calls.

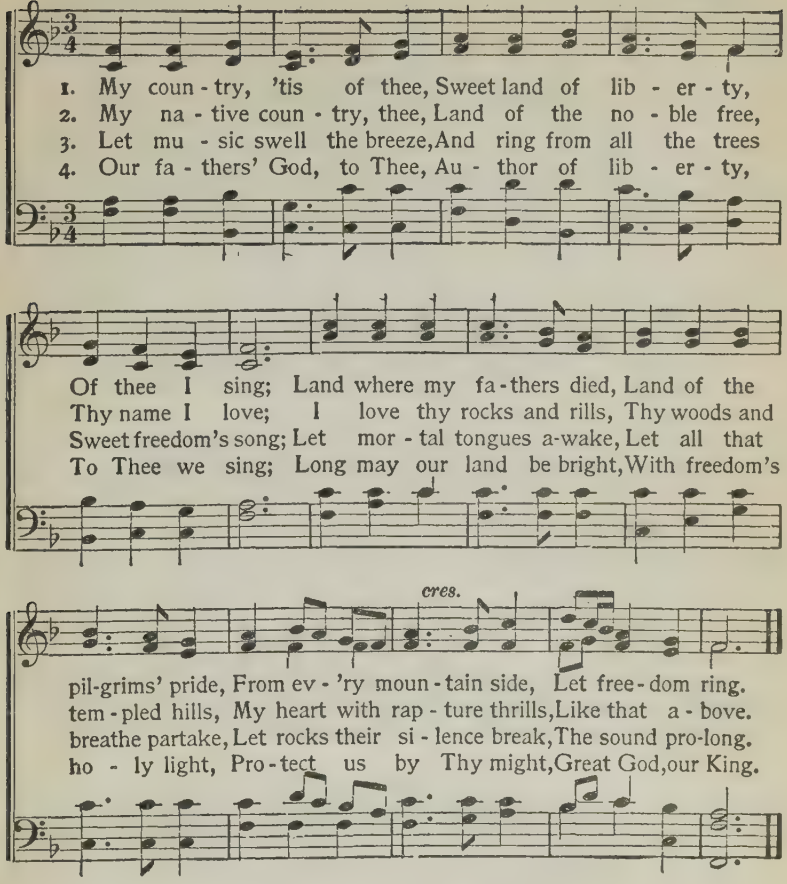
Samuel Francis Smith. Lowell Mason.

1. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Ye wan-d'rers, come;
2. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Oh, hear Him now;
3. To - day the Sav - ior calls; For ref - uge fly;
4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r,

O ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

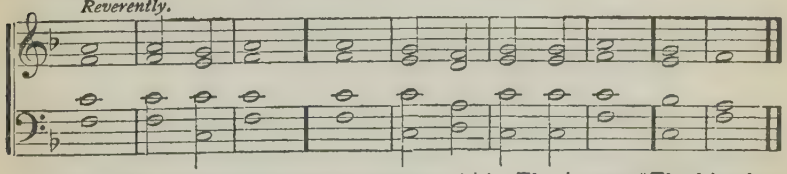
478 (225) My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. *Tune:*—AMERICA.



479 (226) The Lord's Prayer.

Reverently.



1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name, ‖ Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; ‖ For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. ‖ A- | men.

480 (227) He Never Will Turn Me Away.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I heard of a Sav - ior who sought for the lost, Deep riv - ers He ford - ed, high moun-tains He crossed, To find them, to save them, what - ev - er the cost, To bring them from dark - ness to day. I heard of this Sav - ior, and humb-ly I came, A poor guilt-y sin - ner, His

2. I've prov'd this dear Sav - ior in sun and in show'r, In joy's blooming sum - mer, and grief's win - try hour, He still is my Ref - uge, my Rock and my Tow'r, My Com - fort and Strength ev - 'ry day. What - ev - er the troub-le, what - ev - er the need, I'll lean on His bo - som, His

3. The full - ness of bless - ing is His to be - stow, Then straight to the Mas - ter I'll trust - ful - ly go, And ask that the pow'r of His Spir - it He'll show, His won - der - ful grace He'll dis - play; And when these short pil - grim-age days shall pass by, I'll come to the gates of the

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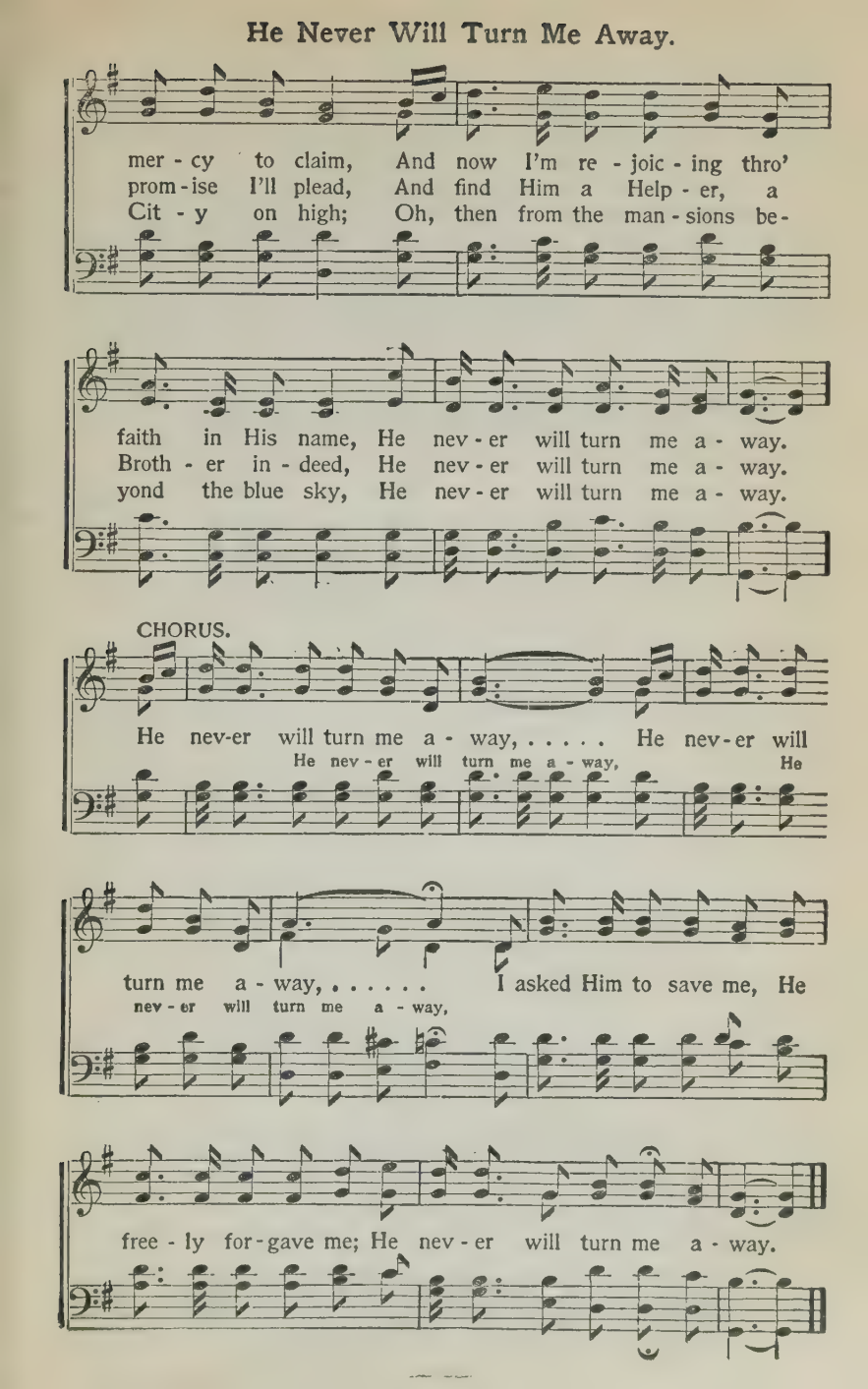
He Never Will Turn Me Away.



481 (228) Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute, Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fadeth, Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

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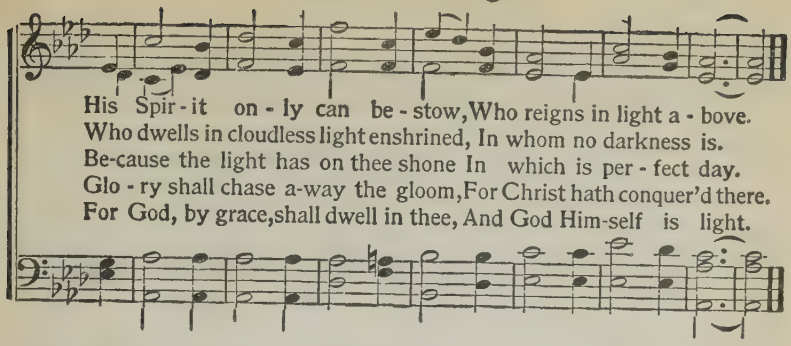
482 (229) Walk in the Light.

B. BARTON. *Tune:*—MANOAH. C. M.

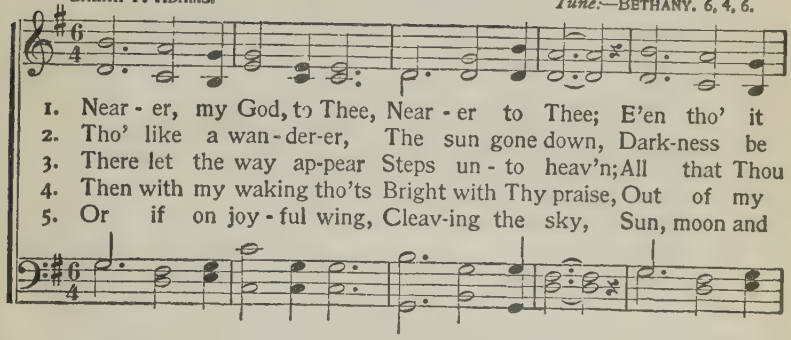
1. Walk in the light, so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light, and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His,
3. Walk in the light, and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a-way,
4. Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear;
5. Walk in the light, thy path shall be Peaceful, se-rene and bright,

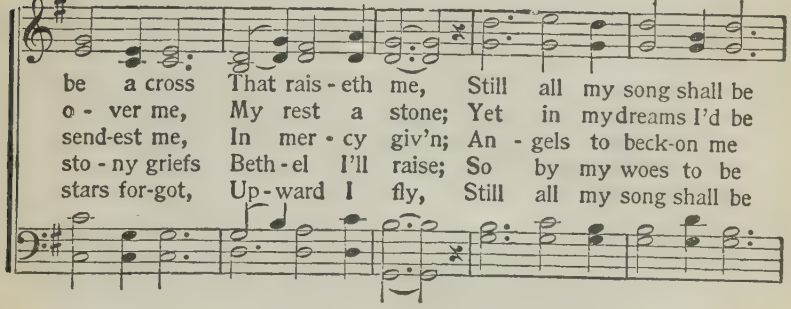
Walk in the Light.

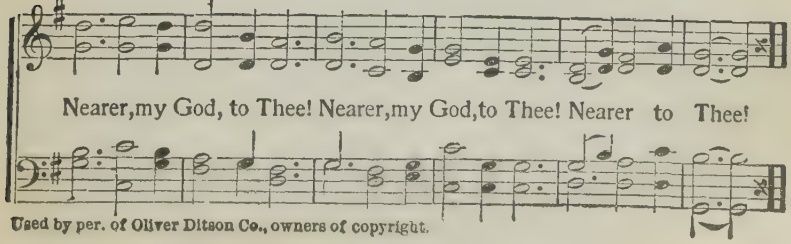


483 (230) Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. *Tune:*—BETHANY. 6, 4, 6.







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Good Night.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O the morning, hap-py morn-ing, That will break on yonder shore,
2. O the morning, blissful morn-ing, That from ev - 'ry care is free,
3. O the morning, gold-en morn-ing, We shall see it by and by,

When the march of life is end-ed, And our har-vest work is o'er;
And for-ev-er with our Sav-ior And Re-deem-er we shall be;
Faith be-holds it in the dis-tance, And its dawning draweth nigh.

When we stand a-mid the gloaming, And our hearts with joy are bright,
When the sil-ver cord is bro-ken, And our spir-its wing their flight,
Here we part, for time is fleet-ing, Ev-er fad-ing from our sight,

While we say to those a-round us, With a lov-ing smile, Good night.
On-ly pausing till our dear ones Catch the loving words, Good night.
But in yon-der hap-py mor-row We shall nev-er say Good night.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Good night, good night, Till we meet in the morning light; Good
Good night, good night, good night;

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Good Night.

night till we meet at the Savior's feet, In that land where all is bright.

485 (232) Yes, He Will.

W. S. W.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Will Jesus hear me when I pray? Yes, O yes, He will; And bid the darkness
2. Will Jesus come and speak to me? Yes, O yes, He will; And set my captive
3. Will Jesus cleanse my heart from sin? Yes, O yes, He will; And then for-ev-er

CHORUS.

flee a-way? Yes, O yes, He will.
spir-it free? Yes, O yes, He will. Yes, He will, O yes, He will, He will
dwell within? Yes, O yes, He will.

ev-er near abide; Keep my many needs supplied. Yes, O yes, He will.
He will.

4 Will Jesus then supply my need?
Yes, O yes, He will;
My soul with heav'nly manna feed?
Yes, O yes, He will.

5 Will Jesus fill me with His power?
Yes, O yes, He will;
When I approach the dying hour?
Yes, O yes, He will.

6 Will Jesus give me dying grace?
Yes, O yes, He will;
Permit me then to see His face?
Yes, O yes, He will.

7 Will Jesus lead me up the way?
Yes, O yes, He will;
Throughout the land of endless day?
Yes, O yes, He will.

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486 (236) Good-Bye! God Bless You.

L. R. M. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

1. Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! We say it in joy - ful tone;
2. Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! The harvest im-mor - tal stands
3. Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! Again we unite heart and hand,

REF.–*Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! We say it in joy - ful tone;*

FINE.

For safe in the Father's keeping We sure-ly can trust His own.
All glowing with gold-en promise, And ripe for the reapers' hands,
And promise that true to our Mas-ter, God helping us, ever we'll stand.

For safe in the Father's keeping We sure-ly can trust His own.

Good-bye! it is but for a moment; The way to our home lies straight;
And he that go-eth forth weeping To scatter the precious seed,
No harm shall touch His be-lov - ed, No pestilence dread draw near;

D. C. for Refrain

We'll en-ter it, some in the morning, And some in the evening late.
Shall doubtless come with re-joic-ing, Well-laden with shining sheaves.
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